THE

HISTORY

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES *of* LETTERS

Publiſhed from the ORIGINALS,

By the Editor of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

VOL. VI. and LAST.

To which is added,

An Hiſtorical and Characteriſtical INDEX.

AS ALSO

A Brief HISTORY, authenticated by Original Letters, of the Treatment which the EDITOR has met with from certain Bookſellers and Printers in Dublin.

Including OBSERVATIONS on Mr. Faulkner's Defence of Himſelf, publiſhed in his Iriſh News-paper of Nov. 3. 1753.

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By R. MAIN, in *Dublin*.

M.DCC.LIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

Miſs LUCY SELBY, *To Lady* G.

Saturday, Nov. 25.

YOU enjoined me, my dear Lady G. at parting on Monday laſt, to write to you; and to be very particular in what I wrote. I *will*, becauſe I love and fear you. Otherwiſe, I would not write at all; firſt, becauſe I had not the good fortune to pleaſe you, in mine to Lady L.; and next, becauſe I ſhall ſo ſoon have the honour to attend you in town. Well then, I begin.

On Tueſday we women were employed in preparations for the tenants jubilee, next day. Sir Charles, attended by my brother, paid a morning viſit to Mr. Greville, whom he found moody, reſerved, and indiſpoſed. My brother James ſays, that he never ſaw ſuch a manly, yet tender treatment, from one

man to another, as Sir Charles gave him; and that he abſolutely ſubdued him, and left him acknowlegeing the favour of his viſit, and begging a repetition of it, as often as he could, while he ſtaid in theſe parts; and that, he ſaid, as well for his credit, as for his comfort. But when, Sir Charles, ſaid he, do you carry from us the Siren? I *will* call her names. I hate her. The ſooner the better. Curſe me, if I ſhall be able to creep out of the houſe, while ſhe is viſible on Northamptonſhire ground—Tho' I was a friend to the match—Do you mind that, young man (to my brother James): O Love! Love! added he, of what contradictions art thou the cauſe! Tho' I hate her, I almoſt long to ſee her. You'll allow me to viſit you both, I hope, when I have got over theſe plaguy megrims?

The ſame day Sir Charles making a friendly viſit, as going by Sir John Holles's ſeat, to that family, found Miſs Orme there, expecting her brother to call for her in his poſt-chaiſe.

Great civilities paſſed between Sir Charles and Miſs Orme. She was doubtful whether her brother had, at that time, beſt ſee Sir Charles, as he was weak in health and ſpirits: But juſt as Sir Charles was at the gate, going to his chariot, attended by Sir John and the young Ladies, poor Mr. Orme came.

The Liveries would not allow Mr. Orme to doubt who he was. He turned pale. Sir Charles addreſſed himſelf to him with his uſual polite freedom. Knowing, Sir, ſaid he, that Mr. Orme was expected by one of the beſt of Siſters, I preſume to ſalute you, as the Mr. Orme to whom I have been deſirous, ever ſince I have been in Northamptonſhire, to pay my compliments.

Sir Charles Grandiſon, Sir—

At your ſervice, Mr. Orme; taking his hand.

The happieſt man in the world, replied Mr. Orme, with ſome emotion. The beſt, the lovelieſt woman on earth calls you hers. I *am*,

I *am*, I think myſelf, the happieſt of men. But it will add to my joy, to have it wiſhed me by ſo good a man as Mr. Orme.

Ah, Sir!—Could I wiſh joy to any man on this occaſion, it would be to you, becauſe of your character; and in the reflexion, that the moſt excellent of women muſt be happier with you, than any other man could have made her. But Self, Self, Sir! *He* is indeed a hero, who, with ſuch a fervent attachment as mine, can diveſt himſelf of Self. I loved her, Sir, from her early infancy, and never knew another Love.

The man, Mr. Orme, who loved Miſs Byron, gave diſtinction to himſelf. Permit me to preſent her to you, and you to her, as dear friends; and allow me a third place in your friendſhip. You have a ſiſter who juſtly claims a ſecond. I dare engage for the dear creature, from what I know of her value for Mr. Orme, that ſhe will allow of this friendſhip, on the foot of his own merits, were my recommendation out of the queſtion.

O Sir Charles! you are, you *ought* to be, the man. And will you allow me on theſe terms to viſit *you*, and viſit *her?*—But, alas! I fear, I fear, I cannot ſoon—

At your own time, my dear Mr. Orme.—At Mr. Selby's; at her houſe in London; in Hampſhire; where-ever ſhe is, and whether I am preſent or abſent, Mr. Orme will be received as *her* brother and *my* brother; as *her* friend and *my* friend.

Good God! Good God!—He guſhed into tears. He ran into the houſe to hide his emotion; but in vain; for when he went in, he wept like a child. —Forgive me, forgive me, Sir John (who juſt then came in from taking leave of his noble gueſt) but there is no bearing this man's magnanimity!—He is all I have heard of him. Happy, happy Miſs Byron!—No man but this could deſerve her. But

where is he? riſing: I will aſk his pardon for my abrupt departure from him.

He is gone, anſwered Sir John. I ſaw him in his chariot. Good Mr. Orme, he called you, and ſighed for you. Poor Mr. Orme declared, that he would wait upon Sir Charles, and tell him, how acceptable to his heart, and what balm to his mind, would be the tender he had the goodneſs to make him. Siſter, ſaid he, you were at the gate, as well as the young Ladies; did he not hint, did he not ſay, that Miſs Byron ſpoke of me with tenderneſs?

Miſs Kitty Holles ſupplied to us afterwards my brother's account of what paſſed in this accidental interview. Theſe dear girls know not how to keep from Selby-houſe. They are good girls; how then can they help admiring Sir Charles Grandiſon?

I begin to fanſy I am in a way to pleaſe you, Lady G. Of which, at taking up my pen, I had little hopes, and therefore intended not to take much pains about it. But the ſubject muſt warm the coldeſt genius. Is it not of your brother, and my couſin?

In the afternoon, a Letter was brought from Sir Rowland Meredith. My couſin intends to ſhew it to you in town. Such a mixture in it, of joy and ſadneſs; of condolement and congratulation; I believe was never ſeen in one ſheet of paper. It is dated from Windſor. The good man was there in his way to town; reſolving to pay a viſit to the *wonderful man*, as he calls him, of whom he had heard ſo great a character; and who was probably to be the huſband of his daughter Byron; and there he heard (from Lord W's domeſtics, I ſuppoſe) that Sir Charles was in Northamptonſhire, and that the marriage was actually ſolemnized. He therefore intended to ſet out directly for Bath, where Mr. Fowler was, or at the Hot-well at Briſtol, purſuing meaſures for his health; with a view to conſole his *poor boy*.

This

This is a good old man. Methinks I am half ready to wiſh, that ſome of my couſin's admirers would dry up their tears, and come among us: Yet we are nice and dainty girls, ſome of us, let me tell you.—'Tis fooliſh, however, to ſuggeſt *leavings*, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff; the Lady ſuch as but one man could deſerve; *his* merit allowed univerſally.

Sir Charles acquainted his Lady with all that had paſſed between him and Mr. Orme. She received his account with joy and thankfulneſs.

You are entered, Sir, ſaid ſhe, into a numerous family. I have called Sir Rowland Meredith my Father; Mr. Fowler my Brother. Be pleaſed to read this Letter.

I remember the relation, my dear, returned Sir Charles, and acknowlege it. Mr. Fowler is another Mr. Orme. Sir Rowland is a very worthy man.

He read it—What an excellent heart has Sir Rowland! My deareſt Love, cultivate their friendſhip, as I will Mr. Orme's. My pity for theſe worthy objects, joining with yours, and the frankneſs of our mutual behaviour to them, will ſtrengthen their hearts. We owe it to them, my deareſt Life, as much as it is in our power, to ſoften their diſappointment.—Could they have a greater?

O my Lady G.! Who can think of a man after this—Except one might hope, from the perſonal knowlege of his charming behaviour, that the men who addreſſed us, might be improved by ſuch an example?

The Tenants Jubilee, as they called it, was on Wedneſday. It was a much more orderly day than we expected. Sir Charles was all condeſcenſion and chearful goodneſs: My couſin all *graciouſneſs*, that was the word for her. Mrs. Shirley was of the company. How was ſhe reverenced! She ever was. Once when the Bride was withdrawn, and Sir Charles was engaged in talk with Mr. Deane, ſhe whiſpered two or

three of her tenants to tell the reſt, that it was great joy to her, to be aſſured, that after her departure, the tenants of her dear Mr. Shirley would be treated with as much kindneſs (perhaps, with more) as he, and as ſhe, after his example, had ever treated them. Yet one caution I give, ſaid ſhe: My dear ſon will ſee with his own eyes: He will diſpenſe with his own hands. He will not be impoſed upon.

Thurſday and Friday the Bride ſaw company. There was as little both days of the impertinence that attends form, as I believe, was ever known on the like occaſion; but more of ſincere admiration. We had a vaſt number of people. Some of them perſons of faſhion, with whom we had but ſlender acquaintance; but who wiſhed to ſee the happy pair.

We ſhall be this day at Shirley-manor in a family way: In *that*, my dear Lady G. (after all the buſtle and parade that we can make) lies the true, becauſe the untumultuous joy.

To morrow we ſhall ſerve God in our uſual way.

Adieu, my dear Lady G.—This is the ſort of ſtuff you muſt be ſatisfied with from a poor untalented girl; as is,

Your ever-devoted

LUCY SELBY.

No end of duty, love, compliments, &c. I begin again to doubt I ſhan't pleaſe you: — So am (allowably) tired.

LETTER II.

Lady G. *To Miſs* SELBY.

Monday, Nov. 27.

COME, come, Lucy, you do pretty well. Don't be diſheartened, child. Yet you are not *quite* the clever girl I once thought you. You, that held ſuch

ſuch a part in the correſpondence of our Harriet.—But you ſay, you can't help it. Poor girl! I am ſorry for it. Your talents lie in ſpeech, not in writing.—Your account of the interview between Orme and my brother, ſhews you can't *write at all.* No, not *you*—Poor Lucy!—But write one Letter more before you come to town. Do, my dear. You have charming ſubjects before you, yet.

I, you ſee, have a talent to make ſubjects out of *nothing*: You, poor ſoul! can't follow them when made to your hand. I'll tell you a ſtory of my good man and his good woman. A ſhort one. The poor man is very ſenſible of ſlight ailments. Happy, as *he* is, in a wife, no wonder he is afraid of dying. He was complaining to me juſt now [To whom but to a pitying wife ſhould a man complain when he ails any-thing?] that he had a troubleſome diſorder in the inſide of his mouth. I looked very grave; ſhook my careful head. I am afraid, my Lord, ſomething is breeding there, that ſhould not. He ſtarted, and looked concerned. The man will never know me. God forbid! ſaid he—afraid of nothing leſs than a cancer. Have I not told you a thouſand times, my Lord, of your gaping? As ſure as you are alive, your mouth is fly-blown.

Expecting compaſſion, he found a jeſt, and never was man ſo angry. I was forced to take his hand, and ſtroke his cheek, to be friends.

But, Lucy, let not any of theſe flippances meet my brother's eye, or invade his ear: I ſhall be undone if they do.

Caroline is pure well. Her Lord is never out either of her chamber, or the nurſery.

Aunt Nell makes an admirable nurſe. Her parrot and her ſquirrel are now neglected for a little marmouſet. Every-body but the real nurſe likes aunt Nell. The good creature is ſo *underſtanding*, ſo

directing! I proteſt, theſe old maids think they know every-thing. The nurſe, I ſee, can't endure her.

I interfere not. The boy is robuſt, and they leave him the free exerciſe of his limbs, and he has a fine pipe, and makes the nurſery ring whenever he pleaſes; ſo will do well enough.

But high-ho, Lucy! all theſe nurſery memento's how do they ſadden and mortify me! The word *mother*, what a ſolemn ſound has it to me now; Caroline's ſituation before me!—But, come, the evil day is at diſtance—Who's afraid?

Beauchamp ſighs for Emily: Emily for ſomebody elſe. Sir Hargrave is ſtill miſerable. Poor Sir Harry! he ſtill lives. But can life be life, when there is no hope?

Write me one more Letter before you come up: If it be ever ſo ſhort a one. Don't be proud and ſaucy: You imagine, I ſuppoſe, that you can't write as well as Harriet and I. Granted. Attempt it not therefore. But write as well as you can; and that, till Harriet can find herſelf at leiſure to reſume her pen, ſhall content

Your true friend, and humble ſervant,
CH. G.

No end of your compliments to us in town, you ſay—No end of ours to you in the country, were I to begin them: Therefore will not ſay a word about them. You know my meaning by my gaping.

LETTER III.

Miſs SELBY, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday night, Nov. 30.

AND *muſt* I write your Ladyſhip one more Letter? And *will* a ſhort one content you?

Well then, I'll try for it.

On

On Sunday laſt, we hoped to be quiet and good: But the church was as much crouded as it was the Sunday before.

Monday and Tueſday the Bride and Bridegroom returned the viſits made them. At one, they met Miſs Orme, and accompanied her to their ſeat called *The Park*, at her requeſt. You did not ſeem to like my account of Sir Charles's interview with Mr. Orme in my laſt: So I will not tell you what paſſed on occaſion of this viſit to that worthy man. I will be as perverſe as you are difficult. I *don't* care. Yet, as your new ſiſter deſcribed the meeting and parting to me, you would have been pleaſed with what I could have told you.

Yeſterday we had a Ball given by Mrs. Shirley. Were I able to write to pleaſe you, how could I expatiate on this occaſion! How did the Bridegroom ſhine! Every-body was in raptures with him, on his charming behaviour to his Bride. The notice he took of her was neither too little, nor too much, for the moſt delicate obſervers. Every young Lady envied her; and how coldly did ſome of them look on their own humble ſervants! *They* indeed were as regardful of him as their miſtreſſes; ſo bore the preference the better. My uncle Selby was all, and more than all, he uſed to be. How happy, that he is a ſober man! His joy, raiſed by wine, would have made him mad.

This day we have been all happy together. A calm, ſerene day; at Shirley manor! And thus is the matter ſettled among us—Your brother and new ſiſter; my uncle and aunt Selby; Mr. Deane, and your Ladyſhip's humble ſervant; are to ſet out early to-morrow morning for London. My brother James would fain accompany us; Sir Charles kindly inviting him: But I withſtood it; ſo did my aunt; the private reaſon becauſe of Miſs Jervois.

Sir Charles thinks to ſtay in town till the Friday following;

following; and then propoſes to carry his Bride and all of us, to Grandiſon-hall.

A motion was made to Sir Charles by my grandmamma Selby; whether he would not chooſe to be preſented with his Lady to the King on their nuptials. Sir Charles anſwered, that he was ready to comply with every propoſal that ſhould ſhew his duty to his Sovereign, and the grateful ſenſe he had of the honour done him by his Harriet.

We are to call on Lord and Lady W. at Windſor; and take them with us.

My couſin and I are to write conſtantly to our two grandmamma's. My ſiſter Nancy devotes herſelf to *our* grandmother Selby. Miſs Holles's will conſtantly viſit Mrs. Shirley. Sir Charles is to bring down his Lady twice a year, or oftener, if conveniency permit.

He hoped, he ſaid, after awhile, to induce his Harriet to take a trip with him to Ireland, to inſpect the improvements making in his eſtate there. He will find no difficulty, I believe, to prevail upon her to accompany him thither; nor even, were he diſpoſed to it, to the world's end.

He hopes for a viſit from the Italian family, ſo deſervedly dear to him; by which he is to regulate many of his future motions.

His new-taken houſe in Groſvenor-ſquare being, as you know, nearly ready, he propoſes to compliment with it thoſe noble gueſts, for the time of their reſidence in England; for he will not, it ſeems, be ſo ſoon obliged to quit his preſent London-houſe, as he had thought he muſt.

And thus, my dear Lady G. have I obeyed your commands. I know you will not be ſatisfied with me. Had I been able to *follow a ſubject that was made to my hand*, I ſhould have attempted the parting ſcene between my couſin and her grandmamma. Could I have borrowed your pen, I would have diſplay'd the tender,

tender, yet magnanimous parent, not once, tho' tottering with age and infirmities, hinting that ſhe might never again ſee the darling of her heart. She ſaddened not hope; but encouraged it. All ſhe ſaid, demonſtrated Love of her Harriet, diveſted of Self, and a ſoul above the weaker paſſions; and well might ſhe, ſince ſhe has already one foot among the ſtars, and can look down with pity, unmixed with envy, on all thoſe who by their youth, are doomed to toil through the rugged road of life, in ſearch of a happineſs that is not to be met with in it; and at the higheſt, can be compounded for, only by the bleſſing of a contented mind. With the ſame pen, before I had reſigned it, would I have deſcribed the lovely grandchild embracing the knees of the indulgent parent, not ſatisfied with one, two, three bleſſings; and, leſs generouſly in the *purport*, tho' not in the *intent* (judging from her own preſent happineſs, that there is ſtill ſomething worth wiſhing for to be met with in this world) praying to God to preſerve the over-ripened fruit ſtill on the withered tree: In which we all joined. But O how much leſs generouſly, as I hinted, becauſe it was altogether for our own ſakes!—But I know not whoſe pen I muſt have borrowed, to have done juſtice to Sir Charles Grandiſon's behaviour on this occaſion.

Excuſe this ſerious concluſion, my dear Lady G. My couſin ſhall not ſee it. May *ſhe* know nothing but felicity! In *hers* is bound up that of Sir Charles Grandiſon; and in *his* that of hundreds. I long, tho' we parted ſo lately, to throw myſelf at your feet, and to aſſure you, that whatever defects there are in my pen, there are none in the Love borne you, by

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt ſincere Admirer, and humble Servant,

LUCY SELBY.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Thurſdoy, December 7.

LUCY (my ever-honoured grandmamma) has given you the particulars of the rapturous reception I met with on Saturday, from my dear Lady L. on the viſit we made her in her chamber. She, as well as her Lord, welcomed and congratulated us, and herſelf, with *ſuch* a grace!—They are a charming pair!—We all rejoiced with her, on the addition ſhe had made to two families ſo worthy.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon received us alſo in raptures.

How did the tenderly kind notice which Sir Charles took of the lovely little infant (It is a fine child!) delight the happy mother, and every-body!

Lord and Lady G. met us at Lady L's; Emily, and the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, with them. How affectionately did the dear girl welcome us, after a few tears, which ſhe endeavoured to hide, and which we paſſed over as tears of joy! But Lucy has given you all particulars *(a)*; and the noble manner alſo, in which Sir Charles gave me poſſeſſion of his houſe, on our firſt arrival. Every-body was charmed with it. It coſt my aunt ſome tears.

The Chriſtening was delayed till Monday; becauſe Sir Charles was deſirous it ſhould be performed at church. He had ſome few difficulties to get over, before he carried his point; and this was the ſubſtance of his reaſonings on the ſubject: People of faſhion, he ſaid, ſhould conſider themſelves as examples to the lower orders of men. They ſhould ſhew a conformity to the laws of their country, both eccleſiaſtical and civil, when they can do it with a good conſcience. In the preſent caſe, Baptiſm, ſaid he,

(*a*) This Letter of Miſs Selby does not appear.

he, is one of our two ſacraments; and ſhall it not be performed, when it can, as the church directs; the child in full health?

I will give you, my dear grandmamma, journal-wiſe, I think, an account of our proceedings; ſtill referring myſelf to my Lucy for ſuch particulars as now I ſhall not have time to give. For you know, my dear grandmamma, that my time is not now my own, as it uſed to be; tho' I ſhall think myſelf very ungrateful, and undutiful too, if I permit my new duties ſo wholly to engroſs me, as to furniſh an excuſe for the neglect of thoſe which from my very birth I owe to you.

I think Lucy has not mentioned to you the lively converſations that paſſed in the evening, after the chriſtening, between Sir Charles and Lady G.; ſhe chooſing to ſingle out her brother (as ſhe had threatened, unknown to him, to do) in order to try once more her ſtrength with him, in vivacity and raillery. She delighted every-body with her wit: For it was not ſo rapid and ſo unguarded as ſometimes it is. He *condeſcended*, was Lucy's juſt obſervation, to return wit for her wit, in order to follow her lead, as he ſaw the company was delighted with their converſation; and was exceedingly brilliant. She complimented herſelf on the merit of having drawn him out, tho' to her own diſadvantage. Finding herſelf overmatched, ſhe ſhifted her attacks, and made one upon me; but with ſo much decorum and complaiſance, as ſhewed ſhe *intended* to do me honour, rather than herſelf.

Tueſday evening.] Sir Charles is juſt returned from viſiting Sir Harry Beauchamp. The poor man numbers his hours, and owned, that the *three* the beſt of men gave him, as by his own watch (tho' Sir Charles intended to be back in one) were more happy ones than he had promiſed himſelf in this life. O madam! How eaſy ſits my Sir Charles's piety upon him!

him! He can pity a dying friend, without ſaddening his own heart; for he lives the life of duty as he goes along, and fears not the inevitable lot!

Wedneſday.] He is juſt returned from a viſit to Sir Hargrave. Sir Hargrave, it ſeems, compliment-ed him, but with tears in his eyes, on his marriage. Great God! ſaid he, how are you rewarded! How am I puniſhed! Is there not hope that I have all my puniſhment in this life? I am ſure, it is very, *very* heavy.

He viſited the ſame day Mrs. Oldham, and her children.

He drank tea this afternoon with the Danby family in full aſſembly, at the houſe of the elder brother; and came to my couſin Reeves's to ſupper. My Uncle, Aunt, Mr. Deane, and Lucy, accompanied me thither to tea and ſupper, where, as by promiſe, we were joined by Lord and Lady G. Lord L. Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon, my Emily, and Mr. Beauchamp. Mr. Reeves had alſo invited Lady Betty Williams. What felicitations did that Lady pour on me! She ſighed, poor woman, for the unhappy ſtep her daugh-ter had taken: And I ſighed for the mother; who, tho' ſhe had not given her daughter a *bad* example, had not ſet her a *good* one.

Lucy will tell you what a charming evening we had.

On *Thurſday*,] Mr. Grandiſon preſented his new-married Lady to Sir Charles and me, on account of our marriage, and dined with us. Sir Charles received the Lady, as well as his couſin, with the utmoſt polite-neſs. She is far from being a diſagreeable woman: But, at firſt, the awe ſhe had of the people of rank in company, particularly of Lady G. as ſhe owned to me, gave her an air of aukwardneſs. But Sir Charles's polite notice of her ſoon made her eaſy.

Mr. Grandiſon found an opportunity to praiſe to me her good ſenſe and fine qualities; but in ſuch a way, as if he were making apologies for having given

the

the *honour* of his name to a woman under his own rank, (ungrateful!) who yet had re-eſtabliſhed him: He concluded his panegyric with letting me know, that ſhe had already preſented him with 25,000 pounds: He looked as if he thought he deſerved it all; and actually called her a very diſcerning woman. I queſtioned not, I told him, his gratitude to a Lady ſo deſerving; and he as good as promiſed to *reward* her by his Love; whiſpering, with an air of ſelf-ſufficiency, ſticking his hand in his ſide, and ſurveying himſelf to the right and left, Her former huſband, madam, was a very plain, but an honeſt man: But I do aſſure you ſhe has taſte!

O dear! O dear! thought I to myſelf.

Sir Charles invited them both to Grandiſon-hall, and ſhe ſeemed not a little proud on his calling her, as he did ſeveral times, *Couſin*.

Lord L. and Lord and Lady G. dined with us, as did Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon and Emily. Lady G. in the main, behaved prettily enough to Mr. Grandiſon and his Bride. But once a little forgetting herſelf, and putting on a ſupercilious air, I whiſpered her, Dear Lady G. conſider, you can *give* pride to others by your condeſcenſion: You muſt not yourſelf *condeſcend* to be proud.

Be you, my Harriet, re-whiſpered ſhe, always my monitreſs. It is the ſorry fellow, not his wife, that *I look down upon*. She, a widow *Cit*, might have done ſtill worſe.

Cit! Lady G. And in a trading kingdom?

Ay, Cit, child! Have you not heard my brother ſay, that even in the *republic* of Venice, there are young nobility and old nobility: Diſtinctions in blood every-where but at Amſterdam!

Who, and what, at firſt, made the diſtinction, my dear? aſked I.

Be quiet, Harriet!—I think I am very good—

And at the *height* of your goodneſs, Charlotte?

Be

Be quiet, when I bid you; ſpeaking aloud.

Sir Charles a little jealous of our whiſpering, for the ſake of his couſins, turning to Mr. Grandiſon, Your couſin Charlotte, you know, Sir, is always hard preſſed, when ſhe calls out, *Be quiet.*

I was always rejoiced, replied he, when my couſin was brought to that.

Sir Charles has been twice at the Drawing-room, ſince we have been in town. He admires the integrity of heart of his Sovereign, as much as he reveres the royal dignity. Once I remember, he wiſhed that his Majeſty would take a ſummer's progreſs thro' his Britiſh, another into his Iriſh, dominions; but expreſly with this proviſo, That every gentleman and woman of condition ſhould be welcome at his court, who came not in new dreſſes to pay their duty to him; and this left the gentry's vying with each other in appearance, ſhould hurt their private circumſtances; and, for the ſame reaſon, that he would graciouſly treat, but not be treated by, any of the nobility at their houſes.

To-morrow morning, Sir Charles, his grateful Harriet, happy creature! my uncle and aunt Selby, Mr. Deane, and Emily, are to ſet out by the way of Windſor for Grandiſon-hall. We are to take an early dinner there with Lord and Lady W.; who, on that condition, have promiſed to attend their beloved nephew, and his friends, to the Hall.

Lord G. is allowed to ſtay a week with us, and no more. He is then to attend his now but half-ſaucy Lady, at one of the Earl of G's ſeats in Hertfordſhire; where, by promiſe of long-ſtanding, ſhe is to keep her Chriſtmas: At which ſhe mutters not a little; becauſe ſhe would fain have been with us; and becauſe ſhe imagines, it will be proper for her to confine herſelf at home, by the time they will part with her.

My aunt Selby, and even my uncle, will write.

He

He muſt, he ſays, the overflowings of his joy. Lucy loves to deſcribe houſes, furniture, gardens, and ſuch-like. She ſays, ſhe will ſometimes give converſations too, at which I ſhall not be preſent; but will leave to my pen perſons, characters, and what paſſes of the more tender ſort in converſations when I am by. But as well Lucy's Letters, as mine, are to be ſent to Lady G. unſealed; and ſhe, after ſhewing them to her ſiſter, will haſten them to Northamptonſhire. Referring therefore to Lucy for more particular accounts, I ſubſcribe myſelf, with all duty and grateful love to my grandmamma, as well as with kindeſt remembrances to all my dear friends,

Your happy, thrice happy,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Grandiſon-hall, Saturday 12 *o'clock, Dec.* 9.

O My deareſt, deareſt grandmamma, Here I am! The declared miſtreſs of this ſpacious houſe, and the happieſt of human creatures! This is all at this inſtant I can write.

LORD and Lady W. honoured us, as they had promiſed, with their company; but detained us ſo long, that we were obliged to lie one night on the road. But by eleven this morning we arrived here.

At our alighting, Sir Charles claſping me in his arms, I congratulate you, my deareſt life, ſaid he, on your entrance into *your own* houſe. The laſt Lady Grandiſon, and the preſent, might challenge the whole Britiſh nation to produce their equals. Then turning to every one of his gueſts, thoſe of my family firſt, as they were ſtrangers to the place,

he ſaid the kindeſt, the politeſt things that ever proceeded from the mouth of man. I wept for joy. I would have ſpoken, but could not. Every-body congratulated the happy Harriet.

Dr. Bartlett was approaching to welcome us, but drew back till our mutual congratulations were over. He then appeared. I preſent to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, ſaid the beſt of men, the lovely friend, whom you have ſo long wiſhed to ſee miſtreſs of this houſe. He then offered my hand to the Doctor.

God bleſs you, madam! tears in his eyes. — God bleſs you both! Then kiſſed, inſtead of my hand, which I withdrew, my offered cheek. He could ſay no more: I could not ſpeak diſtinctly.

My dear Sir Charles led me, followed by all our rejoicing friends, thro' a noble dining-room, to the drawing-room, called, The Lady's: The whole houſe, my dear, ſaid he, and every perſon and thing belonging to it, is yours: But this apartment is more particularly ſo. Let what is amiſs in it, be altered as you would have it.

O Sir! graſping his preſenting hand between both mine, was all I could ſay.

This room is elegantly furniſhed. It is hung with a light green velvet, delicately ornamented; the chairs of the ſame; the frames of them gilt; as is the frame of a noble cabinet in it.—My mother's, my deareſt life, whiſpered he. It will be always faſhionable: And you, I know, will value it on her account. — Indeed I ſhall. — He preſented me with the keys. Here perhaps will you depoſit your letters and correſpondencies; ſome of which (the continuation of thoſe I have had the honour to ſee) you will allow me to peruſe: But of *choice*, remember, madam: For your whole heart muſt be in the grant of the favours you will confer upon me of this kind.

Dear Sir, ſaid I, leave me power of ſpeech: My will ſhall be yours, in every-thing: But you will find

find a ſtrange, ſtrange heart, laid open to you, if you command from me a ſight of the papers which probably will be repoſited here, when all my matters are brought from Northamptonſhire.

You ſhall have all the Letters you ever wrote to me, and the venerable circle, ſaid Lucy; a loan, *not* a gift; if you will ſhew them to Sir Charles.

Courage, Lucy, not inclination, will be only wanting.

Thank you, Lucy, ſaid he. Thank you, my Love, to me. You muſt make marks againſt the paſſages in the Letters you ſhall have the goodneſs to communicate, which you would not have me read. I will give you my honour that I will not paſs the bounds you preſcribe.

I will ſnatch another opportunity to proceed.—My dear Sir Charles indulges me. I have told him, that if he now-and-then miſſes me, he muſt conclude that I am doubling my joy, by communicating it, as I have opportunity, to my dear grandmamma.

EVERY-BODY admires the elegance of this drawing-room. The fineſt japan china, that I ever ſaw, except that of Lady G's, which ſhe ſo whimſically received at the hands of her Lord, took particularly every female eye.

Sir Charles led me into a cloſet adjoining—Your Oratory, your Library, my Love, when you ſhall have furniſhed it, as you deſired you might, by your choſen collection from Northamptonſhire.

It is a ſweet little apartment, my dear grandmamma; elegant book-caſes, unfurniſhed. Every other ornament complete. How had he been at work to oblige me, by Dr. Bartlett's good offices, while my heart perhaps was torn, part of the time, with uncertainty!

The houſekeeper, a middle-aged woman, who is noted, as you have heard her maſter ſay, for prudence, integrity, and obligingneſs (a gentlewoman born)

appearing; Sir Charles preſented her to me. Receive, my Love, a faithful, a diſcreet gentlewoman, who will think herſelf honoured with your commands. Mrs. Curzon (to her) you will be happy in a miſtreſs who is equally beloved and reverenced by all who have the honour of her countenance, if ſhe approve of your ſervices, and if you chooſe to continue with us.

I took her hand: I hope, Mrs. Curzon, there is no doubt but you will. You may depend upon every-thing that is in my power to make you eaſy and happy.

She looked pleaſed; but anſwered only with a reſpectful courteſy.

Sir Charles led the gentlemen out to ſhew them his Study. We juſt looked into a fine ſuite of rooms on the ſame floor, and joined them there.

We found my uncle and Mr. Deane admiring the diſpoſition of every-thing, as well as the furniture. The glaſs-caſes are neat, and, as Dr. Bartlett told us, ſtored with well-choſen books in all ſciences. Mr. Deane praiſed the globes, the orrery, and the inſtruments of all ſorts, for geographical, aſtronomical, and other ſcientifical obſervations. It is ornamented with pictures, ſome, as Dr. Bartlett told us, of the beſt maſters of the Italian and Flemiſh ſchools, ſtatues, buſtoes, bronzes: And there alſo, placed in a diſtinguiſhed manner, were the two rich cabinets of medals, gems, and other curioſities, preſented to him by Lady Olivia. He mentioned what they contained, and by whom preſented; and ſaid, he would ſhew us at leiſure the contents. They are not mine, added he: I only give them a place till the generous owner ſhall make ſome worthy man happy. *His* they muſt be. It would be a kind of robbery to take them from a family, that, for near a century paſt, have been collecting them.

Lucy ſays, ſhe will be very particular in her Letters. This will take up time; eſpecially as Lady G. and Lady L. muſt ſee them in their way to Northamptonſhire; tho' they will not detain them. I ſhall have an opportunity to ſend this to London on Monday. This makes me intent to ſnatch every opportunity of writing. It will otherwiſe be too long before you will hear from us by my hand.

I do not intend to invade this ſlow girl's province; yet I will give you a ſlight ſketch of the houſe and apartments, as I go along.

The ſituation is delightful. The houſe is very ſpacious. It is built in the form of an H; both fronts pretty much alike. The hall, the dining-parlour, two drawing-rooms, one adjoining to the ſtudy, the other to the dining-parlour (which with the ſtudy, mentioned already, and other rooms, that I ſhall leave to Lucy to deſcribe, make the ground-floor) are handſome, and furniſhed in an elegant, but not ſumptuous taſte; the hangings of ſome of them beautiful paper only. There is adjoining to the Study a room called *The Muſic-parlour*, ſo called in Sir Thomas's time, and furniſhed with ſeveral fine muſical inſtruments: Sir Thomas was as great an admirer of muſic as his ſon; and a performer.

It is no news to you, madam, that Sir Charles ſhews a great regard to every thing, place, and diſpoſition, that was his father's; and not abſolutely inconvenient, and inconſiſtent with the alterations he has thought neceſſary to make: And which Dr. Bartlett praiſes highly, and promiſes to particularize to me. We are to be ſhewn this Muſic parlour by-and-by.

The dining-room is noble, and well proportioned: It goes over the hall and dining-parlour. It is hung with crimſon damaſk, adorned with valuable pictures. The furniture is rich, but leſs ornamented than that of the Lady's drawing-room.

The beſt bed-chamber adjoining is hung with

fine tapeſtry. The bed is of crimſon velvet, lined with white ſilk; chairs and curtains of the ſame. Two fine pictures drawn by Sir Godfrey, one of Sir Thomas, the other of Lady Grandiſon, whole lengths, took my eye: O with what reverence, that of my Lady!—Lady L. Lady G. as girls, and Sir Charles as a boy of about ten years of age, made three other fine whole lengths. I muſt contemplate them, when I have more leiſure.

The ſuite of rooms on the firſt floor, which we juſt ſtept into, are each denominated from the colour of the hangings, which are generally of damaſk.

Mrs. Curzon tells us, that, on occaſion, they make fifteen beds within the houſe, in which the beſt Lord in the land need not diſdain to repoſe.—You remember, madam, that Sir Charles, in his invitation to the Italian family, tells them, he has room to receive them. The offices are ſaid to be exceedingly convenient.

The gardens and lawn ſeem from the windows of this ſpacious houſe to be as boundleſs as the mind of the owner, and as free and open as his countenance.

[Miss Lucy Selby thus deſcribes the ſituation of the houſe, and the park, gardens, orchard, &c. in one of her Letters which does not appear.]

"This large and convenient houſe is ſituated in a "ſpacious park; which has ſeveral fine avenues lead-"ing to it.

"On the north ſide of the park, flows a winding "ſtream, that may well be called a river, abound-"ing with trout and other fiſh; the current quicken-"ed by a noble caſcade, which tumbles down its "foaming waters from a rock, which is continued "to ſome extent, in a kind of ledge of rock-work "rudely diſpoſed.

"The park itſelf is remarkable for its proſpects,

"lawns,

" lawns, and rich-appearing clumps of trees of large " growth; which muſt therefore have been planted " by the anceſtors of the excellent owner; who, " contenting himſelf to open and enlarge many fine " proſpects, delights to preſerve, as much as poſſible, " the plantations of his anceſtors; and particularly " thinks it a kind of impiety to fell a tree, that was " planted by his father.

" On the ſouth ſide of the river, on a natural and " eaſy aſcent, is a neat, but plain villa, in the ruſtic " taſte, erected by Sir Thomas; the flat roof of " which preſents a noble proſpect. This villa con- " tains convenient lodging-rooms; and one large " room in which he uſed ſometimes to entertain his " friends.

" The gardener's houſe is a pretty little building. " The man is a ſober diligent man: He is in years: " Has a houſewifely good creature of a wife. Con- " tent is in the countenances of both: How happy " muſt they be!

" The gardens, vineyard, &c. are beautifully laid " out. The orangery is flouriſhing; every-thing in- " deed is, that belongs to Sir Charles Grandiſon; " alcoves, little temples, ſeats, are erected at differ- " ent points of view: The orchard, lawns, and " graſs-walks, have ſheep for gardeners; and the " whole being bounded only by ſunk fences, the eye " is carried to views that have no bounds.

" The orchard, which takes up near three acres of " ground, is planted in a peculiar taſte. A neat " ſtone bridge in the centre of it, is thrown over the " river: It is planted in a natural ſlope; the higher " fruit-trees, as pears, in a ſemicircular row, firſt; " apples at further diſtances next; cherries, plums, " ſtandard apricots, &c. all which in the ſeaſon of " bloſſoming, one row gradually lower than another, " muſt make a charming variety of blooming ſweets " to the eye, from the top of the ruſtic villa, which " commands the whole.

" The outſide of this orchard, next the north, is " planted with three rows of trees, at proper diſtances " from each other; one of pines; one of cedars; " one of Scotch firs, in the like ſemicircular order; " which, at the ſame time that they afford a perpetual " verdure to the eye, and ſhady walks in the ſum- " mer, defend the orchard from the cold and blight- " ing winds.

" This plantation was made by direction of Sir " Thomas, in his days of fancy. We have heard " that he had a poetical, and, conſequently, a fan- " ciful taſte." [Thus far from Miſs Selby. Lady Grandiſon thus proceeds.]

My uncle, once took my aunt out from the company, in a kind of hurry. I ſaw his eyes gliſten, and was curious, on her return, to know the occaſion. This was his ſpeech to her, unable to check his emotion; What a man is this, dame Selby! We were ſurely wanting in reſpect to him when he was among us. To ſend ſuch a one to an inn! — Fie upon us! — Lord be good unto me! how are things come about! — Who would have thought it? — Sometimes I wonder the girl is not as proud as Lucifer; at other times, that ſhe is able to look him in the face!

To this convenient houſe belongs an elegant little chapel, neatly decorated: But Sir Charles, when down, generally goes to the pariſh-church, of which he is patron.

The gallery I have not yet ſeen — Dr. Bartlett tells me, it is adorned with the pictures of a long line of anceſtors.

AFTER dinner, which was ſumptuous, and well-ordered, Sir Charles led us into the Muſic-parlour. O madam, you ſhall hear what honour was done me there! — I will lead to it.

Several of the neighbouring gentlemen, he told us, are performers; and he hopes to engage them as opportuni-

portunities ſhall offer. My dear Dr. Bartlett, ſaid he, your ſoul is harmony: I doubt not but all theſe are in order—"May I aſk you, my Harriet?" pointing to the harpſichord. I inſtantly ſat down to it. It is a fine inſtrument. Lord G. took up a violin; Lord L. a German flute; Mr. Deane a baſs-viol; and we had a little concert of about half an hour.

Here is a noble organ: When the little concert was over, he was ſo good himſelf, on my aunt's referring to him with aſking eyes, to ſhew us it was in tune.

We all ſeated ourſelves round him, on his prepareing to oblige us; I between my Aunt and Lucy; and he with a voice admirably ſuited to the inſtrument (but the words, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo, ſtill *more* admirably to the occaſion) at once delighted and ſurpriſed us all, by the following Lines:

I.

Accept, great SOURCE *of ev'ry bliſs,*
The fulneſs of my heart,
Pour'd out in tuneful ecſtaſies,
By this celeſtial art.

II.

My ſoul, with gratitude profound,
Receive a Form ſo bright!
And yet, I boaſt a bliſs beyond
This angel to the ſight.

III.

When charms of mind *and perſon meet,*
How rich our raptures riſe!
The Fair that renders earth ſo ſweet,
Prepares me for the ſkies!

How did our friends look upon one another, as the excellent man proceeded!—I was aſtoniſhed. It was happy I ſat between my Aunt and Lucy!—They each took one of my hands. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Every one's eyes congratulated me.

Every

Every tongue but mine, encored him. I was ſpeechleſs. Again he obliged us. I thought at the time, I had a foretaſte of the joys of heaven.—How ſweet the incenſe of praiſe from a huſband! That huſband a good man!—My ſurrounding friends enjoying it!—How will you, madam, rejoice in ſuch an inſtance of a Love ſo pure, and ſo grateful! Long, long may it be, for the ſake of his Harriet, his and her friends, for the world's ſake, before his native ſkies reclaim him!

He approached me with tender modeſty; as if abaſhed by the applauſe he met with. But ſeeing me affected, he was concerned. I withdrew with my Aunt and Lucy. He followed me. I then threw myſelf at his feet; embraced his knees; and had ſpeech been lent me, would have offered him the fervent vows of a heart overflowing with Love and Gratitude.

LETTER VI.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

THE Muſic-parlour [I can hardly mention it without breaking into raptures] is adorned with a variety of fine carvings, on ſubjects that do honour to poetry and muſic. Be it Lucy's taſk to deſcribe them. Let me mention other inſtances of his tender goodneſs to one of the happieſt creatures on earth.

You know, madam, that Sir Charles, when in Northamptonſhire, offered me my choice of ſervants of both Sexes; and when I told him, that I choſe not to take with me any one of either but my Sally, he ſaid, that when I came to Grandiſon-hall, where they would be all together, I ſhould chooſe which of the men-ſervants I would more particularly call my own. He gave me juſt now the names and qualities of each. Frederic I had ſeen at Selby-houſe, an obſervant, ſenſible-looking young man (but are not all his ſervants

vants ſo?): I choſe *him*. He called him in (my aunt Selby preſent): All my ſervants, Frederic, ſaid he, are as much your Lady's as mine: But *you* will devote yourſelf *more particularly* to her commands. I mean not, however, any diſtinction in your favour, where you all equally merit diſtinction. The power, madam, of change or diſmiſſion thro' the houſe is entirely yours.

To-morrow, I am to go over all the bridal oſtentation again at the pariſh-church. On Monday Lady Mansfield and her family are to be here. — *Your* gueſts, my dear, ſaid Sir Charles to me, before all our friends, I hope, for a week at leaſt. This was the firſt notice he gave of it to Lord and Lady W. What joy and gratitude appeared in her countenance upon it!

Tueſday, by general approbation (Sir Charles ſubmitting the choice of the day to his gueſts) we are to have the neighbouring gentry here to dinner, and for the reſt of the day. Sir Charles has been long wiſhed by them all to reſide among them. He breaks thro' the uſual forms, and choſe this way, at once, to receive the viſits of all his neighbours, and in both our names gave the invitation. He ſhewed us a liſt of the perſons invited. It is a very large one. My deareſt life, ſaid he, we ſhall be all half-familiarized to them, they to us, even to-morrow, by the freedom of this invitation for the Tueſday following.

Mrs. Curzon came to me for directions about the bed-chambers. I took that opportunity to tell her, that I ſhould add to the number of female ſervants, only my Sally, of whoſe diſcretion I had no doubt. You muſt introduce to me, ſaid I, at a proper time, the female ſervants. If you, Mrs. Curzon, approve of them, I ſhall make no changes. I am, myſelf, the happieſt of women: Every one who deſerves it, ſhall find her happineſs in mine.

You will rejoice all their hearts, madam, by this early

early declaration of your goodneſs to them. I can truly ſay, that the beſt of maſters has not the worſt of ſervants: But Dr. Bartlett would make bad ſervants good.

I ſhall want no other proof, ſaid I, of their goodneſs, than their love and reſpect to Dr. Bartlett.

In company of my Aunt, Lady W. Lucy, Miſs Jervois, attended by Mrs. Curzon, we went to chooſe our rooms; and thoſe for our expected gueſts of Monday. We ſoon fixed on them. My Aunt with her uſual goodneſs, and Lady W. with that condeſcenſion that is natural to her, took great notice of Mrs. Curzon, who ſeemed delighted with us all; and ſaid, that ſhe ſhould be the happier in the performance of her duty, as ſhe had been informed, we were managing Ladies. It was a pleaſure, ſhe ſaid, to receive commands from perſons who knew when things were properly done. You, my deareſt grandmamma, from my earlieſt youth, have told me, that to be reſpected even by ſervants, it is neceſſary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant in thoſe matters that it becomes a miſtreſs of a family to be acquainted with. They ſhall not find me pragmatical, however, in the little knowlege I have in family-matters.

Will nothing happen, my dear grandmamma— But no more of this kind — Shall I by my diffidences leſſen the enjoyments of which I am in full poſſeſſion? My joy may not be ſufficient to baniſh fear; but I hope it will be a prudent one, which will ſerve to increaſe my thankfulneſs to Heaven, and my gratitude to the man ſo juſtly dear to me.

But do you, my grandmamma, whenever you pray for the continuance of your Harriet's happineſs, pray alſo for that of Lady Clementina: That only can be wanting in my preſent ſituation, to complete the felicity of

Your ever-grateful, ever-dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LET-

LETTER VII.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Sunday noon.

WHAT a crouded church-yard and church had I to paſs thro' to the handſome ſeat, which belongs to the excellent patron of it!—How much exalted was I to hear his whiſpered praiſes! How did my Northamptonſhire friends rejoice in the reſpectful approbation paid to the happy creature, to whom they are more immediately related! I am always a little mortified by praiſes of my figure. What a tranſitory thing is outward form!—May I make to myſelf a more ſolid and permanent foundation for that reſpect, which is generally more pleaſing to a female heart than it ought to be!

Sir Charles was not unhappy in his invitation for next Tueſday. It took off, I imagine, ſome particular addreſſes to him. Yet ſeveral gentlemen at his coach-ſide acknowleged the favour done them in it.

My uncle, who, you know, madam, loves everything that promotes good neighbourhood, is greatly delighted with the thoughts of the day. How proud is he of his Harriet! How much more proud of his relation to the beſt of men!

I have looked upon what Lucy has written. I ſee there will be but little room for me to ſay any-thing. She is delighted with her taſk. It employs all her faculties; diſplays her fine taſte in architecture, paintings, needle-works, ſhell-works. She will give you a deſcription of ſeveral charming performances in the two latter arts, of the late Lady Grandiſon!—How does the character of that admirable Lady riſe upon us! With what emulation does it fire me! On twenty accounts, it was a very bold thing, my grandmamma, for your Harriet to aſpire to be Lady Grandiſon!—Yet how does Sir Charles's goodneſs, his kind

kind acceptance of all my humble endeavours, encourage me!—O madam, he ſaid truth, when in courtſhip he told me, that I parted with power to have it returned me with augmentation. I don't know how it is, but his freedom of behaviour to me is increaſed; yet his reſpectfulneſs is not diminiſhed.—And, tender as he was before to me, his tenderneſs is ſtill greater than it was: Yet ſo much unaffected dignity in it, that my reverence for him is augmented, but without any abatement of my Love. Then his chearfulneſs, his *more* than chearfulneſs, his vivacity, ſhews, that he is at heart pleaſed with his Harriet. Happy Harriet! — Yet I cannot forbear now-and-then, when my joy and my gratitude are at the higheſt, a ſigh to the merits of Lady Clementina. — What I am now, ſhould ſhe have been, think I often!—The general admiration paid me as the wife of Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſhould have been paid to her!—Lady L. Lady G. ſhould have been her ſiſters! — She ſhould have been the miſtreſs of this houſe, the co-guardian of Emily, the ſucceſſor of the late excellent Lady Grandiſon!—Hapleſs Clementina!—What a ſtrange thing, that love of religion in two perſons ſo pious, ſo good, each in their way, ſhould ſunder, for ever ſunder, perſons whoſe minds were ſo cloſely united!

Sir Charles, by Lucy, invites me, till dinner is ready, to walk with them, at her requeſt, in the gallery. Lucy wants, in deſcribing that gallery, to give you, my deareſt grandmamma (in whom every other of my friends is included) a brief hiſtory of the anceſtors of Sir Charles, whoſe pictures adorn it. I come! Lord of my heart, I attend you!—

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How, madam, would you have been delighted, could you have ſat in this truly noble gallery, and ſeen the dear man, one arm round my waiſt, holding my oppoſite hand in the hand of the ſame ſurrounding arm, pointing ſometimes with the other, ſometimes putting

putting that other arm round my Lucy's, and giving ſhort hiſtories of the perſons whoſe pictures we ſaw!

Some of the pictures are really fine. One of Sir Charles's, which is drawn when he was about ſixteen, is on horſeback. The horſe a managed, curvetting, proud beaſt. — His ſeat, ſpirit, courage, admirably expreſſed: He muſt have been, as his ſiſters ſay he was, the lovelieſt, and the moſt undaunted, yet moſt modeſt-looking, of youths. He paſſed his own picture ſo ſlightly, that I had not time to take in half the beauties of it. You will not doubt, madam, but I ſhall be often in this gallery, were only this one picture there.

What pleaſure had I in hearing the hiſtory of this antient family, from this unbroken ſeries of the pictures of it, for ſo many generations paſt! And will mine, one day, thought I, be allowed a place among them, near to that of the moſt amiable of them all, both as to mind and figure? How my heart exulted! What were my meditations as I traced the imagined footſteps of dear Lady Grandiſon, her picture and Sir Thomas's in my eye! as finely executed, as thoſe in the beſt bed-chamber. May I, thought I, with a happier lot, be but half as deſerving! But, madam, did not Lady Grandiſon ſhine the more for the hardſhips ſhe paſſed through? — And is it neceſſary for virtue to be called forth by trials, in order to be juſtified by its fortitude under them? What trials can I be called to with Sir Charles Grandiſon? But may I not take my place on the footſtep of her throne, yet make no contemptible figure in the family of her beloved ſon? I will humbly endeavour to deſerve my good fortune, and leave the reſt to Providence.

There are in different apartments of this ſeat, beſides two in the houſe in town, no leſs than ſix pictures of Sir Thomas: But then two of them were brought from his ſeat in Eſſex. Sir Thomas was fond of his perſon: They are drawn in different attitudes.

He

He appears to be, as I have always heard he was, a fine figure of a man. But neither Lucy nor I, tho' we made not the compliment to Sir Charles, you may ſuppoſe (who always ſpeaks with reverence and unaffected Love of his father) thought him comparable in figure, dignity, intelligence, to his ſon.

We were called to dinner, before we had gone half way thro' the gallery.

We had a crouded church again in the afternoon.

Sunday night.] This excellent Dr. Bartlett! And, this excellent Sir Charles Grandiſon, I may ſay.—Sir Charles having enquired of the Doctor, when alone with him, after the rules! obſerved by him before we came down, the Doctor told him, that he had every morning and night the few ſervants attending him in his antechamber to prayers, which he had ſelected out of the Church Service. Sir Charles deſired him by all means to continue ſo laudable a cuſtom; for he was ſure maſter and ſervants would both find their account in it.

Sir Charles ſent for Richard Saunders and Mrs. Curzon. He applauded to them the Doctor's goodneſs, and deſired they would ſignify, the one to the men ſervants, the other to the women, that he ſhould take it well of them, if they chearfully attended the Doctor; promiſing to give them opportunity, as often as was poſſible. Half an hour after ten, Doctor, I believe is a good time in the evening?

That, Sir, is about my time, and eight in the morning, as an hour the leaſt likely to interfere with their buſineſs. Whenever it does, they are in their duty, and I do not then expect them.

About a quarter after ten, the Doctor ſlipt away. Soon after Sir Charles withdrew, unperceived by any of us. The Doctor and his little church were aſſembled. Sir Charles joined them, and afterwards returned to company, with that chearfulneſs that always beams

beams in his aſpect. The Doctor followed him, with a countenance as ſerene. I took the Doctor aſide, tho' in the ſame apartment, ſuppoſing the matter. Sir Charles joining us, O Sir, ſaid I, why was I not whiſpered to withdraw with you? Think you, that your Harriet—

The company, my deareſt Love, interrupted he, was not now to be broken up. When we are ſettled, we can make a cuſtom for ourſelves, that will be allowed for by every-body, when it is ſeen we perſevere, and are, in every other reſpect, uniform: Joſhua's reſolution, Doctor, was an excellent one *(a)*. The chapel, now our congregation is large, will be the propereſt place; and there, perhaps, the friends we may happen to have with us, will ſometimes join us.

Monday Morning.] Sir Charles has juſt now preſented to me, in Doctor Bartlett's preſence, Mr. Daniel Bartlett, the Doctor's nephew, and his only care in this world; a young gentleman of about eighteen, well educated, and a fine accomptant, a maſter of his pen, and particularly of the art of ſhort-hand-writing. The Doctor inſiſted on the ſpecification of a ſalary, which he named himſelf to be 40 *l.* a year, and to be within the houſe, that he might always be at hand. He could not truſt, he ſaid, to his patron's aſſurances, that his bountiful ſpirit would allow him to have a regard, in the reward, only to the merit of the ſervice.

Monday Noon.] Lady Mansfield, Miſs Mansfield, and the three Brothers, are arrived. What excellent women, what agreeable young gentlemen, what grateful hearts, what joy to Lady W. on their arrival, what pleaſure to Lord W. who, on every occaſion, ſhews his delight in his nephew!—All theſe things, with their compliments to your happy Harriet, let Lucy tell. I have not time.

(*a*) As for me and my houſe, we will ſerve the Lord, Joſh. xxiv. 15.

WHAT, my dear grandmamma, ſhall we do with Lord and Lady W?—Such a rich ſervice of gilt plate! Juſt arrived! A preſent to me!—It is a noble preſent! —And ſo gracefully preſented! And I ſo gracefully permitted to accept of it, by my beſt, my tendereſt friend!—Let Lucy deſcribe this too.

Tueſday Morning.] A vaſt company we ſhall have. Gentlemen, and their Ladies, are invited: Your Harriet is to be dreſſed: She is already dreſſed. How kindly am I complimented, by every one of my friends!—Let Lucy, let my aunt (ſhe promiſes to aſſiſt Lucy) relate all that ſhall paſs, deſcribe the perſons and give the characters of our viſiters; our managements, our entertainments, the Ball, that is to conclude the day and night. I ſhall not be able, I ſuppoſe, to write a line.

Wedneſday Noon.] Our company left us not till ſix this morning. My uncle was tranſported with the day; with the night.

I will only ſay, that all was happy; and decency, good order, mirth, and jollity, went thro' the whole ſpace. Sir Charles was every-where, and with every-body. He was almoſt as much every Lady's as mine. O how he charmed them all! Sir William Turner ſaid once behind his back, Of what tranſports did my late friend Sir Thomas, who doted upon his ſon, deprive himſelf, by keeping him ſo long abroad!

I could not but think of what my dear Lady G. once wrote, that women are not ſo ſoon tired as men, with theſe diverſions, with dancing particularly. By three all but Sir Charles and my uncle, ſeemed quite fatigued: But recovered themſelves. My Emily delighted every-body. She was the whole night what I wiſhed her to be—Dear madam, be not uneaſy. We ſhall be very happy in each other.

O

O that you were with us, my deareſt grandmamma! But you, from your chearful piety, and joyful expectation of happineſs ſupreme, are already, tho' on earth, in heaven!—Yet it is my wiſh, my aunt's, my uncle's, Lucy's, twenty times a day, that you were preſent, and ſaw him, The domeſtic man, The chearful Friend, The kind Maſter, The enlivening Companion, The polite Neighbour, The tender Huſband! Let nobody who ſees Sir Charles Grandiſon at home, ſay, that the private ſtation is not that of true happineſs.

How charmingly reſpectful is he to my uncle, aunt, and good Mr. Deane! To Lucy he is an affectionate brother. Emily, dear girl, how ſhe enjoys his tenderneſs to her!

My uncle is writing to you, madam, a Letter. He ſays, it will be as long as his arm. My aunt will diſpatch this day a very long one. Theirs will ſupply my defects. Lucy is not quite ready with her firſt Letter. If there were not ſo much of your Harriet in it, I would highly praiſe what ſhe has hitherto written.

Thurſday Morning.] I leave to my uncle the account of the gentlemens diverſions in the gardens and fields. They are all extremely happy. But Lord G. already pines after his Charlotte. He will not be prevailed upon to ſtay out his week, I doubt; ſweet-tempered man! as I ſee him in a thouſand little amiable inſtances. If Lady G. did not love him, I would not love her. Lord W. is afraid of a gouty attack. He is never quite free. He and his admirable Lady will leave us to morrow.

I think, my dear Lady G. with you, that diſcretion and gratitude, are the corner-ſtones of the matrimonial fabric. Lady W. had no prepoſſeſſions in any other man's favour. My Lord loves her. What muſt be that woman's heart, that Gratitude and Love

cannot engage? But ſhe loves my Lord. Surely ſhe does. Is not real and unaffected tenderneſs for the infirmities of another the very eſſence of Love? What is wanting where there is that? My Sir Charles is delighted with Lady W's goodneſs to his uncle. He tells her often, how much he reveres her for it.

In our retired hours, we have ſometimes the excellent Lady abroad for our ſubject. I always begin it. He never declines it. He ſpeaks of her with ſuch manly tenderneſs! He thanks me, at ſuch times, for *allowing* him, as he calls it, to love her. He regrets very much the precipitating of her: Yet pities her parents and brothers. How warmly does he ſpeak of his Jeronymo! He has a ſigh for Olivia. But of whom, except Lady Sforza and her Laurana, does he not ſpeak kindly?—And them he pities. Never, never, was there a more expanded heart!



Ah, madam, a cloud has juſt bruſhed by us! Its ſkirts have affected us with ſadneſs, and carried us from our ſunſhine proſpects *home*; that is to ſay, to thoughts of the general deſtiny!—Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp is no more! A Letter from his Beauchamp! Sir Charles ſhewed it to me, for the honour of the writer, now Sir Edward. We admired this excellent young man together, over his Letter. What fine things did Sir Charles ſay on this occaſion, both by way of ſelf-conſolation, and on the inevitable deſtiny! But he dwelt not on the ſubject. He has written to Lady Beauchamp, and to the new Baronet. How charmingly conſolatory!—What admirable—But Sir Charles, madam, is a Christian!



This event has not at all influenced his temper. He is the ſame chearful man to his gueſts; to his Harriet; to every-body. I am afraid it will be the cauſe of his firſt abſence from me: How ſhall I part with him, tho' it were but for two days?

Friday

Friday Noon.] What a vacancy! Lady Mansfield, and her ſons, Lord G. and Lord and Lady W. have left us. Miſs Mansfield is allowed to ſtay with me ſome time longer. Emily is very fond of her. No wonder: She is a good young woman.

We are buſied in returning the viſits of our neighbours, which Sir Charles promiſed to do, as if they were individually made to us. We have a very agreeable neighbourhood. But I want theſe viſitings to be over. Sir Charles and his relations and mine, are the world to me. Theſe obligations of ceremony, tho' unavoidable, are drawbacks upon the true domeſtic felicity. One happineſs, however, reſults from the hurry and buſtle they put us in: Emily's mind (tho' ſhe not always accompanies us) ſeems to be engaged: When we are not quite happy in our own thoughts, it is a relief to carry them out of ourſelves.

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Sir Charles and I have juſt now had a ſhort converſation about this dear girl. We both joined in praiſing her; and then I ſaid, I thought, that ſome time hence Mr. Beauchamp and ſhe would make a very happy pair.

I have, ſaid he, a Love for both. But as the one is my own very particular *friend*, and as the other is my *ward*, I would rather he found for himſelf, and ſhe for herſelf, another Lover, and that for obvious reaſons.

But, ſuppoſe, Sir, they ſhould like each the other?

So they made it not a compliment to me, but gave me reaſon to believe, that they would have preferred each the other to every one elſe, were they ſtrangers to me, I would not ſtand in their way. But the man, who hopes for my conſent for Emily, muſt give me reaſon to think, that he would have preferred her to any other woman, tho' ſhe had a much leſs fortune than ſhe is miſtreſs of.

I am much miſtaken, Sir, if that may not be the caſe of your friend.

Tell me, my nobly frank, and ever-amiable Harriet, what you know of this ſubject. Has Beauchamp any thoughts of Emily?

Ah, Sir, thought I, I dare not tell you *all* my thoughts; but what I do tell you, ſhall be truth.

I really, Sir, don't imagine Emily has a thought of your Beauchamp—

Nor of any other perſon? Has ſhe?

Lady G. Lady L. and myſelf, are of opinion, that Beauchamp loves Emily.

I ſhould be glad, my dear, if any-thing were to come of it, that the man loved firſt.

I was conſcious. A tear unawares dropt from my eye. He ſaw it. He folded his arm about me, and kiſſed it from my cheek. Why, my Love! my deareſt Love! why this? and ſeemed ſurpriſed.

I muſt tell you, Sir, that you may not be ſurpriſed. I fear, I fear—

What fears my Love?

That the happieſt of all women cannot ſay, that her dear man loved her firſt!

He folded me in his kind arms. How ſweetly engaging! ſaid he: I will preſume to hope, that my Harriet, by the happieſt of all women, means herſelf—You ſay not no! I will not inſult your goodneſs ſo much, as to aſk you to ſay yes. But, this I ſay, that the happieſt of all men loved his Harriet, before ſhe *could* love him; and, but for the honour he owed to another admirable woman, tho' then he had no hopes of ever calling her his, would have convinced her of it, by a very early declaration. Let me add, that the moment I ſaw you firſt (diſtreſſed and terrified as you were, too much to think of favour to any man) I loved you: And you know not the ſtruggle it coſt me (my deſtiny with *our* dear Clementina ſo uncertain) to conceal my Love—Coſt me, who ever was

was punctiliouſly ſtudious to avoid engaging a young Lady's affections, leſt I ſhould not be able to be juſt to her; and always thought what is called Platonic Love, an inſidious pretenſion.

O Sir; and I flung my fond arms about his neck, and hiding my glowing face in his boſom, called him, murmuringly, the moſt juſt, the moſt generous, of men.

He preſſed me ſtill to his heart; and when I raiſed my conſcious face, tho' my eye could not bear his, Now, Sir, ſaid I, after this kind, this encouraging acknowlegement, I can conſent, I *think* I can, that the Lord of my heart ſhall ſee (as he has more than once wiſhed to ſee, long before he declared himſelf) all that was in that forward, that aſpiring heart.—

Lucy had furniſhed me with the opportunity before. I inſtantly aroſe, and took out of a drawer a parcel of my Letters, which I had ſorted ready, on occaſion, to oblige him, which, from what he had ſeen before, down to the dreadful maſquerade affair, carried me to my ſetting out with his ſiſters to Colnebrook.

I think not to ſhew him farther, by my own conſent, becauſe of the recapitulation of his family ſtory, which immediately follows; particularly including the affecting accounts of his mother's death; his father's unkindneſs to the two young Ladies; Mrs. Oldham's ſtory; the ſiſters conduct to her; which might have revived diſagreeable ſubjects.

Be pleaſed, Sir, ſaid I, putting them into his hands, to judge me favourably. In theſe papers is my heart laid open.

Precious truſt! ſaid he, and put the papers to his lips. You will not find your generous confidence miſplaced.

An opportunity offering to ſend away what I have written; here, my deareſt grandmamma, concludes

Your ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VIII.

Lady GRANDISON, *In Continuation,*

Saturday morning, Dec. 16.

I Will not trouble you, my dear grandmamma, with an account of the preparations we are making to benefit and regale our poorer neighbours, and Sir Charles's tenants, at this hoſpitable ſeaſon. Not even Sir Charles Grandiſon himſelf can exceed *you*, either in bounty or management, on this annual Solemnity. Sir Charles has conſulted with Dr. Bartlett, and every-thing will be left to the direction of that good man. My uncle and aunt have diſpatched their directions to Selby-houſe, that *their* neighbours and tenants may not ſuffer by their abſence.

The gentlemen are all rid out together, the Doctor with them, to *reconnoitre* the country, as my uncle calls it. Emily and Lucy are gone with them, on horſeback. My aunt and I declined accompanying them; and took this opportunity, attended by Mrs. Curzon, to go thro' the Offices.

In the houſekeeper's room, I received the maid-ſervants, ſeven in number; and, after her, called each by her name, and ſpoke kindly to them all. I told them how handſomely Mrs. Curzon ſpoke of them, and aſſured them of my favour. I praiſed the chearfulneſs, with which Dr. Bartlett, had told me they attended him every day in his antechamber. They ſhould have the opportunity given them, I ſaid, as often as poſſible. I hoped that my Sally behaved well among them.

They praiſed her.

Sally, ſaid I, has a ſerious turn. Piety is the beſt ſecurity in man and woman for good behaviour. She will ſeldom fail of attending the Doctor with you. We ſhall all be happy, I hope. I am accquainting myſelf with the methods of the houſe. Nobody ſhall be

be put out of their good way by me. My aunt ſaid, My niece propoſes to *form* herſelf on the example of the late excellent Lady Grandiſon.

They bleſſed me; tears in their eyes.

I made each of them a preſent for a pair of gloves.

We went thro' all the Offices, the loweſt not excepted. The very ſervants live in paradiſe. There is room for every-thing to be in order: Every-thing *is* in order. The Offices ſo diſtinct, yet ſo conveniently communicating—Charmingly contrived! —The lower ſervants, men and women, have Laws, which at their own requeſt, were drawn up, by Mrs. Curzon, for the obſervance of the minuteſt of their reſpective duties: with little mulcts, that at firſt *only* there was occaſion to exact. It is a houſe of harmony to my hand. Dear madam, what do good people leave to good people to do? Nothing! Every one knowing and doing his and her duty; and having, by means of their own diligence, time for themſelves.

I was pleaſed with one piece of furniture in the houſekeeper's room, which neither you, madam, nor my aunt, have in yours. My aunt ſays, Selby-houſe ſhall not be long after her return without it. It is a Servants Library, in three claſſes: One of books of *divinity* and *morality:* Another for *houſewifry:* A third of *hiſtory*, true adventures, voyages, and innocent amuſement. I, II, III, are marked on the caſes, and the ſame on the back of each book, the more readily to place and re-place them, as a book is taken out for uſe. They are bound in buff for ſtrength. A little fine is laid upon whoever puts not a book back in its place. As new books come out, the Doctor buys ſuch as he thinks proper to range under theſe three claſſes.

I aſked, If there were no books of gardening? I was anſwered, That the gardener had a little houſe in the garden, in which he had his own books. But her maſter,

maſter, Mrs. Curzon ſaid, was himſelf a Library of gardening, ordering the greater articles by his own taſte.

Seeing a pretty glaſs caſe in the houſekeeper's apartment, filled with phyſical matters, I aſked if ſhe diſpenſed any of thoſe to the ſervants, or to the poor? Here is, ſaid ſhe, a collection of all the uſeful drugs in medicine: But does not your Ladyſhip know the noble method that my maſter has fallen into ſince his laſt arrival in England? What is that? He gives a ſalary, madam, to a ſkilful apothecary; and pays him for his drugs beſides (and theſe are his, tho' I have a key to it); and this gentleman diſpenſes phyſic to all my maſter's tenants, who are not able to pay for advice; nor are the poor who are not his tenants, refuſed, when recommended by Dr. Bartlett.

Bleſſings on his benevolence! ſaid I. O my aunt! What a happy creature am I! God Almighty, if I diſgrace not my huſband's beneficence, will love me for his ſake!—Dear creature, ſaid my aunt—And for your own too, I hope.

There lives in a houſe, madam, continued Mrs. Curzon, within five miles of this, almoſt in the middle of the eſtate, and pays no rent, a very worthy young man; brought up under an eminent ſurgeon of one of the London hoſpitals, who has orders likewiſe for attending his tenants in the way of his buſineſs—As alſo every caſualty that happens within diſtance, and where another ſurgeon is not to be met with. And he, I underſtand, is paid on a cure actually performed very handſomely. But if the patient die, his trouble and attendance are only conſidered according to the time taken up; except a particular caſe requires conſideration.

And this ſurgeon, Mrs. Curzon, this apothecary—

Are noted, madam, for being good as well as ſkilful men. My maſter's teſt is, that they are men of ſerioufneſs, and good livers: Their conſciences, he ſays, are his ſecurity.

How

How muſt this excellent man be beloved, how reſpected, Mrs. Curzon!

Reſpected and beloved, madam!—Indeed he is—Mr. Richard Saunders has often obſerved to me, that if my maſter either rides or walks in company, tho' of great Lords, people diſtinguiſh *him* by their reſpectful Love: To the Lord, they will but ſeem to lift up their hats, as I may ſay; or, if women, juſt drop the knee, and look grave, as if they paid reſpect to their quality only: But to my maſter, they pull off their hats to the ground, and bow their whole bodies: They look ſmilingly, and with pleaſure and bleſſings, as I may ſay, in their faces: The good women courteſy alſo to the ground, turn about when he has paſſed them, and look after him—God bleſs your ſweet face; and, God bleſs your dear heart, will they ſay; and the ſervants who hear them are *ſo* delighted!—Don't your Ladyſhip ſee, how all his ſervants love him as they attend him at table? How they watch his eye in ſilent reverence—Indeed, madam, we all adore him; and have prayed morning, noon, and night, for his coming hither, and ſettling among us. And now is the happy time: Forgive me, madam; I am no flatterer; but we all ſay, He has brought another angel to bleſs us.

I was forced to lean upon my aunt—Tears of joy trickled down my cheeks. O madam, what a happy lot is mine!—

My uncle wonders I am not proud—Proud, madam!—Proud of my inferiority!

We viſited Mr. Bartlett in his new office. He is a modeſt ingenious young man. I aſked him to give me, at his leiſure, a catalogue of the Servants Library, for my aunt.

O my dear, ſaid my aunt, had your grandpapa, had your papa, your mamma, lived to this day!—

I will imagine, ſaid I, that I ſee them looking down from their heaven. They bid me take care to deſerve

ſerve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am *what* and *where* they are.

Dr. Bartlett, attended by his ſervant, is returned without the gentlemen. I was afraid he was not very well. I followed him up, and told him my apprehenſions.

He owned afterwards, that he was a little indiſpoſed when he came in; but ſaid, I had made him well.

I told him, what had paſſed between Mrs. Curzon and me. He confirmed all ſhe ſaid.

He told me, that Sir Charles was careful alſo in improving his eſtates. The minuteſt things, he ſaid, any more than the greateſt, eſcaped not his attention. He has, ſaid he, a bricklayer, a carpenter, by the year; a ſawyer, three months conſtantly in every year. Repairs are ſet about the moment they become neceſſary. By this means he is not impoſed upon by encroaching or craving tenants. He will do any-thing that tends to improve the eſtate; ſo that it is the beſt conditioned eſtate in the county. His tenants grow into good circumſtances under him. Tho' abſent, he gives ſuch orders, as but few perſons on the ſpot would think of. He has a diſcernment that goes to the bottom of every-thing. In a few years, improving only what he has in both kingdoms, he will be very rich, yet anſwer the generous demands of his own heart upon his benevolence: All the people he employs, he takes upon character of ſerioufneſs and ſobriety, as Mrs. Curzon told you; and then he makes them the more firmly his, by the confidence he repoſes in them. He continually, in his written directions to his maſter-workmen, cautions them to do juſtice to the tenants as well as to him, and even to throw the turn of the ſcale in their favour. You are, ſays he, *my* friends, *my* workmen: You muſt not make me both judge and

and party. Only remember, that I bear not impoſition. The man who impoſes on me once, I will forgive: But he never ſhall have an opportunity to deceive me a ſecond time: For I cannot act the part of a ſuſpicious man, a watchman over people of *doubtful* honeſty.

The Doctor ſays, he is a great planter, both here and in Ireland: And now he is come to ſettle here, he will ſet on foot ſeveral projects, which hitherto he had only talked of, or written about.

Sir Charles, I am ſure, ſaid he, will be the friend of every worthy man and woman. He will find out the ſighing heart before it is overwhelmed with calamity.

He propoſes, as ſoon as he is ſettled, to take a perſonal Survey of his whole eſtate. He will make himſelf acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager; and enquire into his circumſtances, number of children, and proſpects. When occaſions call for it, he will forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men have no proſpect of ſucceſs, he will buy his own farms of them, as I may ſay, by giving them money to quit: He will tranſplant one to a leſs, another to a larger farm, if the tenants conſent, according as they have ſtock, or probability of ſucceſs in the one or the other; and will ſet the poor tenants in a way of cultivating what they hold, as well by advice as money; for, while he was abroad, he ſtudied huſbandry and Law, in order, as he uſed to ſay, to be his father's ſteward; the one to qualify him to preſerve, the other to manage, his eſtate. He was always prepared for, and aforehand with, probable events.

Dear, dear Dr. Bartlett, ſaid I, we are on a charming ſubject; tell me more of my Sir Charles's management and intentions. Tell me all you know, that is proper for me to know.

Proper, madam! Every-thing he *has* done, *does*, and *intends* to do, is proper for you, and for all the world,

world to know. I wiſh all the world were to know him, as I do; not for his ſake, but for their own.

That moment (without any-body's letting me know the gentlemen were returned) into the Doctor's apartment came Sir Charles. My back was to the door, and he was in the room before I ſaw him. I ſtarted. Sir, Sir! ſaid I, as if I thought excuſes neceſſary.

He ſaw my confuſion. That, and his ſudden entrance, abaſhed the Doctor. Sir Charles reconciled us both to ourſelves—He put one arm round my waiſt, with the other he lifted up my hand to his lips, and in the voice of Love, I congratulate you both, ſaid he: Such company, my deareſt Life! ſuch company, my deareſt friend! you cannot have every hour! May I, as often as there is opportunity, ſee you together! I knew not that you were. The Doctor and I, madam, ſtand not upon ceremony. Pardon me, Doctor. I inſiſt upon leaving you as I found you—

I caught his hand as he was going—Dear, dear Sir, I attend you. You ſhall take me with you; and, if you pleaſe, make my excuſes to my aunt, for leaving her ſo long alone, before you came in.

Doctor, excuſe us both; my Harriet has found, for the firſt time, a will. It is her own, we know, by its obligingneſs.

He received my offered hand, and led me into company: Where my aunt called me to account for leaving her, and begged Sir Charles would chide me.

She was with Dr. Bartlett, madam, ſaid he: Had ſhe been with any other perſon, man or woman, and Mrs. Selby alone, I think we would have *tried* to chide her.

What obliging, what ſweet politeneſs, my dear grandmamma!

Such, madam, is the happineſs of your Harriet.

Lucy has a charming Letter to ſend you!—From that Letter, you will have a ſtill higher notion of my happineſs, of the dear man's unaffected tenderneſs to me,

me, and of the approbation of a very genteel neighbourhood, than I myſelf could give you.

Lady G. and Lady L. have both made up for their ſuppoſed neglects. I had written to each to charge them with having not congratulated me on my arrival here. Two ſuch charming Letters!—I have already anſwered them. They love as well as ever (Thank heaven they do!)

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER IX.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Monday, Dec. 18.

THE deareſt, beſt of men, has left me! Juſt now left me!—Did not every-body keep me in countenance, I ſhould be very angry with myſelf for wiſhing, that *ſuch* a man ſhould be always confined to my company. I muſt keep my fondneſs within equitable bounds. But, kind man, he ſeemed, and, if he *ſeemed*, he *was*, as loth to part with me. He is gone to London, madam: Poor Lady Beauchamp has beſought his preſence, not at Sir Harry's funeral (He was to be interred, it ſeems, laſt night) but at the opening of the will: And his Beauchamp joined in the requeſt.

He hopes to be down with us on Thurſday. Miſs Mansfield took the opportunity to return to her mother, who ſent word, that ſhe knew not how to live without her.

Sir Charles was pleaſed to give me the keys of his Study, and of Lady Olivia's Cabinets. Lucy gave you, madam, an account of the invaluable contents. And now I will amuſe myſelf there, and ſit in every chair, where I have ſeen him ſit, and tread over his imagined footſteps.

Tueſday.] My books are come, and all my trinkets with

with them. We have all been buſy in claſſing the books. My cloſet will be now furniſhed as I wiſh it: And I ſhall look at theſe my dear companions of Selby-houſe, and recollect the many, many happy hours they gave me there.

Was I ever, ever unhappy, my dear grandmamma? If I was, I have forgot the time. I acquieſce chearfully with your wiſhes not to dis-furniſh your gallery, by ſending to me our family pictures. Let thoſe of my benevolent father, and my excellent mother, of happy, happy memory, ſtill continue there, to ſmile upon you, as you are pleaſed to expreſs yourſelf. Nobody but you and my aunt Selby has a right to each of thoſe of mine which are honoured with a place in your reſpective drawing-rooms. My dear Sir Charles, thank heaven! calls the original his. But why would you load me with the precious gold box, and its contents; leſs precious thoſe, tho' of ineſtimable value, than my dear grandpapa's picture in the lid?—But I can tell you, madam, that Sir Charles is an ungrateful man: He will not thank you for it. A *remembrance*, madam! (I know what he will ſay) "Does the beſt of women think my Har-"riet wants any-thing to remind her of the obliga-"tions ſhe is under to parents ſo dear?"—He will be very jealous of the honour of his Harriet. Forgive, madam, the freedom of my expoſtulation, as if I were not *your* girl, as well as *his*.

What reaſons have you found out (but this was always your happy, your inſtructive way) to be better pleaſed with your abſence from us, than if you were preſent with us, as we all often wiſh you!

HERE, Lady L. Lady G. ſiſters ſo dear to me, ſince theſe Letters will paſs under your eye, let me account to you, by the following extract from my grandmamma's laſt Letters, for the meaning of what I have written to that indulgent parent, in the lines immediately preceding. "You

" You often, my deareſt Harriet, wiſh me to be " with you. In the firſt place, I am here enjoying " myſelf in my own way, my own ſervants about " me; a trouble, a bar, a conſtraint, upon no one, " but thoſe to whom I make it worth while to bear " with me. I ſhould think I never could do enough " to ſtrangers: No, tho' I were ſure they thought " I did too much. In the next, were I to be with " you at Grandiſon-hall, I could not be every-where: " So that I ſhould be deprived of half the delightful " ſcenes and converſations, that you, your aunt, and " Lucy, relate and deſcribe to me by pen and ink: " Nor ſhould I be able perhaps to bear thoſe grate- " ful ones, to which I ſhould be preſent. My heart, " my dear, you know, is very ſuſceptible of joy; it " has long been preparing itſelf for the ſublimeſt. " Grief touches it not ſo much. The loſſes I ſuſ- " tained of your father, your mother, and my own " dear Mr. Shirley, made all other ſorrows light. " Nothing could have been heavy, but the calamity " of my gentle Harriet, had ſhe been afflicted with " it. Now, I take up the kind, the rapturous Let- " ters, from my table, where I ſpread them. When " the contents are too much for me, I lay them " down; and reſume them, as my ſubſided joy will " allow. Then lay them down again, as I am af- " fected by ſome new inſtance of your happineſs; " bleſs God, bleſs you, your deareſt of men; bleſs " every-body.—In every Letter I find a cordial that " makes my heart light, and, for the time, inſenſible " of infirmity:—Can you, my Harriet, be happier " than I am?"

CALLED upon by my aunt and Lucy. I will here, my dear grandmamma, conclude myſelf,

Your for-ever obliged, and dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER X.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

A Treaſure, an invaluable treaſure, my dear grandmamma!—On the table in Sir Charles's own cloſet, I took up a common-prayer book, under which, on removing it, I ſaw a paper written in Sir Charles's largeſt hand, the three laſt lines of which appearing to be very ſerious (the firſt ſide not containing them) I had the curioſity to unfold it: It contains Reflexions, mingled and concluded with ſolemn addreſſes to the Almighty. I aſked leave to tranſcribe them. On promiſe that a copy, as his, ſhould not paſs into anybody's hands but yours, I obtained it.

What a comfort is it, on reflexion, that, at his own motion, I joined with him in the Sacramental Office, on occaſion of our happy nuptials, the firſt opportunity that offered! A kind of renewal, in the moſt ſolemn manner, of our marriage-vows; at leaſt a confirmation of them. No wonder that the good man, who could draw up ſuch reflexions, ſhould make ſuch a motion.

What credit did he do (may not one ſay ſo?) To religion on that happy day! A man of ſenſe, of dignity in his perſon, known to be no bigot, no ſuperſtitious man; yet not aſhamed to join in the ſacred office with the meaneſt. It was a glorious confeſſion of his Chriſtian plinciples. Whenever he attends on public worſhip, his ſerioufneſs, his modeſty, his humility, all ſhew that he believes himſelf in the preſence of that God whoſe bleſſing he ſilently joins to invoke: And when all is over, his chearfulneſs and vivacity demonſtrate, that his heart is at eaſe in the conſcioufneſs of a duty performed. How does my mind ſometimes exult in the proſpects of happineſs with the man of my choice, extending, through divine goodneſs, beyond this tranſitory Life!

I will conclude this Letter with the copy of theſe reflexions. What is fit to come after them, that can be written by

Your HARRIET GRANDISON?

The REFLEXIONS.

WHAT, O my heart! overflowing with happineſs, are the ſentiments that ought to ſpring up in thee, when admitted, either in the ſolemnities of public worſhip, or the retiredneſs of private devotion, into the more immediate preſence of thy MAKER! Who does not govern, but to bleſs! Whoſe divine commands are ſent to ſuccour human reaſon in ſearch of happineſs!

Let thy Law, ALMIGHTY! be the rule, and thy glory the conſtant end, of all I do! Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy Name. Let me not ſink Piety in the boaſt of Benevolence; my Love of God in the Love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No! It is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the Donor from my thought; nor the Love of pleaſures make me forſake the Fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me aſk their title to my heart. When evils threaten, let me ſee thy mercy ſhining thro' the cloud; and diſcern the great hazard of having all to my wiſh. In an age of ſuch licence, let me not take comfort from an inauſpicious omen, the number of thoſe who do amiſs: An omen rather of public ruin, than of private ſafety. Let the joys of the multitude leſs allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. What weigh public example, paſſion, and the multitude, in one ſcale, againſt Reaſon, and the Almighty, in the other?

In this day of domineering *pleaſure*, ſo *lower* my taſte, as to make me reliſh the *comforts* of Life. And in this day of diſſipation, O give me thought ſufficient

to preſerve me from being ſo deſperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual ſwarm of accidents, to depend on *To-morrow:* A dependence that is the ruin of *To-day*; as that is of *Eternity*. Let my whole exiſtence be ever before me: Nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my ſurvey. When temptations ariſe, and virtue ſtaggers, let imagination ſound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal Life. In what is well begun, grant me to perſevere; and to know, that none are wiſe, but they who determine to be wiſer ſtill.

And ſince, O Lord! the *Fear* of thee is the *beginning* of wiſdom; and in its *progreſs*, its ſureſt ſhield; turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy bleſſed Fear, in its ſtead. Turn out a fooliſh world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken ciſterns that hold no water; a world in which even they whoſe hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty, in heaven, in earth, but Thee. I will ſeek thy face, bleſs thy name, ſing thy praiſes, love thy Law, do thy will, enjoy thy peace, hope thy glory, till my final hour! Thus ſhall I graſp all that can be graſped by man. This will heighten good, and ſoften evil, in the preſent life: And when death ſummons, I ſhall ſleep ſweetly in the duſt, till his mighty CONQUEROR bids the trumpet ſound; and then ſhall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

LETTER XI.

Lady GRANDISON *In Continuation.*

Dec. 21.

SIR Charles, God be praiſed! arrived here in ſafety about two hours ago. He has ſettled every thing between Lady Beauchamp and the now Sir Edward,

ward, to the ſatisfaction of both; for they intirely referred themſelves to him. This was the method he took.—As their intereſts were not naturally the ſame, he enquired of each ſeparately, what were the wiſhes of each; and finding the Lady's not unreaſonable, he referred it to Sir Edward, of his own generoſity, to compliment her with more than ſhe aſked.

Particularly ſhe had wiſhed to Sir Charles, that ſhe might not be obliged to remove under a twelvemonth from the houſe in Berkley-Square: And when Sir Charles had brought them together, and pronounced between them, making that an article, Sir Edward, on one knee, thus beſpoke her:

All that your Ladyſhip demands I moſt chearfully comply with. Inſtead of the year you wiſh to remain in Berkley-Square, let me beg of you, ſtill to conſider both houſes as your own; and me your inmate only, as in the life-time of my father. I never will engage in marriage, but with your approbation: Let us, madam, be as little as poſſible ſeparated: Be pleaſed only to diſtinguiſh, that I wiſh not this, but from pure and diſintereſted motives. I will be your ſervant as well as ſon. I will take all trouble from you that you ſhall think trouble; but never will offer ſo much as my humble advice to you in the conduct of your own affairs, unleſs you aſk for it.

She wept. We will henceforth, ſaid ſhe, have but one intereſt. *You* ſhall be dear to *me*, for your father's ſake. Let *me*, for the ſame dear ſake, be regarded by *you*: Receive me, excellent pair of friends, proceeded ſhe, as a third in your friendſhip. Should any miſunderſtanding ariſe, which, after ſo happy a ſetting out, I hope, cannot be, let Sir Charles Grandiſon determine between us. Juſtice and He are one.

Sir Charles invited down to us the Lady and his Beauchamp. He hopes they will come. The young Baronet, I dare ſay, will. Emily ſays, ſhe wants to

ſee how he will become his new dignity. Very well, I dare ſay, ſaid I. Why yes; ſuch an example before him, I don't doubt but he will.

Lucy was preſent. Near 4000*l.* a year, and a title, ſaid ſhe—I think you and I, my dear, were we nearer of an age, would contend for him.

Not I, Miſs Selby: ſo that I have the Love of my Guardian and Lady Grandiſon, you may be Lady Beauchamp for me.—You will be of another mind, perhaps, ſome time hence, ſaid Miſs Selby.—When I am, replied Emily, tell me of it.

Sir Charles, when he was in town, viſited his two ſiſters. He gave me the pleaſure of acquainting me, that we ſhall be favoured with the company of Lord and Lady L. as ſoon as her Ladyſhip's viſits and viſitings are over.

Mind, my dear Lady G. what follows:

Lady L. ſaid he, is all joy, that her great event is happily over; ſhe and my Lord rewarded with a dear pledge of their mutual Love. But is not Lady G. a little unaccountable, my dear?

As how, Sir?

She hardly ſeems to receive pleaſure in her happy proſpects. She appears to me peeviſh, even childiſhly ſo, to her Lord. I ſee it the more for her endeavours to check herſelf before me. She ſubmits but ungraciouſly to the requiſites of the circumſtance, that lays him and me, and our ſeveral families, under obligation to her. I was unwilling to take notice of her particular behaviour, for two reaſons; one, Becauſe ſhe wants not underſtanding, and, I doubt not, will ſee her error before ſhe goes too far; the other, becauſe ſhe tacitly confeſſes herſelf to be wrong, by being evidently deſirous to hide her fault ftom me. But is not *our* Charlotte a little unaccountable, my Harriet?

What, my dear Lady G. ſhould I have anſwered? I hope you will allow me to be juſt. I ſhould have been moſt ſincerely glad to have ſpoken a good word for

for you: But to attempt to excuſe or palliate an evident fault, looks like a claim put in for allowances for one's own.

"Indeed, Sir, ſhe is a *very* unaccountable creature! "She is afraid of you, and of nobody but you. "You ſhould, as ſhe could not conceal from you "her odd behaviour to one of the beſt of huſbands, "and ſweeteſt-temper'd of men, who loves her "more than he loves himſelf; and who is but too "ſolicitous to oblige ſo unthankful a thing; have "taken notice of it, and chidden her *ſeverely*: I, "for my part, take liberties of this kind with her in "every Letter I write; but to no purpoſe. I *wanted* "you, Sir, to find her out yourſelf: She will get a habit of doing wrong things; and make herſelf more "unhappy than ſhe will make any-body elſe; ſince it "is poſſible for her to tire out her Lord. How inſupportable to her of all women, would it be, were the "tables to be turned; and were the man ſhe treats "ſo ungraciouſly, to be brought to ſlight her?. The "more inſupportable, as ſhe has a higher opinion "of her own underſtanding than ſhe has of his."

Can't you form to yourſelf, my dear Lady G. the attitude of aſtoniſhment, that your brother threw himſelf into?—

But, ah, my dear grandmamma, do you think I ſaid this to Sir Charles? — No, indeed! For the world, I would not have ſaid one ſyllable of it. But let Lady G. for a moment, as ſhe reads my Letter, *think* I did. She loves to ſurpriſe; why ſhould ſhe not be ſurpriſed in turn? Her diſpleaſure would affect me greatly: But if by incurring it, I could do her good, and put her in a right train of thinking, I *would* incur it, and on my knees afterwards beg her to forgive me.

He did make the above obſervation. A thouſand excellent qualities has my Charlotte. I particularized to her brother half a dozen, and thoſe are more than

fall to the ſhare of moſt of our modern people of quality; and he was willing to be ſatisfied with them —Why? Becauſe he loves her. But, as ſhe now-and-then whiſpers her Harriet, in *her* Letters, let me whiſper her, That ſhe is under great obligation to her brother, and ſtill greater to her Lord, for paſſing over ſo lightly her petulances.

Thurſday afternoon.

Who, madam, do you think, is arrived? Arrived juſt as we ſat down to dinner; and will ſtay with us this one night, but, he ſays, no more?—Sir Rowland Meredith! Good man! and Mr. Fowler! The latter attended his uncle reluctantly, it ſeems; but, thank God, he is in pretty good health. How kindly, how affectionately, did Sir Charles receive them both! How has he already won the heart of honeſt Sir Rowland!

Let me, madam, acquaint you with ſomething generouſly particular of this worthy man.

He deſired Sir Charles to let him have me by himſelf for one quarter of an hour. So fine a young gentleman would not, he hoped, be jealous of ſuch a poor old man as he.

We were in the dining-room; and he riſing to attend me, I led him to my drawing-room adjoining. He looked round him, and was ſtruck with the elegance of the room and furniture; diſregarding me for a few moments—Why, ay! ſaid he, at laſt; This is noble! This is fine! Stately, by mercy! And he bowed to me, poor man! the more reſpectfully, as I thought, for what he ſaw. And will you, madam, bowing again and again, allow me to call you *daughter?* I can't part with my *daughter:* Nor would I, were you a queen.

You do me honour, Sir Rowland. Call me *ſtill* your daughter.

Why then, you muſt allow me—Forgive me, madam!

dam!—And he ſaluted me. Joy, joy, tenfold joy, attend my daughter!—I don't know what to make of the preſent faſhions: Would Sir Charles have been affronted, had I taken this liberty before him? The duce is in the preſent age; they reſerve themſelves to holes and corners, I ſuppoſe. But I am ſure no creature breathing could mean more reſpect than I do. I think only of myſelf as of your *father*.

You are a good man, Sir Rowland. Sir Charles Grandiſon was prepared to love you; he was prepared to value Mr. Fowler.

Prepared by your own reſpect for us, madam!—God love you, ſay Yes.

Yes, indeed; I ever ſhall reſpect you both. Have I not claimed a father in you? Have I not claimed a brother in your nephew? I never forget my relations.

Charming, charming, by mercy! And he ſtalked to the other end of the room, wiping his eyes: The very ſame good young Lady that you ever were! But, but, but, putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little box, if you are my daughter, you ſhall wear theſe for your father's ſake! — How now, madam! Refuſe me! I command you on your obedience to accept of this—I will not be a Jack-ſtraw father—

Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, you muſt excuſe me: I thought I might have truſted myſelf with you alone. Your generoſity, Sir, is painful to me.

I courteſied, and withdrew to the company in the dining-room. The good man followed me, tears upon his cheeks, the box in his hand. My face glowed.

She calls me Father, Sir Charles; and refuſes her obedience. Here I have brought a toy or two, to ſhew my fatherly love to my daughter. Not a ſoul, not my nephew there, knows a ſyllable of the matter; it was that made me call her aſide.

Sir Charles aroſe from his ſeat. My deareſt Life is not *uſed*, ſaid he, to make light of a duty; taking my hand. You will excuſe her, howewer, from accepting the preſent, Sir Rowland; that would look as if you thought it neceſſary to bribe her to do her duty. She will always acknowlege her father: So will I mine. But you do us honour enough in the relation.

What, Sir Charles, not of a preſent from her father to his daughter, on her nuptials, and as a ſmall token of his joy on the occaſion; when I know not the man living, out of my own family—There he ſtopt.

My deareſt Love, there is no reſiſting this plea: Your duty, your gratitude, is engaged.

Look you there now! Look you there now! God love you both everlaſtingly! Amen! — And there is the bleſſing of a father!

I took the box, courteſying low; but looked ſilly, I believe.

Forgive me, Sir Charles, ſaid the Knight; but I muſt—He took my hand, and kiſſed it—and looked as if he wiſhed to ſalute me—Fathers, my dear, muſt be reverenced, ſaid Sir Charles, by their children.

I bent my knee, and, in compliance with a motion of Sir Charles, leaned forward my cheek. He ſaluted me; and again he bleſſed us both—My dear nephew, ſaid he, haſtening to Mr. Fowler, if you envy ſuch a man as this his good fortune, by mercy I will renounce you.

I *may* envy you, Sir Charles, ſaid Mr. Fowler, addreſſing himſelf to him in an agreeable manner; I don't know how it is poſſible to avoid it; but at the ſame time I revere you for your character and accompliſhments. You are the only man in the world whom I could cordially congratulate, as I do you, on your happineſs.

True, nephew, true: I, any more than you, ſhould never have enjoyed myſelf, had any of the feather-headed

headed mortals I ſaw formerly endeavouring to make an intereſt in my daughter's favour, ſucceeded with her. But you, madam, have choſen a man that every-body muſt prefer to himſelf.

The Knight, after tea, moved to have the box opened. When Sir Charles ſaw the jewels, he was a little uneaſy, becauſe of the value of them. A coſtly diamond necklace and ear-rings, a ring of price, a repeating watch finely chaſed; the chain of which is richly ornamented; one of the appendages is a picture of Sir Rowland in enamel, adorned with brilliants; an admirable likeneſs: This, I told him, was more valuable to me than all the reſt. I ſpoke truth; for ſo rich a preſent has made me uneaſy. He ſaw I was. He knew, he ſaid, that I could not want any of theſe things: But he could not think of any other way to ſhew his love to his daughter. It was nothing to what he had intended to do in his Will; had I not intimated to him, that what he left me, ſhould be given among his relations. I am rich, madam, I can tell you: And what, on your nuptials, could I do leſs for my daughter?

Sir Charles ſaid, This muſt not end ſo, Sir Rowland: But I ſee you are an invincible man. Mr. Fowler, I wiſh you as happily married as you deſerve to be: Your Lady will be intitled to a return of equal value.

Sir Rowland begged, that he might try on the ring himſelf. He was allowed to do ſo, and was pleaſed it was not *much* too big. He ſaid, I ſhould not pull it off this night. I kept it on to humour the worthy man.

SUPPER over, and a chearful glaſs going round with my uncle, Mr. Deane, and the Knight, Sir Rowland made it his odd requeſt, that I would permit Sir Charles to put on the necklace for me. By no means, I ſaid. But the Knight being very earneſt, and

and my uncle ſeconding him (for there was particularity enough in the motion, to engage the dear odd man) and Sir Charles not diſcouraging it, my aunt and Lucy ſmiling all the time, I thought I had better comply, leſt the Knight ſhould take it into his head to requeſt the putting it on himſelf. Yet I was the more reluctant, on poor Mr. Fowler's account; for his ſmiles were but eſſays to ſmile. Sir Charles, in his own graceful manner, put it on; bowing low to me, in the gallanteſt manner, when he had done. I courteſied to him, to Sir Rowland, and looked ſilly, I am ſure.

Friday noon.

Sir Rowland and Mr. Fowler have left us. They would not ſtay to dinner. They have buſineſs to diſpatch in town, that will take them up ſome days: But they were ſo well pleaſed with their reception, that they promiſe to ſee us before they ſet out for Caermarthen.

At parting, Sir Rowland drew me aſide: Your couſin Lucy, as you call her, is a fine young Lady. They tell me, that ſhe has a great fortune: But I matter not that of a ſtraw—Would to God, my boy knew how to ſubmit to his deſtiny like a man—Hem! You underſtand me, madam?—Mercy! I want to be akin to you—You *take* me, madam?

We *are* akin. Sir Rowland Meredith is my father.

God bleſs you, madam! I love you dearly for that. And ſo we are: But you underſtand me: A word to the wiſe: She is not engaged; is ſhe?—I love your uncle of all men — except the king of all men, your Lord and maſter there—God bleſs him! With what good humour he eyes us—Sir Charles, one word with you, if you pleaſe.

I thought the Knight had his fingers ready to take hold of Sir Charles's button; for his hand was extended; but ſuddenly, as from recollection, withdrawn.

drawn. He led Sir Charles to me—And put the ſame queſtion to him, as he had done to me.

Let me aſk you, my dear Sir Rowland, Was this in your thought before you came hither?

No, by mercy! — It juſt now ſtruck me. My nephew knew not a ſyllable of the matter. But why, you know, Sir Charles, ſhould a man pine and die, becauſe he cannot have the *ſhe* that he loves?—Suppoſe, you know, ſix men love one woman, as has been the caſe here, for aught I know; what a duce, are five of them to hang, drown, or piſtol themſelves? Or are they to out-ſtay their time, as I have done, till they are fit for nobody?

Women muſt be treated with delicacy, Sir Rowland. Miſs Selby is a young Lady of great merit. When queſtions are properly aſked, you hardly need to doubt of a proper anſwer.

But, Sir Charles, is Miſs Selby, *bona fide*, engaged, or is ſhe not? that's the queſtion I aſk: If ſhe be, I ſhall not ſay a word of the matter.

My dear? ſaid Sir Charles to me.

I don't know that ſhe is, anſwered I. But Lucy will never think of a man, be his qualifications ever ſo great, if he cannot give her proofs of loving her above all women.

I underſtand you, madam—Well, well, and I ſhould be nice too, I can tell you, for my boy. But I'll ſound him. I muſt have him married before I die, if poſſible. But no more of that for the preſent. And now God Almighty bleſs, preſerve, and keep you both!—I will pray for the continuance of your happineſs.

He kiſſed my hand: Wrung Sir Charles's: Wiped his eyes: Made his bow: And ſtept into the chariot to his nephew, who had taken leave of us before.

Lucy, with an air *ſo* like ſome of dear Lady G's, put up her ſaucy lip, when I told her of this; and bid me not write it to you: But I thought, were nothing

nothing to come of it, it would divert my grandmamma, as I am ſure it will Lady G.

God preſerve the moſt indulgent and pious of Parents, and my two Siſters and their Lords (including the honoured Lord and Lady you, Lady G. are with) prays

Her ever-dutiful, and their ever-affectionate,
HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XII.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday, Jan. 9.

I Have been obliged, by the juſt demands made upon us by the equally-ſolemn and joyful ſeaſon, to be ſilent for many days. You, madam, and you, Ladies L. and G. have, I doubt not, been engaged in conſequence of the ſame demand; — ſo will excuſe me; eſpecially as Lucy and my aunt have both written, and that very minutely, in the interim.

Mr. Deane, to our great joy, has ſignified to us his intention to live near us; and to preſent his houſe at Peterborough to one of his two nephews.

Sir Charles has beſought him to conſider Grandiſon-hall as his own houſe. He promiſes that he will. I hope, by my care of him, to be an humble means of prolonging his life; at leaſt of making his latter days chearful.

What a happy ſeaſon has this been to ſcores of people in our neighbourhood! but moſt to ourſelves, as the giver is more bleſſed than the receiver. Such admirable management! Such good order! — But I told you, that all was left to Dr. Bartlett's direction: What a bleſſing is he to us, and all around him!

Sir Charles has a Letter from Mr. Lowther, who is on his return from Bologna. By the date it ſhould have arrived a fortnight ago: So that he may be every day expected. Mr.

Mr. Lowther lets him know, that the family at Bologna are all in ſpirits, on the proſpect they have of carrying their point with Lady Clementina; who, however, for the preſent, declines the viſits of the Count of Belvedere; and they humour her in that particular.

Mr. Lowther is afraid, he ſays, that all is not quite right as to her mind. Poor Lady! He judges ſo, from the very great earneſtneſs ſhe continues to expreſs to make a viſit to England.

She received, he ſays, with great intrepidity, the news of Sir Charles's marriage. She beſought a bleſſing upon him and his bride: But ſince has been thoughtful, reſerved, and ſometimes is found in tears. When challenged, ſhe aſcribed, once, her grief to her apprehenſions that her malady may poſſibly return.

The phyſicians have abſolutely given their opinion, that ſhe ſhould marry.

The General is expected from Naples to urge the ſolemnity; and vows, that he will not return till ſhe is actually Counteſs of Belvedere.

She begs, that ſhe may be allowed again to paſs the Apennines, and viſit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, in order to ſettle her mind.

She dreads to ſee the General.

How I am grieved for her!—Sir Charles muſt be afflicted too. Why, why, will they not leave to Time, the pacifier of every woe, the iſſue of the event upon which they have ſet their hearts?

Mr. Lowther writes, that Signor Jeronymo is in a fine way.

Mr. Lowther in his Letter acquits Sir Charles of all obligation to himſelf. He returns him bills for the ſum he had advanced; and declares, that he never will enter into his preſence, if he refuſes to accept of his acquittance. The family, he tells him, have nobly rewarded him.

Dr. Bartlett applauds Mr. Lowther's ſpirit on this occaſion.

occaſion. As Sir Charles, he ſays, is not an oſtentatious man, but judges of every-thing, according to the rules of right and prudence, he has no doubt (tho' he might not expect this handſome treatment) but he will acquieſce with it. This, however, leſſens not the *comparative* merit of Mr. Lowther. There are men, I believe, who having ſucceeded ſo well, would have accepted of a reward from both parties. Yet, on recollection, Sir Charles ſtipulated with Mr. Lowther, that he ſhould receive no fee, but from himſelf: And his preſent to the worthy man was the ampler on that account.

I have two charming Letters from the Counteſs of D. By her permiſſion, I have ſhewn to Sir Charles the correſpondence between that good Lady and me. He greatly admires her. She deſires, that he will be acquainted with her ſon; and declares, ſhe will always look upon me as her daughter, and call me ſo. Sir Charles bids me tell her, that he cannot conſent to her calling me ſo, unleſs ſhe will look upon *him* as her Son, and unleſs my Lord will allow him to call him Brother. He bid me expreſs his wiſhes of a friendſhip with both, anſwerable to that deſirable relation.

My uncle ſays, he knows not ſuch a place as Selby-houſe. Shirley-manor indeed he loves for the ſake of the dear miſtreſs of it: But, as long as he has with him his Dame, his Harriet, Mr. Deane, and Sir Charles, he is happy. Yet my aunt now-and-then gets upon a riſing ground in the park, and aſks, pointing, Does not Northamptonſhire lie off there?

Emily is very good in the main. Dear girl, I do pity her. Her young heart, ſo *early*, to be tormented by the ſtings of hopeleſs Love!—Her eyes juſt now were fixed for ſeveral minutes on the face of her guardian, with ſo much tender ſtedfaſtneſs, that I was afraid, by his withdrawn eye, ſhe would detect herſelf.

I will give you, on this occaſion, the particulars of

of a converſation, that paſſed between us; which, at the concluſion, let in a little dawn of hope, that the dear girl may be happy in time.

I had more than once been apprehenſive, that her eyes would betray her to her guardian; who at preſent imputes all her reverence for him to gratitude; and as ſoon as he was withdrawn, with a true ſiſterly tenderneſs, Come hither, my Love, ſaid I.

I was buſy with my needle—She came.

My deareſt Emily, if you were to look with ſo much earneſtneſs in the face of any other man, as you ſometimes do, and juſt now did, in that of your guardian, and the man a ſingle man, he would have hope of a wife.

High-ho! ſighed ſhe. Did my guardian mind me?—I hope he did not ſo much, madam, as you do.

So much as I do, my Love!

Yes, madam. When my guardian is preſent, you do look very hard at me: But I hope, I am not a confident girl.

You are ſerious, my Emily!

And ſo is my dear Lady Grandiſon.

I was a little ſurpriſed. The child abaſhed me. Her Love, thought I, will make her hardy, without her intending to be ſo.

She was too innocent even for conſciouſneſs of having diſconcerted me. She looked upon my work, What would I give, madam, to be ſo fine a work-woman as you?—But why that ſigh, madam?

The poor Lady Clementina! ſaid I.

I was really thinking of her.

Do you ſigh, madam, for every-body, that loves my guardian?

There are different ſorts of Love, Emily.

Why ſo I think. Nobody loves my guardian better than I myſelf do: But it is not the Love that Lady Clementina bears him. I love his goodneſs.

And does not Clementina?

Yes, yes; but ſtill the Love is different.

Explain, my dear, your kind of Love.

Impoſſible!

Why, now, ſighs my Emily? You aſked me why I ſighed. I have anſwered, it was from pity.

Why, madam, I can pity Lady Clementina, and I do: But I ſigh not for her; becauſe ſhe might have had my guardian, and would not.

I ſigh for her the more, for that very reaſon, Emily; her motive ſo great!

Pho, pho; her *motive!* When he would have allowed her to be of her own religion!

Then you ſigh not now for Clementina, Emily?

I believe not.

For whom then?

I don't know. You muſt not aſk. A habit, and nothing elſe.

Again ſighs my Emily?

You muſt not mind me, madam. A habit, I tell you. But, believe me, Lady Grandiſon (hiding her bluſhing face in my boſom, her arms about my neck) I believe, if the truth were known—

She ſtopt; but continued there her glowing cheek—

What, my dear, if the truth were known?

I dare not tell you. You will be angry at me.

Indeed, my Love, I will not.

O yes, but you will.

I thought we had been ſiſters, my dear. I thought we were to have no ſecrets. Tell me, *what*, if the truth were known?

Why, madam, for a trial of your forgivingneſs, tell me, Are you not *apt* to be a little jealous?

Jealous, my Emily! You ſurpriſe me! *Why*, of *whom*, of *what*, jealous? Jealouſy is doubt; of whom ſhould I doubt?

People have not always cauſe, I ſuppoſe, madam.

Explain yourſelf, my dear.

Are you not angry with me, madam?

I am not. But why do you think me jealous?

You need not, indeed. My guardian adores you. You deſerve to be adored.—But you ſhould allow a poor girl to look upon her guardian now-and-then, with eyes of gratitude. Your charming eye is *ſo* ready to take mine to taſk!—I am, if I know myſelf, a poor innocent girl. I do love my guardian, that's certain: So I ever did, you know, madam: And let me ſay, before he knew there was ſuch a women in the world as yourſelf, madam.

I threw aſide my work, and claſping my arms about her, And love him ſtill, My Emily. You cannot love him ſo well as he deſerves. You are indeed a dear innocent girl, but not a *poor* one. You are *rich* in the return of his Love. I will ever, ever, be a promoter of an affection ſo innocent, ſo pure on both ſides. But *jealouſy*, my dear! do you charge *me* with *jealouſy?* Impoſſible I ſhould deſerve it. My only concern is, leſt, as the heart is gueſſed at by the eyes (the hearts of young creatures eſpecially, whoſe good minds are incapable of art or deſign) you ſhould give room for the cenſorious, who know not, as I do, that your Love is reverence next to filial, to attribute it to a beginning of the other ſort of Love; which yet in you, were it kindled, would be as bright and as pure a flame as ever warmed a virgin heart.

O madam, how you expreſs yourſelf! What words you have! They go to my heart.—I don't know how it is: But every day I reverence more and more my guardian: *Reverence!* Yes, that is the proper word. I thank you for it. *Filial reverence!* Juſt the thing! And let me ſay, that I never reverenced him ſo much as now, that I ſee what a polite, what a kind, what an affectionate huſband he makes my dear Lady Grandiſon. Yet, let me tell you truth, madam, I ſhould, I am afraid, be ſuch a little-minded poor creature, that if I were married,

and had not a huſband that was very like him, I ſhould envy you. I ſhould be at leaſt unhappy.

If you could be *envious*, my dear, you would be unhappy: But you muſt never encourage the addreſſes of a man, who you think loves you not better than any other woman: Who is not a good man upon principle: Who is not a man of ſenſe; and that has ſeen ſomething of the world.

And where, madam, can ſuch a man be found?

Leave it to your guardian, my dear. He, if any-body, will find you a man that you may be happy with, if your eye be not aforehand with your judgment.

That, madam, I hope it will not be: Firſt, becauſe the reverence I have for my guardian, and his great qualities, will make all other men look little in my eye; and next, as I have ſuch a confidence in his judgment, that if he points his finger, and ſays, That's the man, Emily! I will endeavour to like him. But I believe I never now ſhall like any man on earth.

It is early days, my Love; but is there not ſome one man, that, were you of age to marry, you would think better of than of any other?

I don't know what to ſay to that. It is early days, as you ſay. I am but a girl. But girls have thoughts. I will tell you, madam, that the man who has paſſed ſome years in the company of Sir Charles Grandiſon; who is beloved by him, on proof, on experience (as I may ſay) of his good heart—She ſtopt.

Beauchamp, my dear?

Why, yes, Him, I mean: He is the moſt to be liked of any man but my guardian: But he now is a great man; and I ſuppoſe may have ſeen the woman he could love.

I fanſy not, my dear.

Why do you fanſy not, madam?

Becauſe, if I muſt ſpeak as freely to you, as I would have you always do to me, I think he ſhews great and uncommon reſpect to you, tho' you are ſo young a creature. That's

That's for my guardian's ſake: But be that as it will; let me be ſecure of my guardian's Love and yours, and I ſhall have nothing to wiſh for.

Her guardian, *my* guardian, my friend, my Lover, my HUSBAND, every ſweet word in one, coming in, put an end to the ſubject. I leave this converſation to your own reflexions, my dear grandmamma, Lady L. Lady G. But I have hopes from it.

LETTER XIII.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Saturday, Sunday, Jan. 20, 21.

ANOTHER long ſilence. Lucy will ſupply all my defects. She will tell you how much I have been engaged. She has ſent you a charming Letter, filled with obſervations on the good order eſtabliſhed here before our arrival by Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Curzon; with accounts of ſome particular charities, both public and private, that deſerve to be imitated by all who have ability; and of our viſit made laſt Wedneſday at Mansfield-houſe.

The Lady of it would not part with us, till Thurſday, the days being ſhort, and the weather unfavourable. Mr. Dobſon and his Lady were gueſts there. He is a credit to his cloth; his wife to him. They are greatly beloved by all who know them. Lady Mansfield and Miſs Mansfield are all that is polite and good. The three brothers were there. The eldeſt, who was once a melancholy man, is now one of the chearfulleſt. With what pleaſure did I meditate, as I looked upon them, the reſtoration of ſuch a worthy and antient family to affluence! They were born to it: Yet when they were deprived of it, how glorious was the reſignation of mother and daughters! And now, how eaſy ſits proſperity upon them! Never ſaw I eyes more expreſſive of gratitude to a benefactor,

than thoſe both of Ladies and Gentlemen, as they were often caſt upon my dear Sir Charles.

I heartily wiſh Mr. Orme may find his expectations anſwered in the ſecond voyage Nancy tells me he is preparing for to Liſbon. She will make known my beſt wiſhes for the reſtoration of his health. How good is his ſiſter to accompany him!—I always loved her.

I received yeſterday yours, madam, acquainting me with Mr. Greville's viſit and propoſal, and aſking my opinion of the latter; and whether I would chooſe to mention it to Lucy and my aunt. What can I ſay? You once told me, madam, that you believed Lucy would not have refuſed Mr. Greville, had he firſt applied to her. Lucy's grandmother, you ſay, is not averſe to the match; and you think my uncle would not refuſe his conſent, becauſe of the contiguity of their reſpective eſtates, and in hopes, that he might reſume with ſucceſs, on ſuch an event, his favourite project of exchange of lands. Yet I am ſure this conſideration would have no weight with him, if he thought Lucy could not be happy with Mr. Greville.

I have mentioned it to my aunt. She ſays, Mr. Greville is not a baſhful man. He knows how to apply to Lucy himſelf. And ſhe has no notion, in *ſuch* a caſe, of that pride which with-holds him till he thinks himſelf ſure of the family-intereſt.

He will, if poſſible, he ſays, be related to *me*: Let that be mentioned to Lucy, as one of his principal motives, and his buſineſs with her is done for ever.

Lady G. would laugh at the notion of a difficulty from a firſt Love. Firſt Love ſhe calls firſt nonſenſe. Too frequently it is ſo. Lucy is a noble girl. She has overcome a firſt attachment; the more laudably, as it coſt her ſome ſtruggles to do it. Mr. Greville, I doubt, has had ſeveral firſt Loves: This tranſition, therefore, is nothing to him. So neither of them will

will be firſt Love to the other. It may therefore be a match of diſcretion. Yet his character! The reformation he boaſts of!—I *hope* he is reformed: But I have no notion of a good young woman, as Lucy is, truſting her perſon, I may ſay, her *principles*, to the arbitrary will of an impetuous man, who has been an avowed Libertine, and pretends not to have reformed from proper convictions. A ſcoffer too! How came he by his new Lights?—You, madam, have told *us* young folks the difficulty of overcoming evil habits. I own that Lucy always ſpoke of him with more favour than any-body elſe. She was inclined to think him a good-natur'd man; and was pleaſed with what ſhe called humour in him. *Humour!* I never could call it ſo. Humour, I uſed to tell her, is a gentle, a decent, tho' a lively thing. Mr. Greville is boiſterous, impetuous, *rude*, I had almoſt ſaid: His courtſhip to me was either rant, or affront; the one to ſhew his Plain-dealing, the other his Love. He knows not what reſpectful Love is. In ſhort, his mirth, his good-nature, as it is called, has fierceneſs in it; it always gave me apprehenſion.

As to worldly matters, there can be no exception to him: But I cannot be of the opinion of Lucy's grandmother, that he is a generous man. He has only qualities that look *like* generoſity. His ſtart to me, when he *reſigned* his pretenſions to me, as they have been called (for I know not any he had) was *only* a ſtart. He could not hold it. But be all theſe things as they may, how can I, who love Lucy as myſelf, propoſe to the dear girl a man, whom I could not think of for myſelf? Lucy has a fine fortune, and ſurely, there are men enow in the world, who have never made pretenſions to Lucy's couſin, who would think themſelves honoured by her acceptance; otherwiſe, I ſhould, after Sir Rowland's hint, and earneſt wiſhes in his nephew's favour, much ſooner recommend Mr. Fowler to her than Mr. Greville.

My aunt had ſaid, that, for her part, ſhe ſhould chooſe to leave the above affair to its own workings: Yet, could not forbear to acquaint Lucy with it. The dear girl came to me, to demand a ſight of your Letter, and of what I had written upon it. I could not (tho' I had ſome little reluctance to ſhew her the latter) deny her. I will give you, madam, the ſubſtance of a ſhort dialogue that paſſed between us on the occaſion; and leave it to you to draw ſuch concluſions from it, as you ſhall judge proper, with regard to my Lucy's inclinations.

She did not know what I meant, ſhe ſaid, by writeing to you, that ſhe had always ſpoken of Mr. Greville with more favour than any-body elſe.

It is ungenerous, Lucy, if you are angry at what you would oblige me to ſhew you againſt my will.

I am *not* angry. But—

She ſtopt, and would not explain her half-ſullen But. O Lucy, thought I, you are a woman, my dear!

As to what you write, ſaid ſhe, of his deſire of being related to *you*; who would not?—If that be not his *principal* motive—Very well, Lucy! thought I.

I know, ſaid ſhe, that my grandmamma Selby has often wiſhed Mr. Greville would make his addreſſes to her grand-daughter!—So! So! So! Lucy, thought I.

His Libertiniſm indeed is an objection—But I have not heard *lately* of any enormities—

Go on, Lucy, thought I: Hitherto appears not any reaſon for Mr. Greville to deſpair.

He may have ſeen his folly.

No doubt but he has, thought I. He *ſaw* it all the time he was committing it: But, perhaps, he is the more determined bad man for that. Is not purity of heart, thought I, as well as of manners, an eligible thing?

If a woman is not to marry till ſhe meet with a ſtrictly virtuous man— You

You have too often inſiſted upon that argument, Lucy.—I am ſorry—I ſtopt; willing to hear her quite out; for ſhe held before her what I had written.

How came he, you aſk, ſaid ſhe, by his new Lights? I have nothing to do with how he came by them. I ſhould rather indeed he had them from *proper* convictions—But if he has them, that's enough.

Is it, my dear, let him have been what he will?

I am for judging charitably—

Charming! thought I—Judging charitably! So I have loſt a virtue, and you, Lucy, have found it!

Mr. Greville is nothing to me: Nor ever will be.

Not quite ſo ſure of that, thought I to myſelf.

You ſay, Harriet, you have no notion of a good young woman truſting her *principles* to the arbitrary will of a man who has been a free Liver—*Muſt* the man be arbitrary?—Were a huſband a free Liver, muſt a wife's own principles he endangered?

Theſe queſtions from my Lucy! thought I.

A ſcoffer, you ſay, Harriet!—The man's a fool for that—But what a poor ſoul muſt ſhe be that could not ſilence a ſcoffer!

Silence a ſcoffer! Ah Lucy! ſaid I: And would you marry a man with a hope to be able to ſilence him? Mr. Greville is a conceited man: My Lucy has ſix times his ſenſe; but he will not be convinced of that. You will have the leſs influence upon him, if he is jealous of the ſuperiority of your underſtanding. Mr. Greville is obſtinate as well as conceited. Few men, I believe, will own conviction from a wife's arguments.

To be ſure the man is not a Sir Charles Grandiſon. Who *is?*—Let him, as my aunt Selby ſays, apply to me; I ſhall give him his anſwer.

You would wiſh he ſhould, Lucy?

I don't ſay ſo.

I fanſy, Lucy, you would not be very *cruel* if he did.

You *fanſy* I would not—But I can, as *you* always did,

did, treat the man who profeſſes to love me, with civility, yet not throw myſelf into his arms at the firſt word—

Firſt word, Lucy! No! The ſecond, or third, or fourth, is time enough; ſo the man is not mean time rendered quite hopeleſs.

Very well, Lady Grandiſon: But let me go on with what you have written — *Good-natured man!* — I do think he is not an *ill-natured* man.

So much the better for himſelf, and his future wife, Lucy.

That will not be I, Lady Grandiſon.

Perhaps not, Lucy.

—*Humour!* I do think he is a humorous good-natured man. A little too vehement perhaps in his mirth; a little too frolick: But who is faultleſs?

Proceed, my Lucy.

—*Generous!* "Not a generous man!" — "Quali-"ties that look *like* generous ones."—You are a nice diſtinguiſher, Harriet; you always were — But here you tell your grandmamma, that you had rather I ſhould have Mr. Fowler than Mr. Greville—

Well, my dear, and what ſay you to that?

Why, I ſay, I think you are not ſo nice for me, in this caſe, as you are in others.

How ſo?

How ſo! Why is there not a difference between the actual propoſals made by Mr. Greville to Mrs. Shirley; and Sir Rowland's undertaking to *try* to *prevail* upon Mr. Fowler to make his addreſſes to me?

Granted, my dear! — I have not a word more to ſay in behalf of Mr. Fowler. Mr. Greville, Lucy—

Is a man I never will have—

No raſh reſolutions, my dear. And yet I believe a woman has ſeen the ſame man in a very different light, when he has offered himſelf to her acceptance, from what ſhe did before.

I believe ſo—But I had a mind to ſound you, Harriet; and to come at your opinion—

You were intitled to it, Lucy, without attempting to ſound me for it.

True! But we women ſometimes chooſe to come at a point, by the *roundabouts*, rather than by the *fore-rights*.

That is, Lucy, either when we think the *fore-right* way, as you call it, would not anſwer our wiſhes; or when we are not willing to open our own hearts.

Your ſervant, my dear: But the cap fits not. Whenever I ſpeak to you, my heart is upon my lips.

Let me try then, in this only doubtful inſtance that I ever had from you of its being ſo—Do you think of encouraging Mr. Greville's propoſal?

It is not a propoſal, till it comes in a direct way to myſelf.

Very well, my dear—I ſay no more till it does.

❁ ❁

Sir Charles has juſt now heard that Mr. Lowther is arrived in London. He longs (ſo I am ſure do I) to know, how affairs are ſituated in Italy. O for good news from thence! Then will my happineſs in this Life be perfected!

LETTER XIV.

Lady Grandison. *In Continuation.*

Grandiſon-hall, Thurſday, Jan. 25.

Mr. Lowther arrived here laſt night. Sir Charles gave him a moſt welcome reception. He preſented him to all our gueſts, with expreſſions of the warmeſt friendſhip; and then retired with him to his Study. He ſoon led him back to company, and ſeating him, drew a chair between my aunt and me—You muſt have curioſity, my deareſt Love, ſaid he.

Behold

Behold the ſiſter excellence of Lady Clementina, Mr. Lowther! Not a perſon of her family is more concerned for the happineſs of that Lady, than this deareſt and moſt generous of women. Every one of my friends preſent (looking round him) is an admirer of her—We cannot, my dear (applying to me) know for certainty, the deſtiny of that excellent Lady from Mr. Lowther. He paſſed a week at Lyons, a fortnight at Paris, on his return to England. But my Jeronymo is in a fine way, thank God, and reſolves to viſit us in the ſpring.

I hope, Sir, ſaid my aunt, to Mr. Lowther, you left Lady Clementina well and happy in her mind.

She was at Florence, anſwered he, when I left Italy. She has been pretty much indiſpoſed there. The General, the Biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti, had been with her. She was expected at Bologna very ſoon. By this time I have no doubt, ſhe is Counteſs of Belvedere.

By her own conſent, I hope then, Mr. Lowther? ſaid I, eagerly.

He ſhook his head—As to *that*, ſaid he, ſhe has the moſt indulgent of parents—

They cannot be ſo, Mr. Lowther, if they would compel her to marry any man to whom ſhe has an indifference.

They will not *compel* her, madam—

Perſuaſion, Sir, in the circumſtances this excellent Lady is in, is compulſion.

I think it may be juſtly called ſo, ſaid Sir Charles. Mr. Lowther, they ſhould not have been ſo precipitating.

So you have always told them, Sir Charles. Signor Jeronymo is entirely of your opinion: Yet is earneſt in the Count of Belvedere's favour. The Count adores her.

Adores her, Sir! ſaid I. Adores *himſelf!* for ſo it ſhould be ſaid (pardon me, Sir!) of a man who pre-

fers

fers not the happineſs of the object beloved, to his own. I felt my face glow.

Generous warmth! ſaid Sir Charles — laying his hand on mine.

For my part, replied Mr. Lowther, I am only afraid of the return of her malady. If it do not return, and ſhe can be prevailed on, her piety will reconcile her to a duty—

A *duty*, Mr. Lowther, interrupted I—So impoſed! —A *duty!*—

I knew not what I ſaid. I thought, at that inſtant, I did not like Mr. Lowther.

My uncle, aunt, and the reſt of us, thought Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther would be glad to be left alone; and retired early.

My aunt, my Lucy, and I, had a good deal of diſcourſe upon this intereſting ſubject; Emily preſent.

We all foreſaw, that the ſituation of this admirable Lady would overcloud a little (we hoped *but* a little) the happieſt days that ever mortals knew. The ſincere value, ſaid my aunt, that you have for ſo deſerving a woman, and your native generoſity, will be your ſecurity for happineſs, my dear; and will fix on a durable baſe your mutual Love: But this Lady's trials will, however, be trials to you. God give her peace of mind! it is all we can hope for in *her* favour: To *you*, the continuance of your preſent happineſs: greater cannot fall to the lot of mortal.

She left me. I retired to my pen.

THUS far have I written. 'Tis late. Sir Charles is coming up—And I am here at my pen. I will compliment him with a place in my cloſet, while I retire. —Good-night, my deareſt Grandmamma. Pray for your Harriet, and pray for Clementina.

Friday morning.

SIR Charles would have withdrawn to his Study, when

when he found me at my pen. I beſought him to ſit down in my cloſet.

Remove your papers then, my dear.

No need, Sir. *Theſe* (putting what I had been juſt writing, and thoſe I had written the day before, on one ſide of my deſk) I would not, Sir, except you have a curioſity, wiſh you to ſee at preſent: *Theſe*, Sir, you may, if you pleaſe, amuſe yourſelf with.

I will take down one of your books, my Love. I will not look into any of your written papers.

Dear, generous Sir, look into them all—Look into both parcels. Something about Lucy; ſomething of what Mr. Lowther has talked of, in that parcel—Read *any* of the written papers before you.

A generous mind, my Love, will not take all that is offered by a generous mind. Haſten, my Harriet: It is late. My mind is a little diſturbed: Yours, I am afraid, is generouſly uneaſy. In your faithful boſom, will I repoſe all my cares.

I preſſed his hand between both mine, and would have preſſed it with my lips: But, kiſſing my hands, firſt one, then the other—Condeſcending goodneſs! ſaid he. God continue to me my Harriet's Love, and make Clementina not unhappy, and what can befal me, that will not add thankfulneſs to thankfulneſs?

With what ſoothing tenderneſs did he afterwards open his generous heart to his Harriet! He was indeed diſturbed: For Mr. Lowther had told him, that the General (I don't love him) was quite cruel—At one time he threatened the excellent creature: He called her ungenerous, ungrateful, undutiful!—She fell down at his feet, in a fainting fit: He left her in anger—Staid not to recover or ſooth her—Yet returned in about two hours (his conſcience ſtinging him) and on his knees beſought her pardon—Received it—The dear ſaint forgave the *ſoldierly* man—Yet he perſiſted, and turn'd his threatenings into worſe, if poſſible, than threatenings, into perſuaſion.

If I have an enemy, ſaid the dear creature to her brothers, who has conceived a mortal antipathy to me, let him inſinuate himſelf into the favour of thoſe moſt dear to me, and prevail upon them to attack me with all the powers of perſuading Love, in order to induce me to do the thing, whatever it be, moſt contrary to my heart: And then will the inſtigator wreak upon me his whole vengeance, and make me think death itſelf an eligible refuge.

Sir Charles ſighed at repeating this. I wept. How happy, thought I, more than once, are you, beſt of men, in your own reflexions, that a woman ſo excellent, who cannot be happy with any other man, *herſelf* refuſed you, and *perſiſted* in her refuſal; though you ſought all ways, and uſed all arguments, to bring her to a change of determination! What otherwiſe would have been your regret! And how unhappy ſhould I have been in the conſciouſneſs of being in her place; and of having diſpoſſeſſed her of a heart to which ſhe had ſo much better pretenſions! Now has he no room for remorſe; but for friendly pity only, and for wiſhes to relieve her afflicted heart. Of what a bleſſing is that man poſſeſſed, who, when calamity aſſails him, can acquit himſelf, his *intentions* at leaſt; and ſay, "This I have not brought "upon myſelf: It is an inevitable evil: A diſpen- "ſation of Providence, I will call it; and ſubmit to "it, as ſuch!"

Methinks, madam, I could ſpare this excellent woman ſome of my happineſs. Have I not more than mortal ever knew before?

Sir Charles mentioned to me, that Lady Olivia, in her laſt Letter to him, intimated her deſire to come over once more to England: But he hoped what he had written to diſſuade her from it, would have weight with her. I told him, I wiſhed that Lady the wife of ſome worthy man, whoſe gratitude and affection ſhe, by her great fortune, might engage.

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gage. But, Sir, ſaid I, I cannot, cannot wiſh (be the Count of Belvedere ever ſo good a man) that Lady Clementina were married.

What would my Harriet wiſh for Lady Clementina, circumſtanced as ſhe is?

I don't know. But the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandiſon, with a heart ſo pure, can never be happy with any other man.

You are ever obliging, my Love. You judge of Clementina as ſhe deſerves to be judged of, as to the purity of her heart. But—He ſtopt.

But what, my dear Sir?—Alas! ſhe ſays that *you* have ſtrengthened the hands of her friends: Am I forgiven before I go any further?

Not, my Harriet, if you think it neceſſary to aſk ſuch a queſtion. Blame me always, when you think me wrong: I ſhall doubt your Love, if you give me reaſon to queſtion your freedom.

Dear Sir! — But anſwer me: Would *you* have Clementina, circumſtanced as ſhe is, marry?

What anſwer can I return to my Harriet's queſtion, when, ſometimes I am ready to favour the parents pleas, at others, the daughter's? I would not have her either compelled, or over-earneſtly perſuaded. The family plead, 'That their happineſs, her health 'and peace, depend on her marriage: They cannot 'bear to think of rewarding Laurana for her cruel-'ty, with an eſtate that never was deſigned for her; 'and to the cutting it off, as it may happen, from 'their Giacomo and his deſcendants for ever, in caſe 'Clementina aſſumes the veil. The healths of the 'father and mother are declining: They wiſh but to 'live to ſee the alliance with the Count of Belvedere 'take place. The noble Lady gave reaſons that *could* 'be anſwered. She had, by her own magnanimity, 'got over a greater difficulty, if I may preſume to ſay 'ſo, than they had required her to ſtruggle with: How 'could I avoid adviſing her to yield to the ſupplica-

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'tions of parents, of brothers, of an uncle, who, 'however miſtaken in the means by which they 'ſeek to obtain their wiſhes, love not their own 'ſouls, better than they love their Clementina?

'It was, beſides, a meaſure by which only at the 'time, I could demonſtrate (and the General, I 'know, conſidered it as a *teſt*) that I really gave up 'all hopes of her myſelf.—And when I had owned, 'that there was a woman, with whom I had no 'doubt of being happy, could I engage her to ac-'cept of me, they all beſought me, for *their* ſakes, 'for *Clementina*'s, to court that acceptance, having 'hopes, that tho' ſhe could not ſet me an example, 'ſhe would *follow* mine.'

This my deareſt Life, was the occaſion, as I told your friends, of accelerating my declaration to you. I could not elſe, either for the ſake of *your* delicacy or my own, *ſo ſoon* have made propoſals, not even to Mrs. Shirley; for, ſituated as I was, I could not think of applying to you till I had ſtrengthened myſelf, as I hoped to do, by her intereſt. Your generous acceptance, ſignified to me by that good Lady, has for ever obliged me. I regarded it, my Harriet, circumſtanced as I had been, and ſhall *ever* regard it, as a *condeſcenſion*, which, as I told that Lady, *at the time*, laid me under an obligation that I never, by my utmoſt gratitude, ſhall be able to repay.

O Sir, well have you ſhewn that you meant what you ſaid. How poor a return, hiding my face in his generous boſom, is my Love for ſo much goodneſs, and kind conſideration!

He claſped me to the faithfulleſt of human hearts.

But, dear Sir, I find, I find, on the whole, that you think Lady Clementina has not ſo much reaſon on *her* ſide, as her parents have on *theirs*.

My tenderneſs for her, my dear, becauſe of her unhappy malady, and my apprehenſion of a return of it, together with my admiration of her noble

qualities, prejudice me ſtrongly in her favour. If ſhe *could* be convinced by their motives, I ſhould be ready to own my convictions in favour of thoſe. But if *ſhe* cannot, neither can *I*; ſo partial am I in the cauſe of a Lady I ſo ſincerely admire, and who has been ſo much afflicted. But what, in the ſituation they and ſhe were in, remained for me to do, but to adviſe the family to proceed with tenderneſs and patience; that their Clementina might have time to weigh, to conſider, their reaſons, their indulgence? You, my dear, ſhall ſee in the copies of the Letters I have written ſince I have been in England, my remonſtrances to them on their precipitating her. But they were in a train: They preſumed on the characteriſtic duty of their Clementina: They flattered themſelves, that ſometimes ſhe ſeemed to relent: They conceived hopes from the expreſſions of compaſſion for the Count of Belvedere, which ſometimes ſhe let fall. The General, who, though a generous man, can do nothing moderately, would not be ſatisfied with *cold* meaſures, as he called them; and, not doubting his ſiſter's acquieſcence with her duty, if once ſhe could be prevailed upon to think her compliance ſuch, they were reſolved to purſue the train they were in: But in order to avoid their importunities, how has the dear Clementina ſhifted the ſcene from Bologna to Florence, from Florence to Bologna, and once, for that purpoſe, wanted to go to Urbino, once to Naples, and even, as you have ſeen, to come to England!—But now, by this time, moſt probably, they have ſucceeded. God give happineſs to the dear Clementina!

Moſt cordially did I join in the prayer.

The next Letters from Italy muſt acquaint us, Lucy, with the unwiſhed-for ſucceſs of the family; and the poor Lady's thraldom. Can, my dear grandmamma, the Count of Belvedere really be a good, a generous man, to ſolicit the favour of a *hand*, that he knows will

will not be accompanied by a *heart?* Can the man be ſaid to know what true Love is, who prefers not the happineſs of the beloved object to his own; who can, in ſhort, think he can be happy, tho' the perſon he profeſſes to love, ſhall be unhappy?

Thank God, this dreadful Lot has not been drawn by *Your* HARRIET GRANDISON.

I am glad, my dear Lady G. that you are returned to Groſvenor-ſquare. Be eaſy, be patient, my Charlotte. We ſhall have, I hope, many happy days together at Grandiſon-hall; at Groſvenor-ſquare; at every place where we ſhall be. You are a dear fretful creature; but not half ſo petulant, I hope, in behaviour, as on paper to me. Let us think of nothing grievous, my Charlotte; but of the unhappy ſituation of poor Lady Clementina: And let us join to pray for her happineſs.

LETTER XV.

Lady GRANDISON, *In Continuation.*

Saturday Morning, Feb. 3.

EMILY and I have had another converſation. She had been more grave and ſolemn than uſual from the time of the laſt, of which I gave you an account.

Her Anne had taken notice to Sally of a change in the temper of her young miſtreſs. She knew not how to pleaſe her, ſhe ſaid. From the beſt-natured young Lady in the world, ſhe was grown one of the moſt peeviſh; and ſhe had taken the liberty to tell her, that ſhe muſt quit her ſervice, if ſhe found her ſo hard to be pleaſed.

Do then, was her anſwer; I won't be threatened by you, Anne. You ſeem to have found out your

conſequence with me. Go, Anne, as ſoon as you will. I won't be threatened, Anne. I have enough to vex me, without being diſturbed by you.

The honeſt maid, who dearly loves her, and has been with her ever ſince ſhe was ſeven years old, and was much approved for her fidelity and good behaviour by her father, burſt out into tears, and would, in a mild and humble manner, have expoſtulated with her. Let me beſeech you, madam, ſaid ſhe, to permit me a word or two by way of dutiful expoſtulation. But ſhe hurried from her—I won't hear you, Anne. You have begun at the wrong end. You ſhould have expoſtulated, and not threatened, firſt. And then going up to her cloſet, ſhe locked herſelf in.

I pitied the dear girl. Too well I thought I could account for this change of temper in her: So exceeding good her guardian to her, her gratitude augments her Love [Don't I know how that might eaſily be?]: Yet, thought I, it would half break her heart, if he were to aſſume reſerve—I would not for her ſake have him imagine there is a neceſſity for a change of his behaviour to her. And indeed if he were to be more reſerved, what would that do? So good a man; ſo uniform his goodneſs; the poor Emily muſt acquit him, and condemn herſelf; yet have no cure for her malady.

Sally offered Anne to acquaint me with what had paſſed: But the good young woman begged ſhe would not. Her young Lady was ſo tenacious, ſhe ſaid, (young Lady like) of her authority, that ſhe would never forgive her if ſhe were known to make an appeal to me, or to my aunt. And to complain without a probability of redreſs, the prudent creature obſerved, except to her, as one Lady's woman to another, would expoſe her beloved young miſtreſs; when, perhaps, the preſent grievance might be cured by time, aſſiduity, and patience.

This

This was neceſſary to premiſe.

Sir Charles, my Uncle, and Mr. Deane, having rode out pretty early this morning to breakfaſt, at Sir William Turner's; and my aunt and Lucy retiring after breakfaſt to write; and I to my cloſet for the ſame purpoſe; Emily came and tapped at my door. I inſtantly opened it.

I intrude, madam—No, my dear.

I had obſerved at ſupper laſt night, and at breakfaſt this morning, that ſhe had been in tears; tho' nobody elſe did; for the above hints, privately given me by Sally, made me more obſervant of her motions.

I took her hand, and would have placed her by me—No, madam, ſaid ſhe, let me ſtand: I am not worthy of ſitting in your preſence.

Her eyes were brimful of tears; but as ſhe twinkled in hopes to diſperſe them, I would not take ſuch full notice of them, as might make them run over, if they could be diſperſed: Yet mine, I believe, gliſtened ſympathetically.

In my preſence, my Emily! my friend! Why, why, this?

I ſtood up. Your elder ſiſter, my Love, ſits not, while her younger ſtands.

She threw her arms about me, and her tears ran over. This goodneſs, this goodneſs, kills me!—I am, I am, a moſt unhappy creature!—Unhappy from the grant of my own wiſhes!—O that you would treat me ſeverely! I cannot, cannot ſupport myſelf, under the hourly inſtances which I receive of your goodneſs!

Whence, my deareſt Emily, theſe acknowlegements? I do love my Emily: And ſhould be either ungrateful or inſenſible to the merits of my beloved Siſter, did I not do all in my power to make her happy. What can I do for her, that is not her due?

She ſtruggled herſelf out of my embracing arms, withdrawing hers—Let me, let me go, madam!—

She hurried into the adjoining apartment. I followed her; and taking her hand, Leave me not in this perplexity, my Emily. I cannot part with you: If you love your Harriet, as ſhe loves her Emily, you will put me in the way of alleviating this anguiſh of the moſt innocent, and moſt amiable of minds. Open your heart to me, my dear.

O Lady Grandiſon! the deſerving wife of the beſt of men, you ought to *hate* me!

My *deareſt* Emily! ſaid I.

Indeed you ought.

Let us ſit down on this Sofa, if you will not return to my cloſet.

I ſat down. She ſat by me, leaning her glowing face on my ſhoulder. I put one arm round her neck; with the other hand, I graſped one of hers. Now, my dear, I conjure you, by the friendſhip that is between us, the *more* than ſiſterly friendſhip, open your whole heart to me; and renounce me, if it be in my power to heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly Love.

What can I ſay?—Yeſterday, my deareſt Lady Grandiſon, I received an anſwer to a caſe I put to Dr. Bartlett, of a young creature, who—I *can't* tell you—

She wept; raiſed her head; dried her eyes; again leaned her face on my ſhoulder; again I put my arm round her neck—Your caſe, my Love?

Ah, madam! *My* caſe—Did you ſay, *My* caſe?

I aſked, my dear, not as for *your* caſe, any other than as for the caſe you put to the Doctor.

He has not told you, madam—

Indeed he has not ſaid a word of your conſulting him.

I had rather tell you myſelf. I am afraid he gueſſes who the young woman is. O the poor cunning!—I am a weak ſilly creature!—He certainly gueſſes—

May I, my Love, ſee the caſe?—May I ſee the anſwer to it?

I

I have burnt them both !—In a fit of anger at myſelf, that I ſhould expoſe myſelf (for he certainly gueſſes who the young woman is) I threw them into the fire.

But you can *tell* me the caſe. You can give me the ſubſtance of the anſwer.

How can I? *You* of all women ! *You*, madam, whom I beſt love of all women ; but who ought to hate, to deſpiſe me !

Truſt me, Love, with your ſecret. It ſhall never without your leave paſs this faithful boſom, if it be a ſecret that *already* I do not gueſs at.

She ſtarted—Gueſs at, madam !

Don't ſtart at what I ſay, my Love.

O you cannot, cannot gueſs at it. If you did—

What if I did ?

Then would you baniſh from your preſence for ever the juſtly-hated Emily : Then would you make my guardian renounce me !

Shall I, my dear, *tell* you what I gueſs ?

Whiſper me then, throwing about me the hand I held not : But whiſper me that I may not hear.

You *love* your guardian, my Emily !—He loves you !

O madam !

He will always love you ; ſo will I.

Baniſh the criminal from your preſence for ever ; riſing ; yet again laying her face on my ſhoulder—and claſping her arms about me, Hide me, hide me from myſelf.

No need, my dear. Every-body loves your guardian. You cannot love him but with innocence. Your Love is founded in gratitude. So was mine. Don't I know how to allow for my Emily ?

You will baniſh fear from my heart, madam, by this your goodneſs to me. I find I may own all my weakneſs, my folly, to you ; and the rather, as I ſhall intitle myſelf by it to your advice. I wanted to do

it; but was afraid you would hate me. In the ſame circumſtances I doubt I ſhould not be ſo generous as you are. O that I had not put my caſe to the Doctor!

The Doctor, my dear, is all goodneſs. He will keep your ſecret—

And not tell my guardian, madam, any thing about it? It would be worſe than death to me, if my guardian ſhould miſtruſt me. *He* would hate the poor Emily, if *you* did not.

He never ſhall know it, my dear. You have already engaged the Doctor to ſecrecy, I doubt not.

I have.

He will inviolably keep your ſecret, no fear; eſpecially as your charming ingenuouſneſs to me, will be a means of putting you and me, my Love, on finding expedients, that ſhall equally ſecure your honour, and your guardian's regard for you.

That, madam, is the very thing.

Open then to me your innocent heart, my dear. Regard me, as your friend, your ſiſter, and as if I were not the happy wife of your beloved guardian—

And ſo I will.—I did not, madam, miſtruſt myſelf till the ſolemnity had paſſed, that made you and my guardian one. Then I began to be uneaſy with myſelf; and the more, as I was for hiding myſelf from myſelf, as I may ſay; for I was afraid of looking into my heart: Why ſo? thought I. Am I not an innocent girl? What do I wiſh for? What can I hope for? Do I not love Lady Grandiſon? I do. Yet now-and-then—Don't hate me, madam! I will reveal to you all my heart, and all my weakneſs.

Proceed, my Emily. This is indeed a token of your love, of your confidence in me. What a compliment does my deareſt younger ſiſter make to her elder?

Yet now-and-then, ſomething like Envy, I thought, aroſe in my heart: And can your countenance forbear to change, when I tell you of Envy? If

If it did, it would be from compaſſionate Love to my Emily. You don't know, my dear, how my heart dilates on this your moſt agreeable confidence in me.

God bleſs that dear heart!—There never was ſuch a heart as yours. Well, but I will go on, if you pleaſe.

Do, my dear.

Here, thought I, once (that I was reſolved to call myſelf to account) did I aſk the favour of being allowed to live with my guardian and his Lady, when they were married: And what did I mean by it? Nothing but innocence, believe me. Well, and my requeſt was granted! This was all that I thought was wanting to make me happy: But, ſaid I to myſelf, Am I happy? No. Do I love my guardian leſs? No. Do I love Lady Grandiſon more for granting me this favour? I *admire* her more, I think; and I have a grateful ſenſe of her goodneſs to me: But, I don't know how it is—I think, tho' I dearly love her, yet I would be ſometimes glad I did not, quite ſo well. Ungrateful Emily! And ſeverely I took myſelf to taſk. Surely, Pity, madam, is near akin to Love; for while your ſuſpenſes laſted, I thought I loved you better than I loved my own heart: But when you were happy, and there was no room for pity, wicked wretch that I was! I wanted, methought, ſometimes to lower you.—Don't you hate me now?

No, no, my Emily; my Pity, as you ſay, increaſes my Love of you. Proceed, child; your mind is the unſullied book of nature: Turn to another Leaf. Depend upon my kindeſt allowances. I knew, before you knew it yourſelf, that you loved your guardian.

Before I knew it myſelf! Why that might be. So I went on reaſoning with myſelf—"What, Emily, "canſt thou love thy guardian more; and Lady "Grandiſon, with all her goodneſs to thee, *not* "more—And canſt thou mingle envy with admira-

"tion

" tion of her?—Ah, ſilly, and worſe than ſilly, girl,
" where may this end? —Lord bleſs me! If I ſuffer
" myſelf to go on thus, ſhall I not be the moſt un-
" grateful of creatures? Shall I not, inſtead of my
" guardian's love, incur his hatred? Will not all the
" world deſpiſe me?—And where may this ſtop?"—
Yet I went on excuſing myſelf; for I knew I had no vile meaning: I knew I only wanted my guardian to love me, and to be allowed to love him. But what! thought I, at laſt, *can* I allow myſelf in loving a married man, the huſband of my friend? And ſometimes I trembled at the thought; for I looked back; and ſaid to myſelf, "Wouldſt thou, Emily, a year ago, have allowed
" in thyſelf but the ſame lengths that thou haſt now
" run?" — No; anſwered I my own queſtion. " Is
" not this a fair warning of what may be a year
" hence?" — So I put a caſe, to Dr. Bartlett, as of three perſons of my Anne's acquaintance, two young women, one young man, living in one houſe: The young man contracted to one of the young women; the other knowing it; and tho' a perſon incapable of a criminal thought, yet finding an increaſing regard for the young man, tho' ſhe dearly loved her friend, began to be afraid her heart was not quite as it ſhould be: What, I aſked, as for my Anne's friend, would he adviſe in the caſe?

And what, my dear, was the Doctor's advice?

I was a ſilly creature to put it to him. As I ſaid, he certainly muſt gueſs. If you, madam, *could*, without ſuch a caſe put, he certainly muſt. We young girls think, if we put our hands before our eyes, nobody can ſee us. In ſhort, the Doctor pronounced the increaſing regard to be a beginning Love. The conſequence would be, that the young woman would in time endeavour to ſupplant her friend; tho' at preſent ſhe might probably ſhudder at the thought. He bid me tell Anne to warn her acquaintance againſt the growing flame. He ſaid, ſhe might

might entangle her own heart, and, without gaining her end, render unhappy a couple, who, according to my repreſentation from my Anne, deſerved to be happy: And he adviſed, by all means, that ſhe ſhould leave the contracted couple to themſelves, and for her own honour's, her own heart's ſake, remove to as great diſtance from them as poſſible.

Believe me, madam, I was ſhocked, I was frighted at myſelf: I threw the papers in the fire; and have been, ever ſince I read them, more unhappy than uſual. My dear Lady Grandiſon, then thought I, I will, if you give me encouragement, open my heart to you. You will hear of my folly, my weakneſs, one day or other. — And now, dear good madam, forgive me: Keep my ſecret; and adviſe me what to do.

What, my deareſt creature, *can* I adviſe you? I love you. I ever will love you. I will be as careful of your honour as of my own. I will endeavour to cultivate your guardian's affection to you.

He never, madam, I hope, gueſſed at the poor Emily's folly.

He never mentioned you to me, but with love and tenderneſs.

Thank God! — But ſay, adviſe me, madam; my heart ſhall be in your hand; guide it, as you pleaſe.

What, my dear, did you think of doing yourſelf?

I muſt not think of living with you now, madam.

Why not? You ſhall find me ever your true friend.

But I am ſure Dr. Bartlett's advice to Anne's acquaintance is right. I tell you, madam, that I muſt every day, and every hour of the day, that I ſee his tender behaviour to you; that I behold him employ'd in acts of beneficence; that I ſee every one adoring him; admire him more. I ſee that I am leſs my own miſtreſs than I thought it was poſſible I could be: And if ſuch a girl as I, have ſo little command of myſelf, and his merit every hour ſpreading itſelf out before me with increaſing luſtre, my weak eyes will not

not be able to bear his glory—O madam, I ought to fly; I am reſolved, whatever it coſt me, to fly.

How I admired, how I pitied, how I loved, the dear creature! I claſped both my arms about her, and preſſing her to my boſom—What can I ſay, my Emily? What *can* I ſay? Tell me, what would you wiſh me to ſay?

You are wiſe, madam: You have a tender and generous heart: O that I were half as good!—Adviſe me ſomething—I ſee the folly of my wiſhing to live with you and my guardian.

And is it neceſſary, my dear, to a conqueſt of yourſelf, that we ſhould not live together?

Abſolutely ſo: I am convinced of it.

Suppoſe, my dear, you go to the London houſe, and put yourſelf under Mrs. Grandiſon's protection?

What, madam, my guardian's houſe ſtill?

I hope a few weeks abſence, by help of a diſcretion of which you have, in the preſent converſation, given ſhining proofs, will anſwer all we wiſh; ſince you never, my dear, could have thought but of admiring, and that at diſtance, the great qualities of your guardian.

I have, 'tis true, but juſt found myſelf out; I never could have hope of being looked upon in any other light, than as his daughter; and I hope, I have made the diſcovery in time. But I muſt not be with him in his own houſe: I muſt not be in the way of his conſtant converſation.

Admirable diſcretion! Amiable innocence!—Well then, ſuppoſe you requeſt Lady L. Lady G—

Ah, no, no! That would not do, neither. My guardian would be the continual ſubject of our converſation; and often, very often, his brotherly goodneſs would lead him to them; them to him.

Charming fortitude! Heroic Emily! How I admire you! I ſee you have thought attentively of this matter. What *are* your thoughts?

Can't

Can't you gueſs?

I know what I wiſh—But you muſt ſpeak firſt.

Don't you remember what the bleſſed Mrs. Shirley (I muſt call her bleſſed!) ſaid to me on your wedding-day, in the veſtry?

I do, my deareſt Emily! And are you inclined—

Shall I be received, madam, as a ſecond Harriet in your family? It would be my ambition to tread in your ſteps at Selby-houſe and Shirley-manor; to hear *from* you; to write *to* you; to form myſelf by the model, by which *you* were formed; to be called by Mrs. Shirley, by Mrs. Selby, *their* Emily.

How you would rejoice them all, my Emily! and, if we muſt part, *me*, to have my Emily be to my deareſt friends what their Harriet ſo happily was!

But, madam, will you undertake to procure my guardian's conſent?

I will endeavour it.

Endeavour it! Then it is done. He will deny you nothing. Will good Mrs. Shirley conſent?

I have no doubt but ſhe will, if your guardian do.

Will Mrs. Selby, will Mr. Selby, be *my* uncle and aunt?

We will conſult them: They are happily with us, you know.

But, madam, there is one objection; a very great one.

What is that, my Love?

Your couſin James Selby. I ſhould reſpect him, as your couſin, and as the brother of the two Miſs Selby's: But that is all.

I never, my dear, approved of any motion of that kind. Not one of my friends think of it: They wiſh it not. He has met with diſcouragement from every one of my family, and his own: He ſubmits to the diſcouragement.

Then, madam, if you pleaſe to break the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Selby; and to Mrs. Shirley, without

out letting them know the poor girl flies to them as for refuge againſt herſelf; and ſatisfy Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon, that I mean nothing of ſlight to them; then will I attend Mr. and Mrs. Selby in their return home: And I ſhall be in a while a very happy girl, I doubt not. But ſtill remember, madam, I muſt love my guardian: But it ſhall be with a Love that ſhall not exclude Lady Grandiſon from a large ſhare of it; the *largeſt*, if I can. And now, claſping her arms about my neck, let me beg your pardon for all the ſtrange things I have ſaid. My heart will be the eaſier for having found a confident, ſuch a confident, however, as no girl ever found before — But in this inſtance of goodneſs, you more than equal Lady Clementina herſelf; and a thouſand, thouſand thanks for your patience with me on ſuch a ſubject! — Yet ſay, ſay, my dear Lady Grandiſon, you don't hate the poor girl, who has the vanity to emulate you and Lady Clementina!

I wept over her from joy, pity, tenderneſs.

Will you not, my dear grandmamma, love my Emily more than ever? Will you call her *your* Emily, and think of her, as your Harriet?

Lady L. Lady G. will you excuſe the preference ſhe has given to quiet Northamptonſhire, againſt noiſy London, and its gay ſcenes, at ſo young a time of Life?—*Excuſe* it! I am ſure you will think that the reaſon ſhe has given for the preference, lifts her up above woman.

Monday, Feb. 5.

I HAVE already obtained my uncle's and aunt's, and Lucy's, high approbation of Emily's propoſal. They, at her requeſt, aſked Sir Charles's conſent, as a favour. He deſired to ſee her upon it. She came in, baſhful; her ſteps unaſſured, looking down. He took her hand: My good Emily, ſaid he, I am told that you have a deſire to reſtore to Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Mr. Selby, the grand-daughter and niece

niece I have robbed them of. They rejoice in your propoſal. You will be exceedingly happy in their protection. My Harriet will be loth to part with you; but for their ſakes, as well as yours, ſhe will chearfully acquieſce: And, though we wanted it not, we ſhall have an additional pleaſure in viſiting Northamptonſhire.—It is your deliberate choice, my dear?

It is, Sir: And I hope I may be allowed to accompany Mrs. Selby down.

Settle the matter, Ladies, among yourſelves. I have but one thing to add on the ſubject. You have a Mother, my dear. We muſt not abſolutely reſolve till we have her conſent. She is good now: You muſt make a compliment to my Siſters, and their Lords alſo, and to my aunt Grandiſon: They love my ward: And ſhe muſt preſerve every worthy perſon's Love.

The dear girl courteſied; wept—You are all—all goodneſs, Sir.

If your mind ſhould change, my dear, don't be afraid to ſignify the alteration. It will be the buſineſs of us all to make each other happy. You will be always dear to my Harriet. Recollect, mean time, if there be any-thing further in my power to oblige you.

O Sir! You muſt not (ſhe ran to me, and in my boſom, weeping, ſpoke out her ſentence) be too good to me!

I kiſſed the dear girl's forehead — Heroic Emily! whiſpered I, to confirm her in her real heroiſm.

And thus already, my deareſt grandmamma, is this material article ſettled. My aunt anſwers for your approbation; and Lucy for the pleaſure that this acquiſition, as I may call it, will give to Nancy, to Miſs Holles's, and all our other kindred and acquaintance. But how, when the time comes, ſhall I part with my Emily?

What, I wonder, will Sir Edward Beauchamp ſay

to

to this?—He muſt get his dear friend's leave to viſit with us Shirley-manor and Selby-houſe, which I hope we ſhall do twice a year at leaſt.

My Uncle and Aunt, Lucy, and Mr. Deane, are exceedingly rejoiced on this occaſion: How fond are they of Emily! She of them! This gives them a relation to each other, that I hope will produce a friendſhip which will laſt for ever.

My Aunt and Lucy have been aſking my opinion, whether Sir Charles did not diſcover ſomething of the good girl's growing affection for him; ſo undiſguiſedly ſincere as ſhe always was, and for ſome time not ſuſpecting herſelf; he ſo penetrating a man? Of this, ſaid Lucy, I am ſure, he would have ſeen it with half an eye, had any other man been as much the object of her regard.

If any-thing would induce me, ſaid I, to think he did, it would be his ready acquieſcence with her propoſal, and from his being ſo little inquiſitive after her motives for leaving us: The caſe, continued I, is of ſo nice a nature, that he never will ſay, even to me, what his thoughts are upon it, if ſuch thoughts he has. And as to myſelf, it would be dealing with Emily leſs delicately than I was dealt with by the two noble ſiſters, ſhould I preſume to ſound him on ſo nice a ſubject.

And indeed there never could be a man in the world that had a greater regard than he has to thoſe real delicacies of our Sex, which border not upon what is called *Prudery*.

Mr. Lowther is gone to London: He has given into Sir Charles's wiſhes, to ſettle in this neighbourhood. He ſaid, He liked the country: He had no particular attachment to any place; and made a fine compliment to Sir Charles on the occaſion. I need not ſay, it was a juſt one.

My uncle, my aunt, write. Lucy has another long Letter almoſt ready. I have only further to

ſay

ſay therefore, at this time, that I am, and ever will be,

Your moſt dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

Sir Charles intends to write to you, madam, on Emily's propoſal—My uncle and aunt begin to be weary of us, as Sir Charles and I tell them: But they call us both unreaſonable. God give us good news from Italy!

LETTER XVI.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Ladies* L. *and* G.

Grandiſon-hall, Tueſd. Feb. 13.

I Write to my deareſt Siſters now.

Nor will I aſk you to ſend my Letters to my Grandmamma for the preſent.

Lucy ſhall be left to entertain my Northampton-ſhire friends.

The incloſed tranſlation of a Letter written by Signor Jeronymo, will give you the ſurpriſing news—ſurpriſing indeed—Poor, poor Lady!

I muſt tell you in my next, how we were all affected on the receiving it: No more at preſent can I add, but that I am, my dear Ladies,

Your ever affectionate Siſter,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XVII.

Signor JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

My Grandiſon,

YOU will be ſurpriſed—aſtoniſhed—The dear Clementina! How has ſhe tarniſhed all her glory! A young creature of her nice honour!—Good

God!—And muſt I her brother, your Jeronymo, expoſe his ſiſter?

We gave into almoſt every wiſh of her heart. The dear *Scripturiſt* had requeſted a month's time to travel from place to place on the other ſide of the Apennines, partly in imitation of the daughter of the famous Iſraelitiſh general *(a)*; and partly on pretence of eſtabliſhing her health; implying, that ſhe conſidered the meditated marriage as a ſacrifice. And we had hopes at the end of it, that ſhe would be brought to give her hand not unchearfully, to the Count of Belvedere, for whom ſhe owned pity and gratitude.

We had conſented to ſeveral trifling delays of her return to us before. Yet beſought her to excuſe us from allowing her to viſit Rome and Naples; and ſhe acquieſced with the reaſons we gave her. She deſired leave to take into her ſervice, as a page, an Engliſh youth, the nephew of a gentleman of the Engliſh factory at Leghorn, who was well recommended by his uncle, on the enquiry Mrs. Beaumont, at our deſire, made into his character. We, ſuppoſing her motive to be merely an innocent and grateful regard to the country of a man whom we could allow her to reſpect, conſented. She accordingly took him; and he attended her in her excurſions to Piſtoia, Prato, Pratolina, Piſa, Sienna, *&c.*; to ſome of which places ſhe was accompanied by Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies her friends. But being deſirous to ſee the ſea-coaſt from Piombino to Lucca, according to a plan ſhe ſhewed; and talking of ſtretching to Genoa, when at Lucca; which was to conclude her excurſions, and complete her month; ſhe was left by thoſe Ladies to be attended by her own ſervants: Theſe, all but her page and Laura, ſhe contrived (the high-ſoul'd Clementina ſtooped to art!) to ſend different ways, ordering them to meet her at Lucca; but, inſtead of going thither, took a ſhort way to Leghorn;

(a) Jephthah. See Judges xi.

Leghorn; and there embarked on board an Engliſh ſhip ready cleared out, and bound for the port of London; and it had ſailed three days, before it was known what was become of her. But then the contents of the following Letter, directed to Mrs. Beaumont, aſtoniſhed that Lady, and her friends; as you will believe it did us, when it was tranſmitted to us in a Letter written by Mrs. Beaumont, acquainting us with the particulars of her excurſions and flight; and the certainty, upon proper enquires at Leghorn, that ſhe was gone to England.

" Forgive me, my deareſt Ladies; my deareſt " Mrs. Beaumont, particularly, forgive me! I am " embarked in an enterprize, that will be enough " my puniſhment. Pity me, therefore, as well as " pardon me! The impending evil is always the " moſt terrible. My heart is extremely averſe to a " married life. A fortnight of the month is ex- " pired, at the end of which I am expected to give " my vows to a man not unworthy of them, could " I think it in my power to make him happy, and " could I be ſo myſelf in the proſpects before me: " But how can that be? Perſuaſion, cruel perſua- " ſion! A kneeling father; a ſighing mother; gene- " rous, but entreating brothers; how, how can I " reſiſt you, if I go to dear, once *moſt* dear, Bologna? " All you my friends, at Bologna, at Urbino, *every-* " *where*, forgive me! What have I not ſuffered be- " fore I came to the reſolution that muſt be purſued, " tho' repentance, when I have attained the pro- " poſed aſylum, follow! My good Lord of B. for- " give me alſo. Change your attachment. You " deſerve a better wife, than conſcience, than ho- " nour, than juſtice (words that mean the ſame " thing) tell me, can be made you, by the unhappy " Clementina. She dare not add Della Porretta.— " Ah my mother!"—

This Letter was left with a perſon at Leghorn,

with orders, not to ſend it, till the veſſel had ſailed three days.

We are alldiſtracted; but moſt my mother.

For the ſake of *her* peace of mind, we are come to a reſolution to anticipate our ſummer's viſit to you; and, unpropitious as the ſeaſon is for ſuch a journey, we ſhall ſet out next week accordingly. God give my mother ſtrength to bear the fatigue! Courage ſhe has, on *this* occaſion, who never before could be brought to go by ſea any-where: No, not to Naples, to viſit her Giacomo, and his Lady, tho' in a more propitious ſeaſon.

It was a long-laid ſcheme, we imagine, for ſhe had diſmiſſed her faithful Camilla, on her urging her to a change of condition. I am afraid the good woman was too ſedulous in obeying the orders given her by my brother, to make uſe of every opportunity to inſpire her with tender ſentiments, in favour of the Count of Belvedere. Laura has for ſome time been her only favourite ſervant.

This youth, by name Anthony Dagley, no doubt has managed this affair for her.

Mrs. Beaumont now recollects ſeveral circumſtances, which, could ſhe have ſuſpected Clementina to be capable of ſuch an enterprize, might have given her ſuſpicion.

The veſſel ſhe is in, is called *The Scanderoon:* Alexander Henderſon maſter.

How can the dear creature on her arrival in England look You, your Lady, your Siſters, in the face? What may ſhe ſuffer, in ſuch a voyage, at ſuch a ſeaſon! To what inſults may ſhe be expoſed! So little as ſhe knows of the Engliſh tongue! Laura not a ſyllable of it! Depending on the fidelity of a ſtranger boy! ſo few changes of apparel as ſhe had the opportunity to take with her!—Whether provided with any conſiderable ſums of money, we know not! England, in her opinion, a nation of

heretics

heretics!—Good Heaven! could Clementina della Porretta be guilty of ſuch a raſhneſs?

But what an averſeneſs muſt ſhe have to marriage! We have certainly been too precipitating. You cautioned us: Yet, I dare ſay, could not have believed, that our Clementina could have taken ſuch a ſtep. But, alas! we conclude that it is owing more to the effects of her late unhappy malady, than to any other cauſe. When once the mind has been diſordered, there is danger, it ſeems, of its ſhewing itſelf, on extraordinary occaſions, even after the cure is ſuppoſed to be perfected, capable of extravagance. Again I ſay, we have been too haſty.—Our brother Giacomo!—But he is the moſt diſintereſted of men. He would not otherwiſe be ſo urgent as he is for her *marriage*.

Dear, dear creature, how my heart bleeds for the diſtreſſes ſhe may be thrown into!—But they cannot be equal to thoſe which her mother feels for her. Clementina knows how much the lives of her father and mother are bound up in hers. But I repeat, ſhe muſt be under the influences of her former malady, or never, never, could ſhe have done an act, that ſhe muſt know would wound our very ſouls.

From the lights I have held out, we hope you will be able to find her before ſhe can have ſuffered more than the inconveniencies of the voyage; before ſhe can have wanted money, or other conveniencies. If you do, your ſiſters will give the raſh one countenance and protection till we can arrive.

Our company will be, my Father, Mother, the Biſhop, your Jeronymo, Father Mareſcotti, and our two couſins Sebaſtiano and Juliano. Mrs. Beaumont has the goodneſs, purely from motives of charity, to accompany my mother. Poor Camilla, almoſt as inconſolable as my mother, attends her Lady.

We muſt give you the trouble of hiring for us as large a houſe as you can procure. The circumſtances

we are in, allow us not to think of any-thing more than common convenience, and to be incognito.

Our two couſins above-named may be in lodgings, if room be wanted.

We ſhall have no more than neceſſary attendants.

A leſs houſe, or handſome lodgings, will content the Count of Belvedere.

Theſe cares for us, my dear Grandiſon, we muſt throw upon you: Yet, if my Lowther be in England, he will be ſo kind as to eaſe you of part of them. You will have concern enough in ſharing ours, for the occaſion which carries us to you, ſo much ſooner than we intended, and in an inconvenient ſeaſon; circumſtances that will ſufficiently demonſtrate the diſtreſs we are in.

The veſſel we have hired, is called, *The Leghorn Frigate*. The maſter's name is Arthur Gunning. If we are favoured in our voyage, the maſter hopes to be in your river Thames, in about three weeks from our embarking.

God give us, my Grandiſon, a meeting not *un*happy! May we find the dear fugitive ſafe in your protection, or under the wings of one of your noble ſiſters!

I hope this unhappy affair will produce no uneaſineſs between your Lady and you. If it ſhould, what an additional evil would the dear raſh one have to anſwer for!

The General is too much incenſed againſt the unhappy girl, to think of accompanying us, could he obtain permiſſion of his ſovereign.

The leaſt reparation the dear creature can make us, the Biſhop ſays, is chearfully to give her vows to the good Count of Belvedere, who looks forward to the iſſue of this affair, as the criſis of his fate.

I hardly know, what I have written; nor how to leave off. It is to *you*, our dear friend, our conſoler, our brother, and, let me add, our refuge, next to

the

the Almighty, who we hope will guide us in ſafety to you, and give an iſſue not greatly derogatory to the glory of our ſiſter and family. Join, my Grandiſon, your prayers with ours, to this purpoſe. Nobleſt of friends, Adieu!

JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA.

LETTER XVIII.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Ladies* L. *and* G.

Wedn. Feb. 14.

LET me now give you the promiſed particulars.

As we and our beloved gueſts, were at dinner on Monday, all harmony, all love; the dear Emily laying out the happy days ſhe hoped to ſee in Northamptonſhire; Sir Charles uſing generous arguments to prevail on my uncle and aunt to ſtay a little longer with him; the Letter, the affecting Letter, was given into Sir Charles's hands: "From my Jeronymo!" ſaid he, looking at the ſuperſcription. Aſking excuſe, he broke it open; and, caſting his eye upon the firſt lines, he ſtarted; and bowing to his gueſts, and to me, he aroſe from table, and withdrew to his Study.

We had not half dined. I urged our friends, but could not ſet them the example; and we aroſe by conſent, and went into the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles ſoon joined us there: His face was in a glow: He ſeemed to have ſtruggled for a compoſure, for our ſakes, which, however, he had not obtained.

I looked upon him with eyes, I ſuppoſe, that had ſpeech in them, by his taking my hand, and ſaying, Be not ſurpriſed, my Love: You will ſoon have gueſts.

From Italy! From Italy, Sir?—"Yes, my life."—Who? Who, Sir?

Dr. Bartlett was with us. He beſought him to

give a tranſlation of that Letter. The Doctor retired to do it; And Sir Charles ſaid, it is not impoſſible but Clementina may be ſoon in England: Perhaps before the reſt of her family. Be not ſurpriſed (for we all looked upon one another): Dr. Bartlett will give you the contents of the Letter. Oblige me, my deareſt Love, with your hand.

He led me into his Study; and there, in the moſt tender and affectionate manner, acquainted me with the contents of the Letter.

My deareſt Harriet, ſaid he, his arms encircling my waiſt, will not, cannot, doubt the continuance of my tendereſt Love. I am equally ſurpriſed and diſturbed at the ſtep taken. God preſerve the dear Clementina! Join your prayers with mine for her ſafety. You can pity the unhappy Lady. She is, I am afraid, deſolate, and unprotected. You can pity her *equally* unhappy friends. They are following her: They are all good: They mean well. Yet over-perſuaſion, as you lately obſerved, in ſuch a caſe as hers, is a degree of perſecution. In the unhappy circumſtances ſhe had been in, ſhe *ſhould* have had time given her. Time ſubdues all things.

Let me beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I, to give the unhappy Lady your *inſtant* protection. Conſider me as a ſtrengthener, not a weakener of your hands, in her ſervice. I have no concern but for her ſafety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occaſion. Dear Sir, let me by participation leſſen it.

Soul of my Soul, ſaid he, claſping me more ardently to his boſom, I had no doubt of your generous goodneſs. It would be doing injuſtice to the unhappy *abſent*, and to the knowlege I have of my *own heart*, as well as to *you*, the abſolute miſtreſs of it, did I think it neceſſary to make profeſſions of my unalterable, my inviolable Love to you. I will acquaint you with every ſtep I take in this arduous affair. You muſt adviſe me as I go along. Minds ſo

delicate

delicate as yours and Clementina's, muſt be allied. I ſhall be ſure of my meaſures when I have the approbation of my Harriet. All *our* friends (They have diſcretion) ſhall be made acquainted with my proceedings. I will not leave a doubt upon the mind of any one of them, that my Harriet is not, as far as it is in my power to make her, the happieſt of women.

What, Sir, is the date of the Letter?—It has no date, my dear. Jeronymo's grief—The Lady, Sir, ſaid I, may be arrived. Leave me here at Grandiſon-hall, with my friends: I will endeavour to engage their ſtay a little longer than they had deſigned; and do you haſten up to town: If you can do ſervice to the unhappy Lady, deſtitute as you apprehend ſhe is at preſent of protection, and expoſed to difficulties and dangers, your Letters ſhall be, if poſſible, more acceptable to me, than even the preſence of the man who is as dear to me as my own ſoul.

I was raiſed. It was making me great, my dear Ladies, to have it in my *power*, as I may ſay, to convince Sir Charles Grandiſon, that my compaſſion, my love, my admiration of the nobleſt of women, was a *ſincere* admiration and love.

How happy a man am I! ſaid he. You have anticipated me by your goodneſs. I will haſten up to town. You will engage your friends. The man whoſe Love is fixed on the *mind*, all lovelineſs as is the admirable perſon that thus I again preſs to my fond boſom, muſt be as happy as a mortal man can be!

He led me back to the expecting company: Who all ſtood up, as by an involuntary motion, at our entrance; each perſon looking eager to know our ſentiments. The Doctor had not finiſhed the tranſlation: But Sir Charles ſent up for the Letter; and begged of the Doctor, who brought it down himſelf, to read it in Engliſh to us all. He did ſo.

What, my dear Ladies, was there of *Peculiarity* in my

my generoſity, as your brother was pleaſed to call it?—My uncle, my aunt, my Lucy, Mr. Deane, all, *before* Sir Charles could well ſpeak, beſought him not to ſuffer their being here to be one moment's hindrance to his ſetting out for London.

He generouſly applauded me to them for what had paſſed between us in his Study, and told them he would ſet out early in the morning, if they would promiſe to keep me company here.

They ſaid, they would ſtay as long as their convenience would permit; and the longer, that he might be the eaſier on ſuch a generous call to town.

One thing, dear Sir, ſaid I, let me beg: Let not the ſweet fugitive be *compelled*, if you can help it, to marry. Let not advantage be taken, as they ſeem, by a hint in this Letter, inclined to take it, of this ſeeming raſh ſtep, to make her compliance the condition of their forgiveneſs and reconciliation.

He called me his generous, his noble Harriet; repeated, that he would be governed by my advice, and that then he ſhould be ſure of his footing.

Your brother ſet out early this morning for London: Join your prayers, my dear Ladies, with his and mine, and with thoſe of all our friends here, for a happy iſſue to the preſent afflictions of the dear Clementina. How I long, yet half-fear, to ſee her! Shall I, do you think, be able to ſee her, without being apprehenſive, that ſhe will look upon me as the invader of her right? She was undoubtedly his firſt Love.

Your brother communicated to me his intention of completing the furniſhing of the new-taken houſe in Groſvenor Square, which was before in great forwardneſs, and to have it well aired for the reception of his noble friends. He will acquaint his ſiſters with his further intentions, as occaſions ariſe. God ſucceed to him his own wiſhes!—He may be truſted with them.

Adieu, my deareſt Siſters! How proud am I, that I can indeed call you ſo, by the name of

HARRIET GRANDISON!

LETTER XIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* GRANDISON.

St. James's Square, Thurſday Febr. 15.

My deareſt Life,

ON my arrival here laſt night I found a long Letter, dated Tueſday laſt, from the unhappy Lady, whom we both ſo much admire and pity. The contents too well confirm her wandering ſtate of mind, and account for the ſteps ſhe has taken. I will ſend you the Letter itſelf as ſoon as I have ſeen her, and can prevail upon her to put herſelf into my protection. Till the hope of a happier ſtate of mind ſhall dawn upon us, the contents of it will afflict you.

She has been ten days in England: I wrote to her laſt night, to beg her to admit me to her preſence.

She expreſſes in her Letter a generous joy in our happineſs, and in the excellent character which ſhe has heard of the beloved of my heart; of *every* heart. In the midſt of her affecting wanderings, ſhe preſerves the greatneſs of mind that ever diſtinguiſhed her. She wiſhes to ſee you; but unknown to us both.

It would not be difficult perhaps to find out the place of her abode; but ſhe depends on my honour, that I will not attempt it: Clementina loves to be punctiliouſly obſerved. In the way ſhe is in, ſhe muſt be ſoothed, and as little oppoſed as poſſible. She thinks too highly of my character, and apprehends that the ſtep ſhe has taken, has lowered her own. She has great ſenſibility, and only *ſometimes* wanders into minuteneſſes that her circumſtances, which I find are not happy, oblige her to attend to. I have great hopes, that I ſhall be able to ſooth, conciliate, and reſtore her; her mind ſeems not to be deeply wounded. God enable me to quiet the heart of the nobleſt of your Siſters! Forgive me for my two beloved Siſters. *They* will, if *you* do.

I hope

I hope our dear friends will make themſelves and you happy, at Grandiſon-hall. This cloud paſſed away, if God preſerve us to each other, and our friends to us, all our future days muſt be ſerene: At leaſt as far as it is in my power, they ſhall be ſo to my Harriet. Profeſſions would diſgrace *my* Love, and *your* merits. All that your own heart can wiſh me to be, that, if I know it, will I be; for am I not the happy huſband of the beſt and moſt generous of women; and, as ſuch,

Wholly Yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER XX.

Lady CLEMENTINA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

[*Mentioned in the preceding.*]

Tueſday, Febr. 13. O. S.

BY this time, it is very probable, you have heard of the raſheſt ſtep that the writer of theſe preſents (chequer'd and unhappy as the laſt years of her life have been) ever took. She knows it to be raſh: She condemns herſelf for taking it. She doubts not but ſhe ſhall be condemned by every-body for it: Nor is ſhe ſure, that ſhe ſhall have the better opinion of your juſtice, if you are not one of the ſevereſt of her cenſurers: For you are a good man. Your goodneſs, I hear, fills every mouth in this your own country; and it is not one of your leaſt praiſes, that you did your duty, in the ſtricteſt manner, to a Father, who was wanting in his to his whole family. It is, it ſeems, your principle, that where a duty is reciprocal, the failure in it of the one, acquits not the other for a failure in his. How then can I appear before you? I am cover'd with bluſhes at the thoughts of it—I, who am a runaway from the kindeſt, the moſt indulgent, of parents—God forgive me!—Yet, can I ſay, I repent?

pent?—I *think*, I can.—But at beſt, it is a conditional repentance only, that I boaſt of.

I am here in your England; I cannot, cannot, tell you where; in a low condition; my fortune ſcanty; my lodgings not very convenient; two ſervants only my attendants; Laura (you remember *her*) one; weeping every hour after her friends, and our Italy: My other you know not — My page he was called in the days of my ſtate, as I may, comparatively, call them; but now my every-thing: Poor youth! But he is honeſt, he is faithful. God reward him!—I cannot.

Yet in all this my depreſſion of circumſtances, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, and ſometimes (too often indeed) of ſpirits; I think I am happy in the thought that I am a ſingle woman.

Well, Sir!—And what can I ſay further? A thouſand things I have to ſay: Too many, to know which to ſay firſt. I had better ſay no more. I am not, however, ſure, I ſhall ſend you this, or any other Letter.

I have been ten days in this great, and, as it ſeems to me, ugly city: A vaſtly populous one: People very buſy. I thought your London people were all rich—But what is this to write to you about?

I have been out but once, and that for an airing in one of your parks. I can't ſay, I like England, nor its people, much: But I have ſeen nothing of the one, or the other.

I live a very melancholy life: But that befits me beſt.

They tell me, that your churches are poor, plain things. You beſtow more upon yourſelves than you do upon your God: But perhaps you truſt more to the heart, than to the eye, in the plainneſs of your places of devotion. But, again, what is all this ſtuff to you?—Yet, I am apt to ramble too-too much!

The truth is, I am not very well: So excuſe me.

But do you know how it comes about, that having

the

the beſt of fathers, the beſt of mothers, the moſt affectionate of brothers, I ſhould yet think them perſecutors? How it comes about, that I, who love them, who honour them, as much as daughter ever honoured parents, or ſiſter ever loved brothers, ſhould run away from them all, into a ſtrange land, a land of heretics; yet once be thought a pious kind of creature? Do you know how this comes about?

Once there was a man—But him I renounced—But I had a good reaſon for it. And do you think I repent it? By my truth, Chevalier, I do not: I never did. Yet I think of nobody half ſo often, nor with half the pleaſure: For, tho' a Heretic, he is a good man.

But huſh! Dare I, in this country, ſay he is a Heretic? Perhaps, we Catholics are looked upon as Heretics here. Idolaters I know we are ſaid to be—I grant that I had like to have been an idolater once—But let that paſs. I believe we Catholics think worſe of you Proteſtants, and you Proteſtants think worſe of us Catholics, than either deſerve: It may be ſo. But, to me, you ſeem to be a ſtrange people, for all that.

Of one thing, my good Chevalier, methinks I ſhould be glad. — Here I am told you are married: That I knew before I left Italy: Elſe, let me tell you, I never would have come hither: Yet I ſhould have got away rather than be married myſelf, I believe: But then perhaps it would have been to a Catholic country.

What was I going to ſay?—One thing I ſhould be glad of: It is to ſee your Lady; but not if ſhe were to ſee me. I came with very few cloaths, and they were not the beſt I had at Florence: My beſt of all are at Bologna. My father and mother loved to ſee me dreſſed. I dreſſed many a time to pleaſe them more than to pleaſe myſelf: For I am not a proud creature: Do you think I am? You knew me once

better

better than I knew myſelf: But you know little of me now. I am a runaway: And I know you won't forgive me. I can't help it. However, I ſhould be glad to ſee your Lady. *She* dreſſes richly, I ſuppoſe. Well ſhe may!

I am told, ſhe is one of the loveliеſt women in England: And as to her goodneſs—there is nobody ſo good. Thank God! You know, Chevalier, I always prayed, that the beſt of women might be called by your name.

But Olivia, it ſeems, praiſes her; and Olivia ſaw her when ſhe was a rambler to England, as, God help me! I am now.

But Olivia's motive and mine were very different. Olivia went to England in hopes of a huſband—Poor woman! I pity her.

But, Chevalier, cannot I ſee your Lady, and ſhe not ſee me? I need not be in diſguiſe to ſee her. If you were with her, handing her, ſuppoſe, to church, (I would not ſcruple to croud myſelf into ſome unobſerved corner of *your* church on ſuch an occaſion) you would be too proud of *her* to mind *me:* And you would not know me, if you ſaw me; for I would ſtoop in my ſhoulders, and look down; and the cloaths I ſhould have on would be only an Engliſh linen gown and petticoat, unadorned by ribbands or gew-gaw—Not half ſo well dreſs'd as your Lady's woman.

But yet I ſhould thank God, that you had not diſgraced the regard I had once for you: I had a great deal of pride, you know, in that hope. Thank you, Sir, that you have married ſo lovely and ſo deſerving a woman. She is of a good family, I hope.

It was a great diſappointment to me, when I came firſt to London, to find, that you were not there. I thought, ſome how or other, to catch a ſight of you and your Lady, were it but as you ſtept into your coach; and I to have been in a chair, near, or even on foot: For, when I heard what a character you bore,

for

for every kind of goodneſs; I, a poor fugitive, was afraid to ſee you. So many good leſſons as you taught me, and all to come to this! Unhappy Clementina!

Where will your Ladyſhip (but I have forbidden that ſtile) chooſe to take up your reſidence? ſaid Antony when we firſt landed (My ſervant's name is Antony; but you ſhall not know his other name). We landed among a parcel of guns, at the Tower, they called it, in a boat.

Laura anſwered for me; for he ſpoke in Italian; Somewhere near the Chevalier Grandiſon's, won't you, madam? I won't tell you what was my anſwer; for perhaps I am near the Thames—I don't want you to find me out. I beſeech you, Chevalier, don't give yourſelf pain for me. I am a fugitive. Don't diſgrace yourſelf in acknowleging any acquaintance with a creature who is poor and low; and who *deſerves* to be poor and low; for is ſhe not a runaway from the beſt of parents? But it is to avoid, not to get, a huſband; you'll be pleaſed to remember that, Sir.

But, poor Laura—I am ſorry for Laura; more ſorry than for myſelf—My brother Giacomo would kill the poor creature, I believe, if ever ſhe were to come in his way. But ſhe is in no fault. It was with great reluctance ſhe obeyed her miſtreſs. She was ſeveral times as impertinent as Camilla. Poor Camilla! I uſed her hardly. She is a good creature. I uſed her hardly againſt my own nature, to make her the eaſier to part with me. I love her. I hope ſhe is well. It is not worth her while to pine after me: I was an ungrateful creature to her.

My Antony is a good young man, as I told you. I think to ſave half his wages, and give the other half to raiſe Laura's, to keep her a little in heart. The poor young man hoped preferment in my ſervice; and I can do nothing for him. It will behove me to be a good manager. But I will ſell the few jewels I have left, rather than part with him, till he can get a better

ſer-

ſervice. What little things do I trouble you with! Little things to you; but not quite ſo little to me now, as I have managed it. But ſo as I can do juſtice to this poor youth, and poor Laura, I matter not myſelf. What I have done is my choice: They had no option. I over-perſuaded Laura, as my friends would have done me. I feel that ſting: It was not doing as I would be done by. Very, very wicked in me! I dare ſay, you would tell me ſo, were you to find me out.

But, Chevalier, ſhall I ſend you, yes, or no, this ſcrawl, written to divert me in a penſive mood? I would not, if I thought it would trouble you. God forbid that your pupil Clementina ſhould give you diſcompoſure, now eſpecially in the early part of your nuptials! Yet if I could ſo manage, as that you would permit your ſecretary (I would not aſk the favour of your own pen) to ſend a few lines to ſome particular place, where my ſervant could fetch them unknown to you or any-body, only to let me know, If you have heard from Bologna, or Naples, or Florence (I was very ungrateful to good Mrs. Beaumont and the Ladies her friends) and how they all do; my father, mother (my heart at times bleeds for them) my dear Jeronymo, my two other Brothers, and good Father Mareſcotti, and my Siſter-in-law whom I have ſo much reaſon to love; it will be a great eaſe to my heart; provided the account be not a *very* melancholy one: If it ſhould, poor Clementina's days would be numbered upon twice five fingers.

I am put in a way—This ſhall be ſent to your palace in town. You will order your ſecretary to direct his Letter, To George Trumbull, Eſq; to be left till called for, at White's Chocolate-houſe in St. James's-ſtreet. I depend upon your honour, Chevalier, that you will acquieſce with my deſire to remain incognita, till I ſhall conſent to reveal to you the place of my abode, or to ſee you elſewhere. I ſign only

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* GRANDISON.

Saturday, Febr. 17.

ALL day yeſterday I was in pain that I heard not from Clementina. But I made myſelf as eaſy as I could, in viſiting my ſiſters, and their Lords, and my aunt Grandiſon. What bleſſings do they all pour forth on my Harriet! What compaſſion do they expreſs for the dear fugitive! How do they long to ſee her!

Yeſterday I received a Letter from her.

The copy of that to which hers is an anſwer; of hers; and of my reply; and her return to that; I incloſe. You will read them to our friends in Engliſh.

You will find by the laſt of the four, that I am to be admitted to her preſence. I would not miſs a poſt, or I ſhould have delayed, till the interview be over, the ſending this to my Harriet. Hope the beſt, my deareſt Love. The purity of your heart, and of Clementina's, and the integrity of my own, if I *know* my heart, bid us humbly hope for a happy diſſipation of the preſent cloud, which, hanging over the heads of a family I revere, engages our compaſſion, and mingles a ſigh with our joys.

Adieu, my beſt, my deareſt Love. Anſwer for me to all my friends.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA.

[*Under Cover, To* GEORGE TRUMBULL, *Eſq; &c.*]

St. James's-Square, Wedn. night, Febr. 14.

TEN days the noble Clementina in England, the native place of her fourth brother, her equally admiring

admiring and faithful friend; yet not honour him with the knowlege of her arrival!—Forgive me, if I call you cruel.—It is in your power, madam, to make one of the happieſt men in the world a very unhappy one; and you will effectually do it, if you keep from him the opportunity of throwing himſelf at your feet, and welcoming you to a country always dear to him, but which will be made ſtill dearer by your arrival in it.

I have a Letter from your and my Jeronymo. I have a great deal to ſay to you of its contents; of your father, mother, brothers—But it muſt be *ſaid*, not *written*. For God's ſake, madam, permit me to attend you in company of one of my ſiſters, or otherwiſe, as you ſhall think beſt. You have in me a faithful, an indulgent friend. I am no ſevere man: Need I tell *you* that I am not? If you do not chooſe that any-body elſe ſhall know the place of your abode, I will faithfully keep your ſecret. You ſhall be as much the miſtreſs of your own will, of your own actions, as if I knew not where to addreſs myſelf to you. If ever you had a kind thought of your fourth brother, if you ever wiſhed him happy, grant him the favour of attending you; for his happineſs, I repeat, depends upon it.

I received our Jeronymo's Letter but yeſterday. Tender and affectionate are the contents.

I have ridden poſt, to get hither this night, in hopes of being favoured with intelligence of you. In the morning I ſhould have made enquiries at the proper places: But little did I think my Siſter could have been ſo many days in town. Let not an hour paſs after this comes to your hand, before you relieve the anxious heart of,

Deareſt Lady Clementina,
Your moſt affectionate Brother,
and faithful humble Servant,
CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

Lady CLEMENTINA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Friday morning, Febr. 16. O. S.

I Received yours but this moment. What can I ſay to the contents? I wiſh to ſee you; but dare not. Your happineſs, you ſay, depends upon an interview with me. Why do you tell me it does? I wiſh you happy. Yet, if you wiſhed me ſo, you would have told me how my dear friends in Italy do. This omiſſion was deſigned. It was not generous in the Chevalier Grandiſon. It was made to *extort* from me a favour, which you thought I ſhould otherwiſe be unwilling to grant.

But can you forgive the raſh Clementina? God is merciful as well as juſt. You imitate him. But how can Clementina, humbled as ſhe is, be ſunk ſo low, as to appear a delinquent, before the man ſhe reſpects for a character which, great as ſhe thought it before, has riſen upon her ſince her arrival in England?

But, Sir, can you, will you, engage, that my friends will allow me to continue ſingle? Can you anſwer, in particular, for the diſcontinuance of the Count of Belvedere's addreſſes? Can you procure forgiveneſs, not only for me, but my poor Laura? Will you take into your ſervice, or recommend him effectually to that of ſome one of your friends, in ſome manner that is not altogether ſervile, the honeſt youth who has behaved unexceptionably in mine? For he wiſhes not to return to Italy.

Anſwer me theſe few eaſy and plain queſtions; and you will hear further from

CLEMENTINA.

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LETTER XXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA.

[*Under Cover, directed as before.*]

Friday morn Febr. 16.

TO the queſtions of dear Lady Clementina I anſwer thus—I will endeavour to prevail upon your parents, and other friends, to leave you abſolutely free to chooſe your own ſtate, without uſing either compulſion, or over-earneſt perſuaſion.

Who, madam, can forbid the Count of Belvedere to hope? Leave him hope. If he has not the over-earneſt entreaties of your own relations to give weight to his addreſſes, it will be in your power to give him either encouragement or deſpair.

I will engage for the joyful reconciliation to her of all the dear Clementina's friends. I am ſure I can.

Laura ſhall be for given, and provided for by an annuity equal to her wages, if the continuance of her ſervice be not accepted.

I will myſelf entertain your young man; and place and reward him according to his merits.

And now, madam, admit to the honour of your preſence,

Your Brother, your Friend, your ever grateful and affectionate humble Servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXV.

Lady CLEMENTINA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Sat. morn. Febr. 17.

I Depend upon your honour, Sir, for the performance of the preſcribed conditions: Yet, on meditating my appearance before you, I am more and more aſhamed to ſee you. It was a great diſappointment to me at my firſt arrival, that you were at your

country-ſeat. At that time my heart was full. I had much to ſay, and I could have ſeen you then with more fortitude than now falls to my ſhare. However, I *will* ſee you. To-morrow, Sir, about five in the evening, you will find at one of the doors on the higher ground, on the left hand going up St. James's ſtreet, from the Palace, as it is called, the expecting Laura, who will conduct you to

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* GRANDISON.

Monday, Febr. 19.

YOU requeſted me, my deareſt Harriet, to write minutely to you. Now I have been admitted to the preſence of Clementina, and have hopes that ſhe will ſoon recover her peace of mind, I can the more chearfully obey you.

I was exactly at the hour at the appointed place. Laura gueſſed at my chair, and my ſervants, as they croſſed the way; and ſtood out on the pavement, that I might ſee her. When ſhe found ſhe had caught my eye, ſhe ran into the houſe, wringing her claſped hands — God be praiſed! God be praiſed! were her words, as I followed her in, in her own language. Laura can ſpeak no other. Shew me, ſhew me, to your Lady, good Laura! ſaid I, with emotion.

She ran up one pair of ſtairs before me. She entered the dining-room, as it is called. I ſtopt at the ſtairs-head till I had Clementina's commands. Laura ſoon came out. She held open the door for me, courteſying in ſilence.

The drawn window-curtains darkened the room: But the dignity of Clementina's air and motion left me not in doubt. She ſtood up, ſupporting herſelf on the back of an elbow chair.

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On one knee, taking her trembling hand; Welcome, thrice welcome to England, deareſt Lady Clementina! I preſſed her hand with my lips; and, riſing, ſeated her: For ſhe trembled; ſhe ſobbed; ſhe endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not for ſome moments.

I called to Laura, fearing ſhe was fainting.

O that well known voice! ſaid ſhe. And do you, *can* you, bid me welcome?—Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O Chevalier, lower not your unſullied character, by approving ſo unnatural a ſtep as that which I have taken!

I *do* bid you welcome, madam! Your brother, your friend, from his ſoul, welcomes you to England.

Let me know, Chevalier, before another word paſſes, Whether I have a Father, whether I have a Mother?

Bleſſed be God, madam, you have both.

She lifted up her claſped hands: Thank God! God, I thank thee! Diſtraction would have been my portion, if I had not. I was afraid to aſk after them. I ſhould have thought myſelf the moſt deteſtable of parricides, if either of them had been no more.

They are in the utmoſt diſtreſs for your ſafety. They will think themſelves happy, when they know you are well, and in the protection of your brother Grandiſon.

Will they, Sir? O what a paradox! They ſo indulgent, yet ſo cruel—I, ſo dutiful, yet a fugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was againſt entering into a ſtate I too much honour to enter into it with a reluctant heart, *could* I take any other ſtep than that I have taken, to free myſelf from the *cruelty* of *perſuaſion?* O that I might have been permitted to take the veil!—But anſwer my queſtion, Chevalier.

Surely, madam, they would *not* have compelled you. They always declared to me they would not.

Not compelled me, Sir! Did not my father kneel to me? My mother's eyes ſpoke more than her lips

could have uttered. The Biſhop had influenced good Father Mareſcotti (againſt the intereſts of Religion, I had almoſt ſaid) to oppoſe the wiſh of my heart. Jeronymo, your Jeronymo, gave into their meaſures: What refuge had I?—Our Giacomo was inexorable. I was to be met on my return from Florence to Bologna, by the Count of Belvedere, and all thoſe of his houſe; the General was to be in his company: I had ſecret intelligence of all this: And I was to be received as an actual bride at Bologna, or made to promiſe I would be ſo within a few days after my arrival. My Siſter-in-law, my only advocate among my Italian friends, pitied me, it is true: But, for that reaſon, ſhe was not to be allowed to come to Bologna. I was at other times denied to go to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples — *Could* I do otherwiſe than I have done, if I would avoid profaning a Sacrament?

My deareſt ſiſter Clementina *ſometimes* accuſes *herſelf* of raſhneſs, for taking a ſtep ſo extraordinary. At this moment, does ſhe not receive her brother in darkneſs? Whence this ſweet *conſciouſneſs?* But what is done, *is* done. Your Conſcience is a Law to you. If that accuſe you, you will repent: If it acquit you, who ſhall condemn?—Let us look forward, madam. I approve not of the vehemence of your friends perſuaſions. Yet what parents ever meant a child more indulgence; what brothers, a ſiſter more diſintereſted affection?

I own, Sir, that my heart at times miſgives me. But anſwer me this: Are you of opinion that I ought, at the inſtance of my parents and brothers, however affectionate, however indulgent in all other inſtances, to marry againſt inclination, againſt juſtice, againſt conſcience?

Againſt any one of theſe you ought not.

Well, Sir, then I will endeavour to make myſelf eaſy as to this article. But will you undertake, Sir, (A woman wants a protector) to maintain this argument for me?

I will, madam, and ſhall hope for the more ſucceſs, if you will promiſe to lay aſide all thoughts of the veil

Ah, Chevalier!

Will my deareſt Siſter, anſwer me one queſtion? Is it not your hope, that by reſiſting their wiſhes, you may tire out oppoſition, and at laſt bring your friends to conſent to a meaſure to which they have always been extremely averſe?

Ah, Chevalier!—But if I could get them to conſent—

Dear madam! is not *their* reaſoning the ſame—If they could get *you* to conſent?

Ah, Chevalier!

May not this be a contention for months, for years? And—

I know, Sir, your inference: You think that in a contention between parents and child, the child ſhould yield. Is not that your inference?

Not againſt reaſon, againſt juſtice, againſt *conſcience*. But there may be caſes, in which *neither* ought to be their own judge.

Well, Sir, you that have yielded to a plea of conſcience (God *has* bleſſed you, and may God *continue* to bleſs you, for it!)—

Admirable Clementina!

—Are fit to be a judge between us—You ſhall be mine, if ever the debate be brought on.

No conſideration, in that caſe, ſhall byas me!—But may I not hope, that the dear Lady I ſtand before, will permit me to behold a perſon, whoſe mind I ever revered?

Laura, ſaid ſhe, let the tea be got ready. I have been taught to drink tea, Sir, ſince my arrival. The gentlewoman of the houſe is very obliging. Permit me, Sir, to withdraw for a few moments.

She ſighed as ſhe went out, leaning upon Laura.

Laura returned ſoon after with lights. She ſet them

on

on the table; and giving way to a violent emotion, O Milord Grandiſon, ſaid the poor girl, falling down, and embracing my knees, For the bleſſed Virgin's ſake, prevail on my Lady to return to dear, dear Bologna!

Have patience, Laura: All will be well.

I, the unhappy Laura, ſhall be the ſacrifice. The General will kill me—O that I had never accompanied my Lady in this expedition!

Have patience, Laura! If you have behaved well to your Lady, I will take you into my protection. Had you a good voyage? Was the maſter of the veſſel, were his officers, obliging?

They were, Sir; or neither my Lady or I ſhould have been now living. O Sir, we were in a dying way all the voyage; except the three laſt days of it. The maſter was the civilleſt of men.

I aſked after her fellow-ſervant, naming him from Jeronymo's Letters. Gone out, was the anſwer, to buy ſome neceſſaries. O Sir, we live a ſad life! Strangers to the language, to the cuſtoms of the country, all our dependence is upon this young man.

I aſked her after the behaviour and character of the people of the houſe (a widow and her three daughters) that if I heard but an indifferent account of them, I might enforce by it my intended plea to get her to Lady L's. Laura ſpoke well of them. The Captain of the veſſel who brought them over, is related to them, and recommended them, when he knew what part of the town her Lady choſe.

What riſques did the poor Lady run! Such different people as ſhe had to deal with, in the contrivance and proſecution of her wild ſcheme; yet all to prove honeſt; how happy! Poor Lady, how ready was ſhe to fly from what ſhe apprehended to be the neareſt evil! But ſhe could not be in a capacity to weigh the dangers to which ſhe expoſed herſelf.

Often and often, ſaid Laura, have I, on my knees, beſought

beſought my Lady to write to you. But ſhe was not always well enough to reſolve *what* to do; and when ſhe was ſedate, ſhe would plead, that ſhe was afraid to ſee you: You would be very angry with her: You would condemn her as a raſh creature: And ſhe could not bear your diſpleaſure: She was conſcious that the act ſhe had done, bore a raſh, and even a romantic, appearance: Had you been in town, Antony ſhould have made enquiries at diſtance, and ſhe might have yielded to ſee you. But for ſeveral days her thoughts were not enough compoſed to write to you. At laſt, being impatient to hear of the health of her father and mother, ſhe *did* write.

Why ſtays ſhe ſo long from me, Laura? Attend your Lady, and tell her, that I beg the honour of her preſence.

Laura went to her. Her Lady preſented herſelf with an air of baſhful dignity. I met her at her entrance—My Siſter, my Friend, my *deareſt* Lady Clementina, kiſſing her hand, welcome, welcome, I repeat, to England. Behold your fourth Brother, your Protector: Honour me with your confidence: Acknowlege my protection. *Your* honour, *your* happineſs, is dear to me as my life.

I led her trembling, ſighing, but at the moment ſpeechleſs, to a ſeat, and ſat down by her, holding both her hands in mine: She ſtruggled for ſpeech. Compoſe yourſelf, madam: Aſſure yourſelf of my tendereſt regard, of my trueſt brotherly affection.

Generous Grandiſon! *Can* you forgive me? Can you from your *heart* bid me welcome? *I will endeavour* to compoſe myſelf. You told me I was conſcious: Conſcious indeed I am: The ſtep I have taken has a diſgraceful appearance: But yet will I not condemn, not conſent that *you* ſhould, my motive.

I condemn not your *motive*, madam. All *will*, all *muſt*, be happy! Rely on my brotherly advice and protection. My Siſters, and their Lords, every one I love,

love, admire you. You are come to families of Lovers, who will think themſelves honoured by your confidence.

You pour balm into the wounds of my mind. What is woman when difficulties ſurround her! When it was too late, and the ſhip that I embarked in was under ſail, then began my terror: *That* took away from me all power of countermanding the orders I had given; till the winds that favoured my voyage, oppoſed my return. Then was I afraid to truſt myſelf with my own reflexions, leſt, if I gave way to them, my former malady ſhould find me out. But let me not make *you* unhappy. Yet, permit me to obſerve, that when you mentioned the kind reception I might expect to meet with, among your friends, you forbore to mention the principal perſon—What will SHE think of the poor Clementina? But be aſſured, and aſſure *her*, That I would not have ſet my foot on the Engliſh ſhore, had you *not* been married. O Chevalier! if I make you and her unhappy, no creature on earth can hate me ſo much as I ſhall hate myſelf.

Generous, noble Clementina!—Your happineſs is indeed eſſential to that of us *both*. My Harriet is another Clementina! You are another Harriet! *Siſter*-excellencies I have called you to her, to all her relations. In the Letter you favoured me with, you wiſhed to know her: You *muſt* know her; and I am ſure you will love her. Your wiſhes that ſhe would accept of my vows, were motives with her to make me happy. She knows our whole hiſtory. She is prepared to receive you, as the deareſt of her ſiſters.

Generous Lady Grandiſon! I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir. You have reaſon to think, that I ſhould have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deſerved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourſelf ſo, that no blame lies upon me for declining your addreſſes,

will

will contribute more than I can expreſs, to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eaſed of ſome part of its anguiſh, you ſhall preſent me to her. Tell her, mean time, that I will love her; and that I ſhall hold myſelf everlaſtingly bound to her in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a ſuperior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made ſo.

She turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek. My admiration of her greatneſs of mind, ſo ſimilar to that of my own Harriet, would not allow me to pour out my heart in words. I aroſe; and taking both her hands, bowed upon them. Tears more plentifully flowed from her averted eyes; and we were both for one moment ſpeechleſs.

It would be injurious to a mind equally great and noble as that which informs the perſon of this your Siſter-excellence, to offer to apologize for faithfully relating to you thoſe tender emotions of hearts, one of them not leſs pure than my Harriet's; the other all your own.

I broke ſilence, and urged her to accept of apartments at Lady L's. Let me acquaint the gentlewoman of the houſe, I beſeech you, madam, that to-morrow morning the ſiſter I have named, and I, will attend you to her houſe. We will thank her *for you*, as you have almoſt forgotten your Engliſh, for the civilities which ſhe and her daughters have ſhewn you: And I will make it my buſineſs to find out the honeſt Captain, who, Laura tells me, has been very civil to you alſo, and thank him too in the names of all our common friends, for his care of you.

I will think myſelf honoured, now you have encouraged me to look up, by a viſit from either or both your ſiſters. But let me adviſe with you, Sir, Is the kind offer you make me, a proper offer for me to accept of? I ſhall be ready to take your advice—Little regard as I may ſeem, by the ſtep I have taken,

to have had for my own honour; I would avoid, if poſſible, ſuffering a firſt error to draw me into a ſecond. Do you, Sir, as my brother and friend, take care of that honour in every ſtep you ſhall adviſe me to take.

Your honour, madam, ſhall be my firſt care. I ſincerely think this is the righteſt meaſure you can now purſue.

Now purſue!—ſighing.

This argument admitted of a ſhort debate. She was ſcrupulous from motives too narrow for a Clementina to mention. I made her bluſh for mentioning them; and, in ſhort, had the happineſs to convince her, that the protection of the ſiſter of her fourth brother was the moſt proper ſhe could chooſe.

I went down, and talked to the gentlewomen below. They were pleaſed with what I ſaid to them. They prayed for the Lady and her family, and for a happy reconciliation between them; for Antony had given them briefly her ſtory.

I requeſted them to make my compliments to her relation Captain Henderſon, and deſire him to give me an opportunity to thank him in perſon for his civility to a Lady beloved by all who have the honour of knowing her.

I went up again to the Lady; and ſat with her moſt of the evening, Laura only attending us.

I talked to Clementina of Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies at Florence; and intimated, that her mother had prevailed on that Lady to come to England, in hopes, as ſhe is an Engliſh woman, that her company would be highly acceptable to her. She bleſſed her mother. What an inſtance of forgiving goodneſs was this! ſhe ſaid, with tears of gratitude; and bleſſed Mrs. Beaumont for *her* goodneſs to her; and the Ladies at Florence for parting with one ſo dear to them.

I was happy throughout this latter converſation in her

her ſerenity; not one inſtance of wandering did I obſerve.

I choſe not, however, ſo early, to acquaint her, with the intention of the deareſt and neareſt of her friends, to come over with Mrs. Beaumont; tho' I expreſſed my earneſt hope, that if we could make England agreeable to her, I ſhould have the honour of the promiſed viſit from ſome of the principals of her family, before ſhe left it

This, my deareſt life, is a minute account of our interview. One of the greateſt pleaſures I *can* know, is, to obey the gentle, the generous commands of my Harriet.

This morning I attended Lady L. to breakfaſt with the excellent Lady, as propoſed. My Siſter and her Lord are charmed with their gueſt: Their gueſt ſhe *is*: And Lady Clementina is as much pleaſed with them. She is every hour more and more ſenſible of the danger ſhe has run; and cenſures herſelf very freely for the *raſh* ſtep, as ſhe calls it herſelf.

She longs, yet is aſhamed to ſee you, my deareſt life; and liſtens with delight to the praiſes my Lord and Lady L. ſo juſtly give to my Harriet.

Monday afternoon.

I HAVE introduced Lord and Lady G. to Lady Clementina, at her own requeſt; being aſſured, ſhe ſaid, that the place of her *refuge* would be kept ſecret by all my friends. Both ſiſters occaſionally joining in praiſing my angel; How happy, ſaid ſhe, are thoſe marriages which give as much joy to the relations on both ſides as to the parties themſelves!

Adieu, my deareſt Love. With the tendereſt affection I am, and ever will be,

Your moſt faithful and obliged

CH. GRANDISON.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *In Continuation.*

Thurſday, Febr. 22.

WE are as happy here, as we can expect to be; Lady Clementina in her ſtate of ſuſpenſe and apprehenſion; I without my Harriet.

You hinted to me once, my Love, ſomething of our Beauchamp's regard for Emily. He juſt now, after more heſitations than I expected from my friend, opened his heart to me, and aſked me to countenance his addreſſes to her. I chid him for his heſitation—and then ſaid, Is my Beauchamp in this propoſition ſo right as he generally is? — Emily, tho' tall and womanly, is very young. I am not a friend to *very* early marriages. You know as well as any man, my dear friend, the reaſons that may be urged againſt ſuch. Methinks I would give Emily an opportunity, as well for her huſband's ſake, whoever ſhall be the man, as for her own, to look round her, and make her own choice. The merit of Sir Edward Beauchamp, his perſonal accompliſhments, and character, to ſay nothing of his now ample fortune, muſt make his addreſſes to *any* woman acceptable. You would not, I preſume, think of marrying her, if you might, till ſhe is eighteen or twenty: And would my Beauchamp fetter himſelf, by engagements to a girl; and leave *her* who at preſent can hardly give him the preference he deſerves, no chance of chooſing for herſelf, when at woman's eſtate?

He waved the diſcourſe; and left me without reſuming it. I am grieved, on recollection; for I am afraid he is not ſatisfied with me, for what I ſaid.

My deareſt Life, you muſt adviſe me. I will not take any important ſtep, whether relative to myſelf or friends, but by your advice, and, if you pleaſe, Dr. Bartlett's. Whenever heretofore I have had time to take

take that good man's, I have been ſure of the ground I ſtood upon. His has been of infinite ſervice to me, as you have heard me often acknowlege. Yours and his, will eſtabliſh my judgment in every caſe: But in this of Emily's, *yours*, my dear, for obvious reaſons, I muſt prefer even to *his*. In the mean time I will ſeek Beauchamp. He ſhall not be angry with his Grandiſon! — But, good young man! Can it be, that he is really in love with ſuch a girl as to years?

This I *dare* ſay; Beauchamp's principal regard cannot be to her fortune: His eſtate is unincumbred. I ſhould think myſelf, as well as Emily, happy, and that I had performed all my duty by her, were I to marry her to ſuch a man. But, methinks I want him to be *ſooner* married, than I ſhould wiſh my Emily to be a wife. I think you told me, that Emily at preſent has no thoughts of him—But you, my dear, muſt adviſe me.

Thurſday afternoon.

Sir Edward has juſt left me. He aſked my excuſe for having mentioned the above ſubject to me. It is at preſent in your power, Sir Charles, ſaid he, to ſilence me upon it for ever. It might not have been ſo ſome time hence. I thought, therefore, on examining the ſtate of my heart, it was but honourable to open it to you. Forbid me this moment to think of her, and I will endeavour to obey her guardian.

My dear friend! You know Emily's age—Would you willingly—I ſtopt, that he might ſpeak.

Stay for her? I would, Sir Charles, till you and ſhe—He pauſed—Then reſuming: My Love for her is not an intereſted Love. I would, if I might have your permiſſion to make my addreſſes to her (and that ſhould be by honeſt aſſiduities, before declaration) be wholly determined by your advice for the good of both. I would make your conduct to Lady

Clementina, when you laſt went over, my pattern. I would be bound, *ſhe* ſhould be free. I never would be ſo *mean*, as to endeavour to engage her by promiſes to me. My pride will ſet her free, whenever I perceive ſhe balances in favour of another man.

But what, my excellent friend, ſhall we do? Can you condeſcend to court *two* women, Emily ſo young, for her *diſtant* conſent?

What means Sir Charles Grandiſon?

I will read to you without reſerve, what I had juſt written to my Harriet, on this topic; reciting to her, what paſſed in the converſation between you and me, a little while ago.

I read to him accordingly, what I wrote to you, my deareſt Love. He heard me with great attention, not interrupting me once (nor did I interrupt myſelf; no, not by apologies for the freedom of my thoughts, on the ſubject). And when I had done, he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my unreſervedneſs, in terms worthy of our mutual friendſhip.

You ſee, my dear Sir Edward, ſaid I, how I am circumſtanced: What I have promiſed to my wife, is a Law to me, prudence and after-events not controuling. She loves Emily: She has a high regard for you. Women know women. Go hand in hand with her. I will ſave you the trouble of referring to me, in the progreſs of your application to my wife and Emily. My Harriet will acquaint me with what is neceſſary for me, as Emily's guardian, to know. I build on your hint of aſſiduities, in preference to an early declaration. *You*, my Beauchamp, need not be afraid of giving time to a young creature to look around her. Let me add, that Emily ſhall give ſigns of preferring you to all men, as I expect from you demonſtrations of your preferring her to all women; or I ſhall make a difficulty, for both your ſakes, of giving a guardian's conſent: And remember alſo, that Emily has a mother; who, though ſhe has not greatly merited conſideration,

ſideration, *is* her mother. We muſt do *our* duty, you know, my Beauchamp, in the common relations of life, whether *others* do theirs or not. But the addreſs of a man of your credit and conſequence cannot give you any difficulty there, when that of Miſs Jervois's tender years is got over.

He was pleaſed with what I ſaid. I aſked him, if he approved of her motion to go down with Mrs. Selby and Lucy? Highly, he ſaid; and, as it came from herſelf, he thought it an inſtance of prudence in her, that few young creatures would have been able to ſhew.

Inſtance of prudence! my Love! How ſo! When, wiſe as our Northamptonſhire relations are, Emily would have wanted no benefit that her choice can give her, were ſhe to remain with us, in the inſtructions and example of my Harriet.—But, my dear Life, does Emily hold her mind to attend Mrs. Selby and Lucy into Northamptonſhire? Let it be with her whole heart.

My couſin Grandiſon believes himſelf to be very happy. His wife, he ſays, thinks herſelf the happieſt of women. I am glad of it. She has a greater opinion of his underſtanding, than ſhe has of her own: This ſeems to be neceſſary to the happineſs of common minds in wedlock. He is gay, fluttering, debonnaire; and ſhe thinks thoſe qualities appendages of *family*. He has preſented her with a genealogical table of his anceſtors, drawn up and blazoned by heraldry art. It is framed, glazed, and hung up in her drawing-room. She ſhews it to every one. Perhaps ſhe thinks it neceſſary to apologize, by that means, to all her viſiters, for beſtowing her perſon and fortune on a ruined man. But what, in a nation, the glory and ſtrength of which are trade and commerce, is gentility! What even nobility, where deſcendants depart from the virtue of the firſt ennobling anceſtor!

Lord and Lady G. have invited Lady Clementina to dinner to-morrow. She has had the goodneſs to

accept of the invitation. Lord and Lady L. and my aunt Grandiſon, will attend her.

What, my dear, makes Charlotte ſo impatient (ſo petulant I had almoſt ſaid) under a circumſtance, which, if attended with a happy iſſue, will lay all us, her friends, under obligation to her? I aſked once my Harriet, if Lord G. were as happy in a wife, as Charlotte is in a huſband? You returned me not a direct anſwer. I was afraid of repeating my queſtion, becauſe I knew you would have chearfully anſwered it, could you have done it to my wiſhes. I ſee in my Lord's behaviour to her, reſpect, and affection even to fondneſs; but not the polite familiarity that becomes a wedded Love. Let her preſent circumſtance be happily over, and ſhe will find her brother's eye a more obſervant one, than hitherto ſhe has found it. But be not, my dear, over-ſolicitous for the friend you ſo greatly value: True brotherly Love ſhall ever hold the principal ſeat in my heart, when I ſit in judgment upon a Siſter's conduct.

My fond heart throbs in expectation of ſoon preſenting a Siſter to each of the two nobleſt women on earth. Allow for the perplexity of Clementina's mind; and for the impolitic urgency of her friends; and you will not, when you ſee her, ſcruple to hold out to a Siſter-excellence, not happily ſituated, the hand that bleſſed

Your ever-faithful

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Sat. Febr. 24.

THE arrival of the Leghorn-frigate is every day expected. The merchants have intelligence, that it put in at Antibes. If the journey by land from thence

thence to Paris, and ſo to Calais, could be made favourable to my dear friend Jeronymo, I have no doubt but our expected gueſts landed there, at this ſeaſon of the year, ſo unpropitious to tender paſſengers.

The houſe in Groſvenor-Square is now, thanks to good Lord G. quite ready for their reception. There will be room, I believe, as they propoſe to be here incognito, and with only neceſſary attendants, for the Marquis and his Lady, for Mrs. Beaumont (who will be both their comforter and interpreter) for the two Brothers, and Father Mareſcotti. Saunders has already procured handſome lodgings for the Count of Belvedere. I wiſh with you, my Love, that the Count were not to accompany them. The poor Lady muſt not know it, if it can be avoided. The two young Lords, whom I invited when I was in Italy, muſt be more immediately our own gueſts, if my deareſt Life has no objection.

Aſſure yourſelf, my generous Harriet, that the Lady ſhall not be either compelled, or too urgently perſuaded, if I have weight with the family when they arrive. They ſhall not know where ſhe is, nor ſee her, but by her own conſent, and as I ſee their diſpoſition to receive her as I wiſh. Excellent creature! what a noble ſolicitude is yours for her tranquillity of mind!

I have not yet been able to break to her the daily expectation I have of ſeeing in England her parents and brothers: Yet am uneaſy, that ſhe knows it not. I want courage, my Harriet, to acquaint her with it. I have more than once eſſayed to do it. Dear creature! ſhe looks with ſo much innocence, and ſo much reliance upon me; and is, at times, ſo apprehenſive—I know not how to break it to her.

She depends upon my mediation. She urges me to begin a treaty of reconciliation with them. I defer writing, I tell her, till I have ſeen Mrs. Beaumont.

Little does ſhe think they are upon their journey, and that I know not where to direct to them. She longs for Mrs. Beaumont's arrival; and hopes, ſhe ſays, ſhe will bring with her the poor Camilla, that ſhe may have an opportunity to obtain her excuſe for the harſh treatment ſhe gave her: And yet Camilla, ſaid ſhe, was a teazing woman.

Were you ever ſenſible, my Harriet, of the tender pain that an open heart (yours is an open and an enlarged one) feels; longing, yet, for its friend's ſake, afraid, to reveal unwelcome tidings, which, however, it imports the concerned to know? How loth to diſturb the tranquillity which is built upon ignorance of the event! Yet that very tranquillity (contemplated upon) adding to the pain of the compaſſionating friend; who reflects, that when the unhappy news ſhall be revealed, Time, and Chriſtian philoſophy, only, will ever reſtore it to the heart of the ſufferer!

Lord and Lady L. are endeavouring to divert their too thoughtful gueſt by carrying her to ſee what they think will either entertain or amuſe her. To-morrow (Lady L. contributing to the dear Lady's proper appearance there) they purpoſe to attend her to the drawing-room. But hitherto ſhe ſeems not to have a very high opinion of the country. If her heart could be eaſy, every-thing would have a different appearance to her.

I HAVE this moment the favour of yours of yeſterday. If our kind friends *will* ſtay no longer with you at the Hall, do you, my deareſt Love, as you propoſe, accompany them up. They are extremely obliging in propoſing to give me here two or three days of their company, before their return to Northamptonſhire.

My conſent, my Harriet! — Why, if you have a choice of your own, do you aſk it? I *muſt* approve of whatever you wiſh to do. Could I have been certain,

certain, I would have met my Love. But you will have many dear friends with you.

Tell my Emily, that I have had a viſit from her Mother and Mr. O-Hara; and am ſo much pleaſed with them, that I propoſe on Monday to return their viſit at their own lodgings.

Now I know I am to be ſoon bleſſed with the preſence of my Harriet, I have given way to all my wiſhes: One of them is, Never to be ſeparated from the joy of my heart. Such, I truſt, will ſhe ever be, to

Her grateful, ever-faithful,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIX.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

London, Friday, March 2:

AGAIN, my ever-honoured grandmamma, does your Harriet reſume the pen. Lucy and my aunt, between them, have given you an account of every-thing that paſſed ſince my laſt.

We arrived laſt night. With what tenderneſs did the beſt of men, and of huſbands, receive his Harriet, and her friends!

This afternoon, at tea, I am to be preſented to Lady Clementina at Lord L's. Don't you believe my heart throbs with expectation? Indeed it does. Sir Charles ſays, *her* emotions are as great on the occaſion.

What honour does my dear Sir Charles do to his Harriet! He conſults her, as if he doubted his own judgment, and wanted to have it confirmed by hers. What happineſs is hers, who marries a *good* man! Such a one will do obliging things for principle's ſake: He will pity involuntary failings: He will do juſtice to

good intentions, and give importance to all his fellow-creatures, becauſe he knows they and he are equally creatures of the Almighty. What woman, who *thinks*, but will prefer a good man to all others, however diſtinguiſhed by rank, fortune, or perſon? But my Sir Charles is a good man, and diſtinguiſhed by all thoſe advantages. What a creature ſhould I be, bleſſed with a huſband of a heart ſo faithful, and ſo well-principled, if I were not able to let my Love and compaſſion *flow* to a Clementina, tho' once (and indeed *for that* very reaſon) the only beloved of his heart!—Why are not *real* calls made upon me, to convince ſuch a man, that I have a mind emulative of his own, at leaſt of Clementina's? The woman who from motives of Religion, having the heart of a Sir Charles Grandiſon in her hand, loving him above all earthly creatures, and all her friends conſenting, could refuſe him her vows, muſt be, in that act, the greateſt, the moſt magnanimous, of women. But could the noble Lady have thus acted, my dear grandmamma, had ſhe not been ſtimulated by that glorious enthuſiaſm, of which her diſturbed imagination had ſhewn ſome previous tokens; and which, rightly directed, has heretofore given the palm of martyrdom to Saints?

We have juſt now been welcomed to town by Sir Edward Beauchamp. Sir Charles, on preſenting him to me, thus expreſſed himſelf: You remember, my deareſt Life, what I wrote to you of the laſt part of the converſation between Sir Edward and me, in relation to my Emily. Your prudence, my Harriet, and love of the good girl; your diſcretion and generoſity, Sir Edward; will join you together as counſellors and adviſers of your Grandiſon. My wife and my Friend cannot err in this inſtance, becauſe you will both conſider what belongs to the characters of a Guardian, and a Ward ſo beloved by you both; and, if you doubt, have Dr. Bartlett at hand.

My uncle, aunt, and Lucy, are determined to ſet out next Wedneſday for Northamptonſhire. Sir Edward deſired to know of Sir Charles, If he had any objection to his attending them down? None at all, ſurely, was Sir Charles's anſwer.

Mr. Deane accompanies them, in order to adjuſt ſome matters at Peterborough, preparative to the favour he does us of ſettling with us, or near us, for the remainder of his days. May that remainder be long and happy!

Sir Charles aſked Emily juſt now, If ſhe held her mind, as to going down? Indeed ſhe did, ſhe ſaid: Her heart was in it; and ſhe would go that inſtant to acquaint her mother with her intention, and to buy ſome things preparatory to her journey: She ſhould take it for a great favour, ſhe told Lucy, if ſhe would go with her on both occaſions.

Lucy has made to herſelf a great intereſt in Emily's heart. They are both ſure they ſhall be happy in each other. My aunt loves her: So does my uncle. Who does not? I am ſure *you* will, my dear grandmamma, and pity her too. Dear pretty ſoul! She coſts me now-and-then a tear. But had *I* not been in her way, it would have been worſe. She could have no hope: I am ſure ſhe *knows* ſhe could not. But what a ſad gradation is there in that Love, which, tho' begun in hopeleſneſs of ſucceeding, riſes by ſelf-flattery, to a poſſibility, then to probability, to *hope*; and, ſinking again to *hopeleſneſs*, ends in deſpair!—But how coolly I write on, for one who is by-and-by to ſee a Clementina!

I AM waiting Sir Charles's kind leiſure to carry me to Lady L's. He has Mr. Lowther with him juſt now; who, however, finding us engaged, will not ſtay.

Sir Charles approved my dreſs, as he paſſed by me to go to Mr. Lowther in the Study. He ſnatched my hand, and preſſed it with his lips: My ever-lovely, my

my ever-conſiderate Harriet, you want no ornaments: But I was ſure you would not give yourſelf any but thoſe that flowed from a compaſſionate and generous heart, when you were to viſit a Lady who at preſent is not in happy circumſtances; yet is intitled by merit, as well as rank, to be in the happieſt.

My aunt and Lucy long for my return, to have an account of the Lady, and what paſſes between us. How my heart—What is the matter with my heart?

LETTER XXX.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Sat. March 3.

LADY Clementina, my deareſt grandmamma, muſt not, ſhall not, be compelled. If I admired, if I loved her before, *now* that I have ſeen her, that I have converſed with her, I love, I admire her, if poſſible, ten times more. She is really, in her perſon, a lovely woman; of middle ſtature; extremely genteel: An air of dignity, even of grandeur, appears in her aſpect, and in all ſhe ſays and does: Her complexion is fine without art—Indeed ſhe is a lovely woman! She has the fineſt black eye, hair, eyebrows of the ſame colour, I ever ſaw; yet has ſometimes a wildiſh caſt with her eye, ſometimes a languor, that, when one knows her ſtory, reminds one that her head has been diſturbed. Why, taking advantage of her Sex, is ſuch a perſon to be controuled, and treated as if ſhe were not to have a will; when ſhe has an underſtanding, perhaps, ſuperior to that of either of her *wilful* brothers?

When we alighted at Lady L's, I begged Sir Charles to conduct me into any apartment but that where ſhe was. I ſat down on the firſt ſeat. Lady L. haſtened to me — My deareſt ſiſter, you ſeem diſordered—Fie!—Lady Grandiſon, and want ſpirits!

Sir

Sir Charles (not obſerving my emotion) had left me; and went to attend Lady Clementina. She, it ſeems, was in ſome diſorder. My Harriet (ſaid he to her, as he told me afterwards) attends the commands of her Siſter-excellence.

Call me not *Excellence!* Call me not her *Siſter!* Am I not a fugitive in her eye, in every-body's eye?—I think, Chevalier, I cannot ſee her. She will *look down* upon me. I think I am as much afraid to ſee her, as I was at firſt to ſee you. Is there ſeverity in her virtue?

She is all goodneſs, all ſweetneſs, madam. Did I not tell you, that ſhe is the Clementina of England?

Well, Sir, you are very good. Don't let me be unpolite. I am but a gueſt in this hoſpitable houſe—Elſe I would have attended her at the firſt door. Is ſhe not Lady Grandiſon? Happy, happy woman!

Tears were in her eyes. She turned away to hide them. Then ſtepping forward; I am now prepared to receive her: Pray, Sir, introduce me.

She is not without *her* emotions, madam—She is preparing herſelf to ſee you. Love, compaſſion, for Lady Clementina, fills her boſom—I will preſent her to *you*.

Lady L. went to her. Sir Charles came to me.—My deareſt Love, why this concern? You will ſee a woman you *cannot* fear, but muſt *love*. She has been in the like agitations—Favour me with your hand.

No, Sir—That would be to inſult her.

My deareſt Life! forget not your own dignity [I ſtarted]; nor give *me* too much conſequence with a Lady, who, like yourſelf, is all Soul. I glory in my wife: I cannot deſert myſelf.

I was a little awed at the time; but the moment I got home, and was alone with him, I acknowleged his goodneſs and greatneſs, both in one.

He led me in. Lady L. only (at Sir Charles's requeſt, for both our ſakes) was preſent. The noble Lady

Lady approached me. I haſtened to meet her, with trembling feet. Sir Charles, kiſſing a hand of each, joined them together. Siſter-excellencies, I have often called you! Deareſt of women, love each other, as I admire you both.

She threw her arms about my neck: Receive, O receive, to your Love, to your Friendſhip, a poor deſolate! Till within theſe few days, a deſolate indeed! a fugitive! a rebellious! an ingrate to the beſt of parents!

I embraced her — *Miſtaken parents*, I have called them, madam — I have pitied them; but moſt I have pitied you — Honour me with your ſiſterly love. This beſt of men had before given me two Siſters. Let us be four.

Be it ſo, my dear Lady L. ſaid Sir Charles, bringing her to us: And, claſping his arms about the three; You anſwer for the abſent Charlotte and yourſelf; a fourfold cord that never ſhall be broken.

Sir Charles led us to one ſettee, again putting a hand of each together, and ſitting down over-againſt us; Lady L. on the other hand of him. We were both ſilent for a few moments, each ſtruggling with her tears.

My Harriet, madam, ſaid Sir Charles, as I have told you, knows your whole ſtory. You two are of long acquaintance. Your minds are kindred minds. Your griefs are hers: Your pleaſures ſhe will rejoice in as her own.—My Harriet, you now *ſee*, you now *know* by perſon, the admirable Clementina, whoſe magnanimity you ſo much admired, whoſe character, you have ſo often ſaid, is the firſt among women.

We both wept: But her tears ſeemed tears of kindneſs and eſteem. I put the hand which was not in hers, on her arm. I wanted courage; my reverence for her would not allow me to be ſo free, or it had again embraced the too conſcious Lady. Believe me, madam (excuſe my broken Italian) I have ever revered

vered you. I have ſaid often, very often, that your happineſs, happy as I am, is neceſſary to complete mine, as well as Sir Charles Grandiſon's.

This goodneſs to me, a fugitive, an alien to your country; not a lover of your religion—O Lady Grandiſon, you muſt be as much all I have heard of you in your mind, as I ſee you are in your perſon. Receive my thanks for making happy the man I wiſhed to be the happieſt of men; for well does he deſerve to be made ſo. We were Brother and Siſter, madam, before he knew you. Let me be *his* Siſter ſtill, and let me be *yours*.

Kindred minds, Sir Charles Grandiſon calls ours, madam. He does me honour. May I, on further knowlege, appear to as much advantage in your eye, as you, from what I know of you, do in mine; and I ſhall be a very happy creature!

Then you *will* be happy. I was *prepared* to love you. I love you already, methinks, with a paſſion that wants not further knowlege of your goodneſs to augment it. But can you, madam, look upon me with a *true* ſiſterly eye? Can you pity me for the ſtep I have taken, ſo ſeemingly derogatory to my glory? Can you believe me unhappy, but not wicked, for taking it? O madam! my reaſon has been diſturbed—Do you know that?—You muſt attribute to that, ſome of my perverſeneſſes.

Heaven, deareſt Lady Clementina, only knows how many tears your calamity has coſt me! In the moſt arduous caſes, I have preferred your happineſs to my own. You ſhall know all of me, and of my heart. Not a ſecret of it, tho' yet uncommunicated to this deareſt of men, will I conceal from you. I hope we ſhall be true Siſters, and true Friends, to the end of our lives.

My *noble* Harriet! ſaid the generous man—Frankneſs of heart, my dear Clementina, is *her* characteriſtic. She means all ſhe ſays; and will perform more than

than ſhe promiſes. I need not tell *you*, my Love, what our Clementina is: You know her to be the nobleſt of women: Give her the promiſed proofs of your confidence in her; and, whatever they be, they muſt draw cloſe the knot which never will be untied.

Already, thus encouraged, ſaid the noble Lady, let me apply to you, madam, to ſtrengthen for me the intereſt I preſume to have in the friendſhip of Sir Charles Grandiſon. Let me not, Sir, let me not, I entreat you all three, be compelled to give my vows to any man in marriage. All of you promiſe me; and I ſhall with more delight look before me, than for a long, long time paſt, I thought would fall to my lot.

You, madam, replied Sir Charles, muſt concede a little, perhaps. Your parents muſt a little relax. Their reaſon, if you will not be too unconceding, ſhall not, if I am referred to, be mine, unleſs it is reaſon in every other impartial judgment. Would to Heaven they were at hand to be conſulted!

What a wiſh! Then you would give me up. You are a good man: Will a good man reſiſt the authority of parents, in favour of a run-away child? Dear, dear madam, claſping her arms about me, prevail upon your Chevalier Grandiſon to protect me; to plead for me: He can deny *you* nothing: He will then protect me, tho' my father, my mother, my brothers, ſhould all join to demand me of him.

My dear Lady Clementina, ſaid I, you may depend on *your own* intereſt with Sir Charles Grandiſon. He has your happineſs at heart, and *will* have, as much as I wiſh him to have mine.

Generous, noble, good Lady Grandiſon! how I admire you! May the Almighty ſhower upon you his choiceſt bleſſings! If *you* allow me an intereſt in his ſervices, I *demand* it of you, Chevalier.

Demand it, *expect* it, be *aſſured* of it, my dear Lady Clementina. I want to talk with you upon your expectations,

pectations, your wiſhes. As much as is practicable, whatever they are, they ſhall be mine.

Well, Sir, when then ſhall we talk?—To-morrow will be too ſoon for my ſpirits.

Do my Harriet then the honour of paſſing the day on Monday with her. The dear friends we have for our gueſts will chooſe to paſs it with Lord and Lady G.—Yourſelf, madam, Lady L. my Harriet, and I, will be all the company: You ſhall declare your pleaſure, and that ſhall be a Law to me. At preſent, this affecting interview has diſcompoſed us all; and we will retire.

Kindly conſidered! ſaid ſhe; You are in England what you were in Italy—I *am* diſcompoſed. I have diſcompoſed *you*, madam; to me. I was born to give trouble to my friends. Forgive me; I once was happy—I may hope, madam, to Lady L. your ſupporting preſence at your brother's on Monday?

Lady L. bowed her aſſent. She underſtands Italian; but ſpeaks it not.

The Lady ſtood up, yet trembling. I will withdraw, Ladies, Sir, if you pleaſe. My head ſeems as if bound round by a tight cord (putting her hand to her forehead). Then claſping her arms round me, thus in a high ſtrain ſpoke ſhe—Angel of a woman, gracious as the bleſſed Virgin Mother, benign, all that is good and great, I attend you on Monday. Adieu! —She kiſſed my cheek: I claſped my arms about her. Revered Lady Clementina!—I could ſay no more. Tears, and tenderneſs of accent, interrupted my ſpeech. Lady L. conducted her to her own apartment, and left her to her Laura.

We ſat down, admiring, praiſing, praying for her. Dear, dear Sir, ſaid I, taking Sir Charles's hand, Lady Clementina muſt not be perſuaded. Perſuaſion is compulſion. Why comes over the Count of Belvedere? If ſhe knows it, I will not anſwer for her right mind.

My

My Uncle and Aunt, Lucy, Emily, were very curious after particulars, when we came home; as we did to ſupper.

Sir Charles left it to Lady L. to manage with Lady G. who he knew expected a day of our beloved gueſts; and he himſelf apologized to them for the freedom he had taken of ſo diſpoſing of them. They had the goodneſs to thank him for his freedom with them. But yet they long to ſee the admirable Lady, who could renounce the man of her choice from religious motives; yet love him ſtill; fly to him for protection; yet be able to congratulate him on his marriage; and love his wife. She is great indeed! ſaid my aunt.—Lucy praiſed my generoſity—But what is that which is called generoſity in me, who am in full poſſeſſion of all my wiſhes, to that of Clementina!

Join, my dear grandmamma, in prayers for her happineſs; the rather, as in it, from true affection, is included that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXI.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Monday, March 5.

LADY L. and Lady Clementina came, juſt as we were preparing for breakfaſt.

Lady L. had given her ſuch an account of my friends, that ſhe was deſirous to ſee them, and, as ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, to beſpeak their favour to the poor fugitive. After the firſt ſalutations, ſhe addreſſed my aunt Selby in French, being told that ſhe ſpoke not Italian: You are happy, madam, ſaid ſhe, in a niece, who may challenge the world to ſhew her equal; and ſtill more happy in her being bleſſed with ſuch a huſband. Merit is not always ſo well rewarded.—My aunt was ſtruck with the manner as well as with the words. She

She made a very pretty compliment to my uncle; who, having forgot his French, could only bow, and ſeem pleaſed. When Lucy was preſented to her, as my uncle's niece, and my favourite correſpondent, You muſt not, mademoiſelle, ſaid ſhe, be angry with me, if I envy you.

To Emily, Happy, happy, young Lady! ſaid ſhe. I have heard of you in Italy. Mrs. Beaumont ſpoke honourably of you to me, more than once. We both called you happy in ſuch a guardian.

She made polite compliments to Mr. Deane; and beſpoke all their favour to her. How does every-body admire her!

I hope, my dear grandmamma, you don't think I forget my couſin Reeves's, tho' I mentioned them not before. I have already called in upon them twice: And they have, with the kind freedom of relations, dropt in upon us ſeveral times. They are invited gueſts at *Lord* G's: I won't ſay *Lady* G's, tho' every-body elſe does.

This is what I ſtole time to write, while Sir Charles is engaged in diſcourſe with the Lady, and our gueſts are preparing to be gone to Lord G's; Lady G. requeſting my aunt's company early. She is the verieſt coward! Theſe brave ſpirits, ſhe has ſaid, are but flaſh. Indeed the very delicate, as well as very ſerious, and even ſolemn, circumſtances, which attend her caſe, muſt make the livelieſt woman, when the time approaches, *think!* — The incloſed note of hers to my aunt, brought late laſt night, is, however, in her uſual ſtile:

YOU and Lucy muſt be here early To-morrow morning.

What wretched ſimpletons are we women! Daughters of gewgaw, folly, oſtentation, triſle! — Firſt, we ſhew our ſorry fellow, when not diſapproved, to our friends and relations; and take all their judgments

upon him. If he has their opinion in his favour, every-body, be he what he will, will praiſe him; and give him riches, ſenſe, anceſtry, and I cannot tell what of qualities that perhaps we ſhall never find out. Then we ſhew our preſents, our jewels, our laces; and a ſmile ſpreads the mouth, and a ſparkle gladdens the eye, of every maiden that hangs admiring over them. Ah ſilly maidens! if you could look three yards from your noſes, you would pity, inſtead of envying, the milk-white heifer dreſſed in ribbands, and juſt ready to be led to ſacrifice.

Well, then, what comes next? Why, the poor ſoul, in a few months, by the time perhaps her gratulatory viſits are half paid her, begins to find apprehenſion take place of ſecurity. Then are ſhe and all her virgins employed in the *wretchedeſt* trifles—If I thought you had forgot them, I would give you a liſt of them—And the poor fools, wrapping up their jewels in cotton, with ſighs that perhaps they have worn them for the laſt time, and doubtful whom they may next adorn, cover the decked-out milk-white bed with their baby-things. See here! and, See here! and, What is the uſe of this, and of that? aſks the curious, and perhaps too fearleſs maiden. "Why, "this is for—" and "That is for—" anſwer the matrons who have paſſed the Rubicon.

And to this is your Charlotte reduced!—Aunt Selby, Lucy, come early, that I may ſhew you my *baby*-things!—O dear! O dear! O dear! — and that you may be able to teſtify, that I had no deſign to overlay the little Marmouſet. Adieu till ten to-morrow morning.

C. G.

THE moment our gueſts were gone, Sir Charles came to me; and leading me into my drawing-room, where the Lady was, Comfort, my Love, ſaid he, your Siſter.

I haſtened to her (poor Lady! ſhe was in tears, and even ſobbing); and claſping my arms about her, Be comforted, be conſoled, my deareſt Lady Clementina.

O madam! my Father, my Mother, my Jeronymo, are every day expected; who beſide, I know not: How ſhall I look my Father, my Mother, in the face!

Sir Charles withdrew. He was troubled for her. He ſent in Lady L.

Your dear friend, madam, ſaid I, and *my* dear friend, will protect you. Your father and mother would not have had the thoughts of taking ſo long and troubleſome a voyage, had they not reſolved to do every-thing in their power to reſtore you to peace, and to them.

So the Chevalier tells me.

At this time of the year, madam, ſuch a voyage! your mamma ſo tender in her health! Such a diſlike to the ſea! Her whole motive is tenderneſs and love. She prefers your health, your tranquillity, to her own.

And is not this conſideration enough to diſtreſs a grateful ſpririt?—Unworthy Clementina! To every relation, in every action, of late unworthy! What trouble haſt thou given thy parents! I cannot, cannot bear to ſee them!—O my Lady Grandiſon, I was ever a perverſe creature! Whatever I ſet my heart upon, I was uneaſy, till I had compaſſed it. My pride, and my perverſeneſs, have coſt me dear. But of late I have been more perverſe than ever. My heart ran upon coming to England. I could think of nothing till I came. I have tried that experiment. I am ſick of it. I do not like England, now I ſee I cannot be unmoleſted here. But my favourite for years, was another project. That filled my mind, and helped me to make the ſacrifice I did.—And here I am come to almoſt the only country in Europe, which could render my darling wiſh impracticable.

Why went I not to France? I had with me ſufficient to have obtained my admiſſion into any order of nuns: And had I been once profeſſed!—I will get away ſtill, I think. Befriend me, my ſiſter! I cannot, cannot, ſee my mother!

Sir Charles came in juſt then. I heard what you laſt ſaid, madam, ſaid he: Compoſe yourſelf, I beſeech you. I dreaded to acquaint you with the expected arrival of your parents. But are they not the moſt indulgent of parents? You *have* nothing, you *ſhall* have nothing to fear, and you will have everything to hope, from their preſence.

Will you engage for their allowing of a divine dedication, Sir? Will you plead that cauſe for me?

I cannot ſay what will, what can, be done, till I ſee them. But confide in my zeal to ſerve you, madam. Lord L's houſe, I repeat, ſhall be your aſylum, till you ſhall conſent to ſee them. I cannot be guilty of a prevarication: I will own to them, that I know where you are; but, till you give leave, you ſhall be as much concealed from their knowlege, as if you were ſtill at your firſt lodgings, and I myſelf ignorant of your abode.

A man of honour, ſaid ſhe, her hands lifted up, is more valuable to a woman in trouble, than all the riches of the Eaſt! But tell me now, tell me upon your never forfeited honour, whom, beſides my *Father*, *Mother*, and your *Jeronymo*, do you expect?

My Lord the *Biſhop*, madam—

Oh! Oh! ſaid ſhe, clapping her hands together, with an inimitable grace and eagerneſs—I am afraid—But whom elſe?

Father *Mareſcotti*—

The good man! will *he* think it worth his while—But for my father and mother's ſake he will—Whom elſe?

Mrs. *Beaumont*, madam, never intended to ſet her foot on Engliſh ground again: But ſhe has broken th.o' her reſolution, to oblige your mother.

Good Mrs. Beaumont! — But I am half afraid of her. Well, Sir?

Camilla, your faithful Camilla, madam.

Poor Camilla! I uſed her hardly: But teazing never yet did good with me. Remember, Sir, they are not to know where I am. Your houſe, madam, to Lady L. is to be my aſylum.—Then, ſeeing me affected, Gentleſt of human hearts, ſaid ſhe, what right have I thus to pain you! Well, Sir, drying her eyes, with looks too earneſt for her health of mind; tell me, is any-body elſe expected?

Your couſins *Sebaſtiano* and *Juliano*, madam; but not the General.

Thank Heaven for that! — I love my brother Giacomo: But he is ſo determined a man! — His own Lady only can ſoften his heart.

Sir Charles, by his admirable addreſs, made her tolerably eaſy by dinner-time, on the ſubject of her friends expected arrival: And ſhe once owned, that ſhe ſhould be tranſported with joy to ſee her Father, Mother, and Jeronymo, could ſhe aſſure herſelf, that ſhe could ſee them with forgivingneſs in their countenances.

Sir Charles would only be attended at table by Saunders, whom ſhe had ſeen in Italy. She was much pleaſed to have it ſo; but deſired Laura might be permitted to attend at the back of her own chair.

I addreſſed myſelf to Laura three or four times, as ſhe ſtood. The Lady was pleaſed: And Laura ſeemed proud of my notice.

Now-and-then an involuntary tear filled the Lady's eye, as ſhe ſat. It was eaſy to enter into her thoughts, poor Lady! on her ſituation. She was grieved, ſhe ſaid, at the trouble ſhe gave me; and frequently ſought to ſuppreſs a ſigh. Once, after a reſverie of a few minutes; And am I here? ſaid ſhe; in England? At the houſe of the Chevalier Grandiſon? Can it be?

After dinner, Lady L. and ſhe and I, retiring to my drawing-room; What a generous Lady, ſaid ſhe, are you! I was afraid to ſee you, *before* I ſaw you: But the moment I beheld you, I embraced a Siſter. You will allow of my eſteem of your Grandiſon?

Of your *Love*, dear Lady Clementina, and thank you for it. A good man has an intereſt in every good perſon's affections.

Such generoſity, ſnatching my hand with both hers, would confirm a doubtful goodneſs. But indeed my eſteem for him always ſoared above perſon. You know I am a zealous Catholic. You know our doctrine of merits. I would have laid down my life to ſave his ſoul. But ſurely God will be merciful to ſuch a man, and no leſs ſo to ſuch a woman, as (putting her arms about me) I have now the honour to embrace.

Mercy, madam, ſaid I, is the darling attribute of the Almighty. He is the God of *all* men.

True—But—And was going to ſay ſomething further; but ſtopt on Sir Charles's entrance.

Sir Charles, after ſitting with us a little while, aſked leave of abſence for an hour, to look on his friends at Lord G's. We had a charming converſation in the mean time. Our ſubjects were various. The cuſtoms of Italian Ladies, and their ſurpriſing illiterateneſs in general, were parts of it. A woman there, it ſeems, who knew more than her own tongue, was a miracle till within theſe few years, that the French cuſtoms ſeem prevailing there. Why, madam, the Ladies of Italy, with genius's as fine as that claſſic climate ever produced, are immerſed in the pleaſures of ſenſe: Singing, dancing, and converſation-gallantry, take up their whole time. One would imagine, that their huſbands and fathers thought them only children of this world, and not heirs of a better hope, by the little care taken in improving their underſtanding: And were it not for the religion of the country,

country, which we call ſuperſtition, half the Italian world of women would be looked upon merely as temporary idols for men to worſhip for temporary gratifications only. Yet, in their converſation-aſſemblies, men ſee what they are capable of. But their country, it ſeems, is in the ſame uncultivated ſtate, as the minds of their women. The garden of the world, as Italy is called, is over-run with weeds: And, for want of cultivation, the very richneſs of its ſoil becomes its diſeaſe. But theſe reflexions I draw rather by deduction from what Lady Clementina ſaid, than from any direct confeſſion of hers. She is fond of her country in its preſent ſtate: But ſenſible Engliſh travellers ſpeak of it as I have written.

Sir Charles returned within his time. He is kind to be every-where; for he is the life of every company, and of every individual.

We paſſed a ſweet evening together, and till near eleven o'clock. Were Lady Clementina happy, how happy ſhould we all be!

Sir Charles waited on the Ladies home. Lord L. was by that time returned from Lord G's; but was the firſt of the friendly company that withdrew. Lady G. it ſeems, was all alive in every part of the entertainment. My uncle Selby and ſhe ſpared not each other. Her Lord, I fanſy, fared the better for the preſence of the Earl and Lady Gertrude, and for her having my Uncle to ſhoot at.

God preſerve my grandmamma, and all my dear friends in her neighbourhood, prays

Her ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXII.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, March 7.

OUR grief will be your joy, my deareſt grandmamma. My Uncle, my Aunt, Lucy, Emily, Mr. Deane—They are juſt gone: Juſt left me.

What a parting!—But Emily, dear creature! what was her grief, her noble ſtruggle with herſelf, to conceal her anguiſh from her guardian!

She will now be yours, and my aunt Selby's; and, when once ſettled, will, muſt, be happy; for ſhe is good, and you all love her, and will love her the more for this great inſtance of her nobleneſs of mind.

About half an hour before we parted, ſhe begged to ſpeak a few words to me in my cloſet. I led her thither. When we entered it, ſhe ſhut the door, and dropt down on her knees. I would have raiſed her; but ſhe would not be raiſed. I claſped my arms about her neck. I have revealed all my folly to you, ſaid ſhe. Forgive the weakneſs of a poor girl. A thouſand, thouſand thanks to you, madam, for your indulgent goodneſs to me. I longed to live with you and my guardian. I placed my whole happineſs in the grant. You gave me an opportunity to try the experiment. What I little expected happened: I was more unhappy than before. I revere your grandmamma: She is a bleſſed Lady! How good was ſhe on your wedding-day, to wiſh me, poor *me!* to ſupply to her the loſs of her Harriet! Her goodneſs, her condeſcenſion, that of all your family, overcame me: It would *not*, perhaps, had I not tried the other experiment. All that I have now to beg of you, is, to pardon me for the trouble I muſt have given to your noble heart: It *is* a noble heart, or it could not have borne with me as it has done. But promiſe to write a

Letter

Letter to me once a fortnight—and permit me to write to you once a week; and I ſhall think myſelf a happy creature. Not a thought of my heart but I will reveal to you.

I *do* promiſe, my Love, my Emily. The correſpondence between us will delight me. Nobody ſhall ſee any of our Letters, but at your choice.

Lady L. Lady G. may, madam: They love the poor Emily. Nobody elſe may, I believe; I ſhall write ſo poorly!—But I ſhall improve as I have more years, and more ſenſe. But my preſent concern is more for Lady Clementina than for myſelf. Poor Lady! Pray write ſomething of her friends behaviour to her, and hers to them, to *me* particularly, beſides what you write to your grandmamma: I ſhall take it for *ſuch* a favour! And it will make me look *ſo* important! You don't know how proud it will make me; and it will induce your Lucy, and every-body, to ſhew me every-thing you write to them; and I ſhall have it in my power to read out of your Letters to me ſomething in return; which will look like an acquittal of obligation.

All that ſhe wiſhed me to do, and ſtill more, as occaſions offered, I promiſed.

She aroſe from her knees; called me by many tender names; kiſſed one cheek, then the other; then one hand, then the other. I folded her to my fond heart: My Siſter, my Friend, my Emily, I called her. We wetted each other's boſom with our tears; and both went down with red eyes.

Extremely tender, but delicate, was the leave ſhe took of her guardian. The Brother, the affectionate Friend, and Father, I may ſay, appeared in his unreſerved tenderneſs to her. She hurried into my uncle's coach, (which ſtood ready, when ſhe parted with him) that her emotion might not be too viſible. I haſtened in after her, leſt ſhe ſhould be too much af-

affected; while my Aunt, Lucy, and my Uncle, were taking their leaves in the hall.

My deareſt Emily, I admire you, ſaid I.

Do you, do you! — Beſt of wives, of women, of friends, of ſiſters, do you ſay ſo?—I behaved not amiſs, then?

Amiſs! No, my dear: Charmingly, my Love! You are great as ever woman was.

How you comfort me!

Adieu, adieu! my beſt Love! ſaid I. — My beſt Lady Grandiſon! ſaid ſhe: Both in a breath, as from one heart, embracing; and quitting each other with regret; her arms folded about herſelf, when I left her; as if I were ſtill within them.

I gave my hand to Sir Edward Beauchamp, on ſtepping out of the coach; for he was ready to attend them; and hurrying into the hall, threw myſelf into the arms of my aunt. My Love, ſaid ſhe, take care of yourſelf: Emily ſhall not need to be *your* concern: She will be our Harriet.

Indeed ſhe ſhall, ſaid Lucy. Dear girl, ſhe ſhall be mine: And, thank God, I now have two Harriets inſtead of one.

My uncle wept like a child at parting with me. He would have carried it off, ſmiling in his tears. What, what, ſobbed he, ſhall I do for my girl! I ſhall miſs, I ſhall miſs, your ſau-ſau-ſaucineſs ſometimes—Was I ever angry with you in my life?

Mr. Deane comforted himſelf, that he ſhould but ſettle his affairs at Peterborough, and then would make our reſidence his, where-ever we ſhould be.

All of them departed bleſſing us, and we them; hoping for a ſpeedy meeting in Northamptonſhire. Every one expreſſed their ſolicitude for the happineſs of Lady Clementina, as well for her own ſake, as for Sir Charles's and mine.

God give you, and my deareſt, deareſt friends, now on

on their journey to you, a happy meeting, with every felicity that on this earth can fall to the lot of perſons ſo dear to the heart of

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Signor JERONYMO, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Dover, Monday night, March 12. O. S.

HERE we are, my Grandiſon; my father and mother ſo indifferent in their healths, that we ſhall have time to wait for your direction. My mother was ſo incommoded, that we put in at Antibes; and by ſlow journeys, ſtopping a few days at Paris, proceeded to Calais, where we hired a veſſel to bring us hither. My Brother, and Father Mareſcotti, are indiſpoſed. Camilla is not well. Mrs. Beaumont, to whom we owe infinite obligations, is the life of us all.

Have you heard of the dear fugitive, who has given us all ſo much diſturbance, and, at this ſeaſon of the year, ſo much fatigue? God grant that ſhe may be ſafe in your protection, and in her right mind! Had ſhe been ſo at the time, ſhe had never meditated ſuch a wild, ſuch a diſgraceful flight. The heart of the Count of Belvedere is torn in pieces by his impatience. He will ſoon follow the man and horſe whom we diſpatch with this. Signor Sebaſtiano will accompany him. Juliano will ſtay with us. The fatigue has been rather too much for your Jeronymo: But he rejoices, that he has his foot on Engliſh ground; the country that gave birth to his Grandiſon; and in his hopes of ſeeing his kind and ſkilful Lowther. God grant us a happy meeting; and that no interruption may have been given to your nuptial happineſs, by the extravagance of a young creature, which can only

only be accounted for in her, by the unhappy diſorder of her mind! Adieu, Adieu, my Grandiſon!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Tueſday morning, Eleven, March 13.

ABOUT two hours ago, Sir Charles received a Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The man had rode all night. They are all at Dover.

Sir Charles is already ſet out. Gone, with four coaches and ſix, of our own and friends, for them, and their attendants: Mr. Lowther with him. Richard Saunders is left to attend the Count of Belvedere to the lodgings taken for him.

The houſe in Groſvenor Square is ready for the reception of the reſt of the illuſtrious gueſts.

As ſoon as I can get quieter ſpirits, I will attend Lady Clementina, in order to re-aſſure her, if I find ſhe has preſence of mind enough to hear the news. Sir Charles has already induced her to wiſh the criſis over. It *is* a criſis. I am almoſt as much affected for her, as ſhe can be for herſelf. Yet ſhe has not cruel friends to meet. May the dear Lady keep in her right mind.

In what a hurry of ſpirits I write! You will not wonder. I have not my grandmamma's ſteadineſs of mind. Never, never, ſhall I be like my grandmamma.

Tueſday, two o'clock.

In Lady L's cloſet.] I have, as gently as I could, broken the news of their ſafe arrival at Dover, to Lady Clementina. She began the ſubject; and ſaid, She had been praying for the ſafety of her friends. What will become of me, ſaid ſhe, ſhould miſhap befal any one of them? Should the fatigue be

too

too much for either my father or mother, their healths ſo precarious; or for my Jeronymo, ſo lately ill?

After proper prefacings, I hoped, I ſaid, her cares on that ſubject would ſoon be over. Sir Charles had ſome intimation of the likelihood of their arrival at a particular port; and was actually ſet out with coaches, in hopes of accommodating them, when they *did* arrive, and to bring them to the houſe which had been (as ſhe knew before) got ready for their reception.

She looked by turns on me, and on Lady L. in ſpeechleſs terror: At laſt, Then I am ſure, ſaid ſhe, you know they are come. Tell me, tell me, are they indeed arrived? And are they all well?

I owned they were, and at Dover; and waited there to refreſh themſelves, and to be informed of her health and ſafety before they would proceed further.

She wept, even to ſobbing; inveighed againſt herſelf: Her tears were tears of duty and tenderneſs. She comforted herſelf, that Sir Charles would be able to ſoften their reſentments againſt her; and ſhe was ſure he would make the beſt conditions for her, that could be obtained.

Lord L. is all goodneſs, all compaſſion, to her. He greatly admires her. But we obſerve, that there are ſome little traces of wildneſs now-and-then in her talk, which carries her into high language and exclamation. May her mind be quieted! May her intellects be preſerved entire, in the affecting ſcenes before her!—I am ſent for home in haſte.

Tueſday night.

METHINKS I am half afraid of telling even you, my grandmamma, at this diſtance, to whom I was ſent for. It was to the Count of Belvedere. Signor Sebaſtiano was with him. Lord G. happened to call in at St. James's Square, when they arrived; and ſending for me, entertained them till I came.

I aſked Lord G. half out of breath with fear, at my

my *firſt alighting*, If he had ſaid any-thing of the Lady? Not a ſyllable, ſaid he: I avoided anſwering queſtions. The gentlemen were full of impatience to know ſomething about her: And this made me ſend for you: For, tho' cautioned, I was afraid of blundering.—Honeſt, modeſt, worthy Lord G!—I prevailed on them to ſtay ſupper with me. Lord G. was ſo obliging, as to ſend home to excuſe himſelf to his Lady, at my requeſt.

They are both fine young gentlemen; extremely polite. We have been told, that the Count is a handſome man. Indeed he is. Any Lady, with ſuch a character as he has, if ſhe were not prepoſſeſſed, might like him. He is certainly a gentle-diſpoſitioned and good-natured man. He looks the man of quality. He ſeems not to be above five or ſix-and-twenty: Has a foreign aſpect, and a complexion a ſallowiſh brown; yet has a healthy look. His eyes, however, as I knew his caſe, appeared to me to have a caſt like thoſe of a man whoſe mind is diſturbed.

I behaved to them with the greateſt frankneſs I could ſhew. I told them, that Sir Charles ſet out in the morning, on the receipt of a Letter from Dover, for that port, and with what equipages. They gave but a poor account of the health of the Marchioneſs: But if ſhe could but hear good tidings, he ſaid, and ſtopt—

Sir Charles, I anſwered, would do his utmoſt to ſet their hearts at eaſe.

May I not aſk a queſtion, madam? ſaid the Count. I find your Ladyſhip knows every-thing of us, and our affairs. We heard in Italy, that you were all goodneſs; and find you to be an angel. I make no compliment, ſaid he, laying his ſpread hand on his heart.

Lord G. with kind officiouſneſs, ſaid, that was the univerſal voice.

I anſwered in French, the language in which he ſpoke to me—That I had the pleaſure of informing him, that Letters had paſſed between Lady Clementina and Sir Charles. The account ſhe gives of herſelf, ſaid I, makes us not quite unhappy.

Makes US! ſaid the Count to Signor Sebaſtiano, in Italian, his hands lifted up: Heavenly goodneſs!

I imagined that he thought I underſtood not that tongue; and that I might not miſlead them into undue compliments, I ſaid, in my broken-accented Italian, We all here, Signors, are as much intereſted in the health and happineſs of Lady Clementina, as any of her friends in Italy can be.

They applauded all of us, who were, as they ſaid, ſo generouſly intereſted in the happineſs of one of the moſt excellent of women.

I told the Count, that Sir Charles had, as deſired, provided lodgings for him. I hoped he would find them convenient, tho' Sir Charles thought them not befitting his quality. He had, before he ſet out this morning (hearing that their Lordſhips were then probably on their journey from Dover to London) ordered his gentleman to attend him to them: You, Signor, ſaid I, are, if you pleaſe, with Signor Juliano, to be Sir Charles's own gueſts. We have another houſe which will be honoured with the reſidence of the Marquis and Marchioneſs, their Sons, the good Father Mareſcotti, and their other friends.

Good Father Mareſcotti! repeated the Count—Excellent Lady Grandiſon!—But you ſay well: Father Mareſcotti is indeed a good man.

I have by heart, my Lord, ſaid I, the characters of all my dear Sir Charles's Italian friends.

Again the two Lords looked upon each other, as admiring me.

Pity, my dear grandmamma, that different nations of the world, tho' of different perſuaſions, did not, more than they do, conſider themſelves as the creatures

creatures of one God, the Sovereign of a thouſand worlds!

The Count expreſſed great impatience to know ſome particulars of Lady Clementina. I took this opportunity to ſay, that as I had been informed of the tranſcendent piety of the Lady, and of her great earneſtneſs, from her earlieſt youth, to take the veil, I preſumed it would forward the good underſtanding hoped for, if it were not at preſent known, that his Lordſhip was arrived; and the rather, as ſeveral tender ſcenes might be expected to paſs between her and her other friends, which perhaps her preſent (eaſily to be ſuppoſed) weak ſpirits, and turn of mind, might with difficulty enable her to ſupport.

The Count ſighed: But, bowing, ſaid, He came with a very ſmall retinue, becauſe he would be as private as poſſible. He had been for many months determined to viſit England: The family della Porretta, Signor Jeronymo in particular, had promiſed to viſit Sir Charles in it likewiſe: They ſhould indeed have choſen a better ſeaſon for it, had not their care and concern for one of the moſt excellent of women induced them to anticipate their intentions. He was entirely of my opinion, he added, that his arrival in England ſhould not at preſent be known by Lady Clementina.

He then, in a very gallant, but modeſt manner, owned to my Lord G. and me his paſſion for her; and ſaid, that on the iſſue of this adventure of the dear Lady hung his deſtiny.

I told him, I had been the more free in giving my humble advice, as to the keeping ſecret his Lordſhip's arrival, as, but for that reaſon, I could aſſure him, Sir Charles would not have permitted his Lordſhip, or any of his train, to go into lodgings: And I mentioned the high regard which I knew Sir Charles had for the Count of Belvedere.

I ordered ſupper to be got early, as I ſuppoſed the

two Lords would be glad to retire ſoon, after the fatigue of their journey; for they had ſet out early in the morning. I ſent a note begging the favour of my couſin Reeves's company to ſupper; apologizing, by the occaſion, for the ſhort notice. They were ſo kind as to come. They admire the two young noblemen; for Signor Sebaſtiano, as well as the Count, is a ſenſible modeſt young man. Mr. Reeves and they entered into free converſation in French, which we all underſtood, on their country, voyage, and journey by land. Both gentlemen ſpoke of Sir Charles, and his behaviour in Italy, in raptures.

My couſin Reeves, attended by Saunders, was ſo good as to conduct the Count to his lodgings, in *his* coach; Sir Charles having all our equipages with him.

You will ſoon have another Letter, my deareſt grandmamma, from

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Wedn. morn. March 14.

MR. and Mrs. Reeves were ſo kind as to breakfaſt, and intend to dine, with me.

They brought with them, as agreed upon overnight, the Count of Belvedere, who has aſſumed the name of Signor Marſigli. After breakfaſt, Mr. Reeves dropping my couſin at Lady G's, carried the two noblemen thro' ſeveral of the great ſtreets and ſquares of this vaſt town; to Weſtminſter-hall; the houſes of parliament, &c.

I went in my chair, mean time, to pay my ſincereſt compliments to Lady Clementina: I aſſured her, that ſhe was, and ſhould be, the ſubject of our choiceſt cares.

Poor Lady! She is full of apprehenſions. I owned to

her the arrival of Signor Sebaſtiano, and his prayers for her ſafety and health; and told her what I had anſwered to his enquiries after her.

She was for removing to ſome diſtance from town, where ſhe thought ſhe could be more private. Lord and Lady L. both aſſured her, it was impoſſible ſhe could be any-where ſo private as in this great town; nor ſo happily ſituated (ſhould ſhe think fit, on a reconciliation, to own where ſhe had been) as in the protection, and at the houſe, of Sir Charles Grandiſon's brother and ſiſter.

God be praiſed for the happy meeting you all have had. Lucy is very good to be ſo particular about my Emily *(a)*! Dear girl! She is an example to all young Ladies. Let Clementina be made eaſy, and who will be ſo happy as your Harriet?

Thurſday, March 15.

Sir Charles has been ſo good as to let me know, that he and Mr. Lowther arrived yeſterday morning at Dover. He found the Marchioneſs, Signor Jeronymo, and the good Camilla, as he calls her, very much indiſpoſed from the fatigues they had undergone both in mind and body. The whole noble family received him with inexpreſſible joy. Jeronymo told him, that his company, Mr. Lowther with him, had given them all ſpirits; and health muſt follow to thoſe who were indiſpoſed.

Sir Charles ſuppoſes, that they will be obliged to continue at Dover all this day. To-morrow, if the Marchioneſs is able to bear the journey, they propoſe to ſet out, and proceed as far on their way to London as her health will permit; and to get to town as early on Saturday as poſſible.

The dear man thought his Harriet would be uneaſy, if he had not written to her, as he ſhall be two days longer out than he had hoped. To be ſure ſhe ſhould.

(a) This Letter of Miſs Lucy Selby appears not.

ſhould. If he had not thought ſo juſtly of her, as ſhe knows no other method of valuing herſelf than by his value of her, ſhe muſt have been extremely ſunk in her own opinion.

He bids me aſſure Lady Clementina, that ſhe will find every one of her friends determined to do all in their power to make her happy. Reſentment, he ſays, has no place in their boſoms: They breathe nothing but Reconciliation and Love.

I will not, my dear grandmamma, diſpatch this Letter to you, till I can inform you that this worthy family are ſettled with *us*, and *at* Groſvenor-Square.

Sat. Evening, March 17.

I HAVE juſt received the following billet from Sir Charles.

Groſvenor-Square, Sat. 4 o'clock.

MY deareſt Love will rejoice to know by this, that our friends are all arrived here in ſafety. The Marchioneſs bore the journey better than we expected. My Jeronymo is in fine ſpirits. I thought it would give my Harriet, as well as them, leſs fatigue, if I put them into immediate poſſeſſion of this houſe, than if I brought them to pay their compliments to her, as they were very deſirous to do, at St. James's Square. Mrs. Beaumont has allotted to them their reſpective apartments. There is room enough, and, they are pleaſed to ſay, handſome room. Signor Juliano will attend my Love with me. What an admirable forecaſt in my deareſt Life! A repaſt ſo elegant, prepared (as your Murray informs me) by your perſonal direction, to attend their hour. She tells me you have borrowed a female ſervant of each of our ſiſters, and one of Mrs. Reeves, to join with two of your own, in the ſervice of this houſe. In everything, on every occaſion, you delight by your goodneſs and greatneſs of mind

Your ever-devoted CH. GRANDISON.

I ſhall ſtay ſupper with them. But ſhall break away as ſoon as I can, to attend the joy of my heart.

Am I not a happy creature, my dear grandmamma? By what little offices, if done with tolerable grace, may one make a great and noble ſpirit think itſelf under obligation to one!—But had I known they would not have called firſt in St. James's Square, I would not have contented myſelf, as I did, with a viſit to the other houſe in the middle of the day, to ſee every-thing was in order, againſt they came: They ſhould have found me there to receive and welcome them.

Signor Sebaſtiano is flown to them. I ſhould have told you, that the Count, at my requeſt, dined and ſupped with me and Signor Sebaſtiano (they chooſing to comply with our Engliſh cuſtoms) every day of this week from that of his arrival. They are really good young men. They improve upon me every hour. How do they admire Lady Clementina! The Count yeſterday complimented me, that for piety, reading, underſtanding, ſweetneſs of manners, frankneſs of heart, ſhe could only be equalled in England. Italy knew not, he ſaid, nor had known of modern times, her mother excepted, ſuch another woman. *If I knew* Lady Clementina, he added, I would not wonder at his perſeverance, he having, beſides, the honour of all her family's good opinion.

How I long to ſee every individual of this noble family!—I know how ſincerely I love them all, by this one inſtance—I have not now, for near a week that my deareſt friend has been abſent from me, in their ſervice, wiſhed once for his company; tho' had he not written to me on Thurſday, I ſhould have been anxious for his health and theirs.

May they be indulgently, and not ungraciouſly, forgiving!—Then will I dearly love them.—Poor Lady Clementina! How full of apprehenſions has ſhe been all

all this week! She has not ſtirred out of her chamber ſince Wedneſday morning, nor deſigns it for a week or two to come.

Sunday.

My deareſt friend, my Lover, my *Huſband*, every tender word in one, left his noble gueſts for their ſakes early laſt night; and he was pleaſed to tell me, for his own ſake, longing to ſee, to thank, to applaud his Harriet. He brought with him the two young noblemen, who are our own immediate gueſts.

He gave me, laſt night and this morning, an account of what paſſed between the family and himſelf, from his arrival at Dover, to their coming to town laſt night.

They confeſſed the higheſt obligations to him for attending them in perſon; and for bringing Mr. Lowther with him. But when, on their eager queſtions to him after their Clementina, he told them, that he had heard from her, and that ſhe had owned herſelf to be in honourable and tender hands, the Marquis lifted up his eyes in thankful rapture: The Marchioneſs, with claſped hands, ſeemed to praiſe God; but her lips only moved: All the reſt expreſſed their joy in words dictated by truly affectionate hearts.

Sir Charles found them all moſt cordially diſpoſed to forgive the dear fugitive, as the Biſhop called her: But depend upon it, added the Prelate, nothing will ſecure her head, but our yielding to her in her long wiſhed-for hope of the convent, or prevailing on her to marry: And if you, Grandiſon, join with us, I queſtion not but the latter may be effected.

Sir Charles blamed them for having precipitated her as they had done.

That, ſaid the Biſhop, was partly the fault of our well-meaning Giacomo; and partly her own; for more than once ſhe gave us hope that ſhe would comply with our wiſhes.

I beſought Sir Charles, that he would not be prevailed upon to take part with them, if ſhe continued averſe to a change of condition.

I waved the ſubject, my deareſt Life, replied he, at the time. I have continued to do ſo ever ſince. I want only to ſee them ſettled, and Lady Clementina compoſed, and then I ſhall know what can be done. Till then, arguments on either ſide will rather ſtrengthen than remove difficulties.

The Biſhop, with great concern, told Sir Charles, that when the firſt news of Clementina's flight was brought to Bologna, her poor mother was for two days as unhappy in her mind, as ever her daughter had been; and when it was found likely that Clementina was gone to England, ſhe inſiſted ſo vehemently on following her, that they had no other way to pacify her, but by promiſing that they would out of hand pay to Sir Charles the viſit they intended, and ſome of them had engaged, to make him. Nor would ſhe, when ſhe grew better on their promiſe, acquit them of it. This determined them to this winter excurſion, ſorely againſt the will of ſome of them: And it was in compaſſion to this unhappy ſtate of the poor mother's mind, that Mrs. Beaumont conſented to accompany her.

Sir Charles is gone to attend Lady Clementina. He then propoſes to welcome the Count of Belvedere into England; and afterwards to wait on the noble family, and know when I ſhall be permitted to pay my devoirs to them.

Sunday, Two o'clock.

Sir Charles has found it very difficult to quiet the apprehenſions of Lady Clementina. He is grieved for her. God grant, he prays, that ſhe keep in her right mind. Lady L. thinks the poor Lady is already diſturbed.

Sir Charles was joyfully received by *Signor Marſigli*. He owned to that Lord, that he knew where to

ſend

ſend Letters to Lady Clementina. He is to introduce me by-and-by to his gueſts at Groſvenor-Square.

Sunday night.

SIR Charles preſented me to this expecting family. I admire them all.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs are a fine couple. There is dignity in their aſpects and behaviour. A fixed kind of melancholy ſits upon the features of each. The Biſhop has the man of quality in his appearance; but he has ſomething more ſolemn in his countenance than even Father Mareſcotti; who, at a glance, is not unlike our Dr. Bartlett: The more like, as goodneſs and humility both ſhine in his countenance.

But Signor Jeronymo is an amiable young man: I could, almoſt at firſt ſight (and his winning grace confirmed me) have called him Brother. With ſignal kindneſs did my Sir Charles preſent me to this his dear friend; and with equal kindneſs did Signor Jeronymo receive me, and congratulate Sir Charles. They all joined in the congratulation.

The amiable Mrs. Beaumont!—She embraced me; She felicitated me with ſuch a grace, as made her manner ſurpaſs even her words.

The good Camilla was preſented to me. She has the look of a gentlewoman. How many ſcenes did the ſight of this good woman revive in my memory! Some of them painful ones.

Signor Marſigli, as he is called, and the two young Lords, dined with them. This being a firſt viſit on my part, we made it a ſhort one. We went from them to Lady G's, and drank tea with her and her Lord. Sir Charles could not bear, he ſaid, to go immediately from the ſighing parents to the ſorrowing daughter; they not knowing, nor being at preſent to know, ſhe was ſo near them.

Lady G. was *ſo* petulant, *ſo* whimſical, when her

brother's back was turned, that I could not forbear blaming her: But I let her go her own way: She ſtopt my mouth—"So you think *you* ſhall behave "more patiently, more *thankfully*, in the ſame cir- "cumſtance!—Look to it, Harriet!"

Here, my deareſt grandmamma, I will conclude this Letter. Pray for the poor Clementina; for a happy reconciliation; and that the reſult may be tranquillity of mind reſtored to this whole noble family; ſo neceſſary to that of your dear Sir Charles, and

His and Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVI.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday, March 22.

NOthing deciſive yet, my dear grandmamma. There have been ſome generous contentions between the family and Sir Charles. He has beſought them to make their hearts eaſy, and he will comply with all their reaſonable deſires.

They think not of dining with, or viſiting us, till they can hear ſome tidings of their beloved daughter.

Lord G. Lord L. and Lady L. as alſo Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon, have been preſented to them.

Sir Charles has begun to enter into treaty, as I may call it, with the Lady on one part, her Family on the ſecond, and the Count of Belvedere on the third. Lady Clementina, it ſeems, inſiſts upon being allowed to take the veil; and that in a manner that ſometimes carries wildneſs with it. The Biſhop, Sir Charles thinks, ſeems leſs fervent in his oppoſition to it, than formerly. Father Mareſcotti, in his heart, he believes, favours her wiſhes. But the Marquis and Marchioneſs, and Signor Jeronymo, plead their own inclinations, their Son the General's unabated fervor,

in

in behalf of the marriage, were it but to ſecure the performance of the grandfathers will, and to be an effectual diſappointment of the intereſted hopes of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana. The Count of Belvedere's paſſion for the Lady (notwithſtanding her unhappy malady paſt, and apprehended) makes a great merit for him with the family; and the two young Lords think ſo highly of him for his perſeverance, that they are attached to his intereſt; and declare, that the Conte della Porretta their father is as ſtrongly on the ſame ſide as the General himſelf.

In the mean time, the fond mother is ſo impatient to ſee her daughter, that they are afraid of the conſequences, as to health both of mind and body, if a ſpeedy determination be not come to: On the other hand, the young Lady grieves to find herſelf, as ſhe ſays, in ſuch a ſituation, as to be obliged to inſiſt on conditions with her parents, before ſhe can throw herſelf at their feet; which ſhe longs to do, tho' ſhe dreads to ſee them. Sometimes (and they are when ſhe is calmeſt) ſhe blames herſelf for the ſtep ſhe has taken; at others, ſhe endeavours to find excuſes for it.

Sunday morning, Mar. 25.

Sir Charles has drawn up a paper at the requeſt of all parties. He laſt night gave a copy of it to the Lady; another to the Count; a third to the Biſhop; for them all to conſider of the contents; and he will attend them to-morrow for their anſwer. He has been pleaſed to give me alſo a copy of it; which is as follows:

I. That Lady Clementina, in obedience to the will of her two deceaſed grandfathers, in duty to her parents and uncle, and in compliance with the earneſt ſupplications of the moſt affectionate of brothers, ſhall engage her honour to give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world, not

not only for the preſent, but for all future time, ſo long as ſhe ſhall remain in her maiden ſtate.

II. She ſhall be at liberty to chooſe her way of Life; and ſhall be allowed, at her own pleaſure, to viſit her Brother and his Lady at Naples; her Uncle at Urbino; Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; and be put into the immediate perception of the profits of the eſtate bequeathed to her, if ſhe chooſes it; that ſhe may be enabled to do that extenſive good with the produce, that ſhe could not do, were ſhe to renounce the world; in which caſe, that eſtate would devolve to one, who, it is but too probable, would make a very different uſe of it.

III. She ſhall have the liberty of nominating her own attendants; and in caſe of death, or removal by promotion, of Father Mareſcotti (whoſe merits muſt at laſt render him conſpicuous) to chooſe her own confeſſor: But that her Father and Mother ſhall have their negative preſerved to them, in either caſe, while ſhe continues in their palace: Nor will the dear Lady think this a hardſhip; for ſhe wiſhes not to be independent on parents, of whoſe indulgent goodneſs to her ſhe is moſt dutifully ſenſible; and it is reaſonable, that they ſhould be judges of the conduct of every one who is to be a domeſtic in their family.

IV. As Lady Clementina, from ſome late unhappy circumſtances, thinks ſhe cannot marry *any* man; and as a late extraordinary ſtep taken by her, has ſhewn, that there is at preſent too much reaſon to attend to the weight of her plea; it is hoped, that the Count of Belvedere, for his own ſake; for the ſake of the compoſure of mind of the Lady ſo dear to all who have the honour of knowing her; will reſolve to diſcontinue his addreſſes to her, and engage never to think of reſuming them, unleſs ſome hopes

ſhould

ſhould ariſe, in courſe of time, of his ſucceeding in her favour by her own conſent.

V. Her ever-honoured parents, for themſelves and for their abſent brother the Count of Porretta; her right reverend brother for himſelf, and, as far as he may, for his elder brother; Signor Jeronymo for himſelf; will be ſo good as to promiſe, that they will never with earneſtneſs endeavour to perſuade, much leſs to compel, Lady Clementina to marry any man whatever; nor encourage her Camilla, or any other friend or confident, to endeavour to prevail upon her to change her condition: Her parents, however, reſerving to themſelves the right of propoſing, as they ſhall think fit, but not of urging; becauſe the young Lady, who is by nature ſweet-tempered, gentle, obliging, dutiful, thinks herſelf (however determined by inclination) leſs able to withſtand the perſuaſions of indulgent friends, than ſhe ſhould be to reſiſt the moſt deſpotic commands.

VI. Theſe terms conceded to, on all ſides, it is humbly propoſed, that the young Lady ſhall throw herſelf (as ſhe is impatient to do) at the feet of her indulgent parents; and that all acts of diſobligation ſhall be buried in everlaſting oblivion.

The propoſer of the above ſix articles takes the liberty to add, on the preſumption that they may be carried into effect, that his noble gueſts will allow him to rejoice with them on their mutual happineſs reſtored, for months to come, in his native country.

He hopes that they will accept of his endeavours to make England as agreeable to them, as they heretofore made Italy to him.

He begs that they will conſider their family and his,

as

as one family, ever to be united by the indiſſoluble ties of true friendly Love.

He hopes for their company at his country ſeat.

He will ſeek for opportunities to oblige and accommodate them in every article, whether devotional or domeſtic.

And when they will be no longer prevailed upon to ſtay in England, he will (no accidents, no events, preventing, of which themſelves ſhall be judges) attend them to Italy; and if his beloved Wife and Siſters, and their Lords, ſhall have made to themſelves, as he hopes they will, an intereſt in their affections, he queſtions not to prevail on them to be of the party.

CH. GRANDISON.

Monday morn. ten o'clock.

SIR Charles is gone to attend the Count at his Lodgings, in purſuance of his requeſt ſignified by a note laſt night.

Two o'clock.

THE following Billet is juſt now brought me.

MY deareſt Love will have the goodneſs to excuſe my dining with her this day. *Signor Marſigli*, and her Ever-devoted, are haſtening to Groſvenor-Square; where we ſhall dine. This worthy nobleman deſerves pity. Adieu, my deareſt Life!

CH. GRANDISON.

I am all impatience for the iſſue of theſe conferences: But I will not dine by myſelf, when I can ſit down at table with Lady L. and Lady Clementina at Lord L's—and with my Lord himſelf, ſo much my brother and friend. Here therefore will I cloſe this Letter. Forgive, my ever honoured grandmamma, the abruptneſs of

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Monday, March 26.

LADY L. when I was ſet down at her houſe, told me, that Lady Clementina had been in great agitations on the contents of the propoſals left with her. She kept her chamber all day yeſterday, and this morning. Lady L. had then but juſt left her. I ſent up my compliments to her. She deſired me to walk up. She met me on the ſtair-head in tears; and led me into her dreſſing-room — Have you ſeen the Chevalier's propoſals, madam?—I owned I had.

—Give up for ever, ſaid ſhe, my ſcheme, my darling ſcheme, for the ſake of which, I—There ſhe ſtopt.

It was eaſy to gueſs what the poor Lady was going to ſay. The ſubject was too delicate for me to help her out.

Deareſt Lady Clementina, ſaid I, be pleaſed to conſider the good it will be in your power to do to hundreds, according to the ſecond article, if you *can* comply. How much has our dear friend conſulted your beneficent ſpirit! All my fear is, that your parents will not ſubſcribe to their part of it. If they *will*, what a favourite ſcheme of their own will they give up!

She pauſed—Then breaking ſilence—And is it your opinion, Lady Grandiſon? Your opinion, joined to the Chevalier's—Let me conſider—

She took two or three turns about the room: Then, thinking of Sir Charles's intimation of a tour to Italy—With what ſoothing, what conſoling hope, ſaid ſhe, does the next-to-divine man almoſt conciliate my mind to his meaſures!—And could you, would you, madam, think of going with us to Italy? O how flattering are theſe hints!

I ſhould rejoice in ſuch a tour, replied I: Love me but in your Italy, if I ſhould be allowed to go, as I do you in our England, and I ſhall be happy in ſo fine a country, as I am told it is. But, deareſt Lady, what ſhall we do to obtain your friends compliance with theſe articles? Shall I caſt myſelf on my knees before your father and mother to beg theirs? You in *my* hand, I in *yours?*

Ever good, ever noble Lady Grandiſon!—But how firſt ſhall I pacify my own heart on yielding to my part of them?

Let it not ſtick there, madam. Will not Lady Clementina meet them one *fourth* of the way? It is not more.

Well, I will conſider of it. I ſhall hear what *they* will do. Your advice, my dear Lady Grandiſon, ſhall have all the weight with me, that a Siſter's ought.

I attended the ſummons to dinner. She excuſed herſelf. I took leave of her for the day, declaring my intention of going home as ſoon as I had dined.

Monday night.

Sir Charles returned with a benevolent joy brightening his countenance. He hopes to bring this affair to an iſſue not unhappy.

He was firſt with the Count of Belvedere, who received him with great emotion. I apprehended, ſaid he, that I was to be the ſacrifice. O Grandiſon, did you but know the hopes, the aſſurances, given me by the General, by Every-body!

Sir Charles expatiated on every argument that could compoſe his mind.

Will ſhe promiſe, will ſhe engage, that if ever ſhe marry, it will be the man before you, Chevalier? Why did you not make that a ſtipulation in my favour?

I think ſuch a ſtipulation would be of diſadvantage to

to your Lordſhip: You would be kept by it in ſuſpenſe, whatever had offered, whether in Italy or Spain; in both which countries you have conſiderable connexions. If Lady Clementina can be brought to give up the veil, it may not be impracticable to induce her in time (but time *muſt* be given her) to favour with her hand a man of your Lordſhip's merit and conſequence. If otherwiſe, your Lordſhip (unfettered either by hope or obligation) will be free to make another choice.

Another choice, Sir!—This to a man, who has ſo long adored her; and, thro' the various turns of her unhappy malady, ſtill preſerved for her a Love that never any other woman ſhared in!—But, if you pleaſe, we will hear what her father, her mother, and other friends, ſay to the articles you have drawn up.

They went to them. After dinner the important ſubject had a full and ſolemn conſideration.

Only Signor Jeronymo and Mrs. Beaumont at firſt eſpouſed the propoſed plan in *all* its articles; but every-body came into it at laſt. God be praiſed! Now ſurely the dear Lady muſt be happy. But the poor Count of Belvedere! He has not, in giving up his inclination, ſuch a noble triumph of ſelf-conquering duty as ſhe had to ſupport her in the ſame arduous trial. But then he cheriſhes a hope, that there remains a poſſibility, the Lady ſtill unmarried.

Nobleſt of women! Is Harriet a bar?—No! She is what you generouſly wiſhed her to be.

Tueſday, Mar. 27.

Sir Charles excuſed himſelf to Lady Clementina by a few lines laſt night, for not waiting on her yeſterday; and juſt as he was ſetting out to attend her this morning, the following note was brought him from Signor Jeronymo; the contents deſigned to ſtrengthen his endeavours to prevail on the Lady to accept his plan.

My

My deareſt Grandiſon, *Tueſday morn.*

YOU will make us all happy, if you can prevail upon our beloved Clementina to accept, and ſubſcribe to, your generous plan, as we all moſt chearfully are ready to do. "Reſtore yourſelf, my deareſt Siſter, "this day, or to-morrow at fartheſt, to the arms "of the moſt indulgent of parents, and to thoſe of "the moſt affectionate of brothers, two of us, who "will anſwer for our third. How impatiently ſhall "we number the hours, till the happy one arrives, "that we all ſhall receive from the hand of the "deareſt of friends, and beſt of men, a Siſter ſo "much beloved!"—Ever, ever, my dear Grandiſon,

Your grateful JERONYMO.

O my deareſt Lady Clementina, nobleſt of women! let your Siſter Harriet prevail upon you not to refuſe the offered olive branch!

Tueſday, two o'clock.

SIR Charles has juſt now acquainted me, that he has prevailed with Lady Clementina. To-morrow afternoon ſhe will throw herſelf at the feet of her father and mother. Rejoice with me, my dear grandmamma! All my friends, rejoice with me! congratulate me!—Is it not I myſelf that am going to be reſtored to the moſt indulgent parents, brothers, friends!

Let me gratefully add, from the information of his aunt Grandiſon, whom he brought home with him, that he was ſo good as to reſiſt entreaty to dine at Lord L's. And why? Becauſe, as he was pleaſed to give the reaſon (and was generouſly commended for it, by Lady Clementina) that I was alone. Lord L. propoſed to ſend to requeſt my company: He was ſure his Siſter Grandiſon would oblige them. And I, my Lord, ſaid Sir Charles, am ſure ſhe would too: But the time is ſo ſhort, that it is not giving one of the

the moſt obliging women in the world an option --- Tendereſt of huſbands! Kindeſt and moſt conſiderate of men! --- He will not ſubject a woman to the danger of being a refuſing Vaſhti; nor yet will give her reaſon to tremble with a too-meanly mortified Eſther.

Tueſday evening.

As Sir Charles and I were ſitting at ſupper, ſweetly alone; the whole world, as it ſeemed, to each other (for Mrs. Grandiſon chooſes to be at preſent at Lord L's, and was gone thither); the following Billet was brought me, written in Italian; which thus I Engliſh:

" TO-morrow, my deareſt Lady Grandiſon, as " the Chevalier has no doubt told you, the poor " fugitive is to be introduced to her parents. Pray " for her. But if I am to have the honour of being " looked upon as *indeed* your Siſter, you muſt do " more than pray for me. Was you in earneſt yeſter- " day, when you offered your comforting hand to " ſuſtain me, if I conſented to caſt myſelf at the feet " of my Father and Mother? Lady L. is ſo good as " to conſent in perſon to acknowlege the protection " ſhe has given me. Will you, my Siſter, *be* my " Siſter on this awful occaſion? --- Will you ſend me " your ſupporting hand? --- If you, as well as Lady L. " credit the runaway penitent with your appearance " in her favour, then will ſhe, with more courage " than can otherwiſe fall to her ſhare, look up to " thoſe parents, and to thoſe brothers, whoſe indul- " gent boſoms ſhe has filled with ſo much anguiſh. " Till to-morrow is over, ſhe dare not ſign the re- " ſpectable addition to the name of

Tueſday evening. " CLEMENTINA."

Will I! repeated I, as ſoon as I had read it: *Was I in earneſt yeſterday!* --- Indeed I was: Indeed I *will.* Read it my, deareſt Sir, and give me leave to anſwer its contents, as my amiable Siſter wiſhes.

He had looked benignly at his ſervants, and at the door; and they withdrew, as ſoon as the billet was brought, on my ſaying, *From the Lady!*

Scenes that may be expected to be tender, ſaid he, will not, I hope, affect too much the ſpirits of my angel---But it is a requeſt as kindly made by Clementina, as generouſly complied with by you. I will tell you, my dear, how, if the Lady pleaſe, we will order it. After dinner you ſhall call upon your worthily adopted Siſter, and take her and Lady L. to Groſvenor-Square. I will be there to receive her, and preſent her to her friends, tho' I doubt not but ſhe will meet with a joyful welcome. I will acquaint her with this to-morrow morning.

Wedneſday morn. March 28.

LADY Clementina approves of my calling upon her and Lady L. and of Sir Charles's being at Groſvenor-Square, ready to receive her. I am to attend her about five in the afternoon. She is, it ſeems, full of apprehenſions.

Wedneſday night, Ten o'clock.

WE are juſt returned from Groſvenor-Square---Dear Sir, I obey you. Sir Charles, in tenderneſs to me, inſiſts upon my deferring writing till to-morrow. The firſt command he has laid upon me.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday morn. March 29.

NOW for particulars of what paſſed yeſterday. Sir Charles is gone to Groſvenor-Square, to enquire after the health and compoſure of his noble gueſts there.

When I called upon Lady Clementina yeſterday, five o'clock, I found her greatly diſtreſſed with her own

own apprehenſions. I muſt, ſaid ſhe to me, be a guiltier creature than I had allowed myſelf to think I was: Why elſe am I ſo aſhamed, ſo afraid, to ſee parents whom I ever-honoured, brothers and friends whom I ever loved?---O Lady Grandiſon! What a diſpiriting thing is the conſciouſneſs of having done amiſs! And to a proud heart too!

Then looking upon the written plan, Let me ſee, ſaid ſhe, what I am to ſign. Theſe were the remarks ſhe made upon them, as ſhe read:

(1.) Hard, hard article, *the firſt!* But your Grandiſon, madam, my fourth brother, my friend, my protector, tells me, that I ſhall diſcharge all the obligations he ever laid upon me, if I will ſign it.---I ſubmit.

(2.) How flattering to my pride; to my hopes of doing good to the indigent and unhappy!

(3.) Nominating my attendants---my confeſſor---Kind, conſiderate Grandiſon! If I give up the firſt wiſh of my heart, I ſhall not inſiſt upon theſe ſtipulations in my favour. My parents ſhall have, in theſe caſes, affirmative and negative too. Indeed I deſire not in any article to be independent of them.

(4.) A grateful article! I acknowlege, Chevalier, your protection with gratitude, in this ſtipulation.

(5.) If my friends promiſe, they will perform. Ours is a family of untainted honour. I hope my Brother Giacomo will be anſwered for by *his* Brothers in theſe articles: But he will hate me, I fear.

Generous Grandiſon! what tempting propoſals do you conclude with! And you, Lady Grandiſon, are ſo good as to ſay, that my happineſs is wanting to complete yours---That is a motive, I aſſure you. Lead me, madam, and do you, my dear Lady L. (my hoſpitable other protectreſs) oblige me with your countenance too. A woman of your honour and goodneſs, Siſter of the Chevalier Grandiſon, acknowleging me your gueſt, and anſwering for my behaviour,

will credit the abject Clementina in the eyes of her forgiving relations. --- Sir Charles Grandiſon there before me, to prepare them to receive graciouſly the fugitive! --- Lead me on, while I can be led: I will attend you.

She looked wild and diſordered; and, giving each of us a hand, we led her to the coach. But, at ſtepping in, ſhe trembled, faltered, and ſeemed greatly diſturbed. We conſoled her all we could; and the coach drove to Groſvenor-Square. When it ſtopt, ſhe threw her arms about Lady L. and, hiding her face in her boſom, called upon the Bleſſed Virgin to ſupport her --- How, how, ſaid ſhe, can I look my Father, my Mother, in the face!

Sir Charles, on the coach ſtopping, appeared. He ſaw her emotion. It is kind, my Harriet! It is kind, Lady L.! to accompany Lady Clementina. --- Your goodneſs will be rewarded in being eye-witneſſes of the moſt gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long abſent daughter.

Ah, Chevalier! was all ſhe could ſay.

Let me conduct you, deareſt Lady Clementina, into a drawing-room, where you will ſee no other perſon but whom you now ſee, till your recovered ſpirits ſhall rejoice the deareſt of friends.

I was afraid ſhe was too much diſcompoſed to attend to this conſiderate expedient. I repeated, therefore, what Sir Charles laſt ſaid. She was viſibly encouraged by it. She gave him her trembling hand; and he led her into the prepared drawing-room. Lady L. and I followed, and took our ſeats on each hand of her; Sir Charles his over-againſt her. Our offered ſalts, and ſoothing, with difficulty kept her from fainting.

When ſhe was a little revived --- Huſh! ſaid ſhe, with her finger held up, and wildneſs in her looks, caſting her eyes to the doors and windows in turn: They will hear us! --- Further recovering herſelf --- O Chevalier!

Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I ſay? How ſhall I look? What ſhall I do? --- And am I, am I, indeed, in the ſame houſe with my Father, Mother, Jeronymo? Who elſe? Who elſe? with quickneſs.

It is ſo ordered, my deareſt Clementina, ſaid Sir Charles, in love and tenderneſs to you, that you ſhall only ſee your Mother firſt; then your Father --- At your own pleaſure, your Brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, Father Mareſcotti.

Sir Charles was ſent for out --- Don't, don't leave me, Sir. Then looking to Lady L. and then to me --- You are all goodneſs, Ladies --- Don't leave me.

Sir Charles inſtantly returned: Your Mamma, madam, all indulgence, is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her!

He offered his hand. She gave him hers; motioning for our attendance. Sir Charles led her, we following, into the room where was her expecting Mother. The moment each ſaw the other, they ran with open arms to each other. O my Mamma! --- My Clementina! --- was all that either could ſay. They ſunk down on the floor, the Mother's arms about the Daughter's neck; the Daughter's about the Mother's waiſt.

Sir Charles lifted them up, and ſeated them cloſe to each other --- Pardon! Pardon! Pardon! ſaid the dear Lady, hands and eyes lifted up, ſliding out of her Mother's arms on her knees --- But at that moment could ſay no more.

The Marquis, not being able longer to contain himſelf, ruſhed in --- My Daughter! my Child! my Clementina! Once more do I ſee my Child!

Sir Charles had half-lifted her up, when her Father entered. She ſunk down again, proſtrate on the floor, her arms extended: O my Father! Forgive! --- Forgive me, O my Father!

He raiſed her up, by Sir Charles's aſſiſtance; and, ſeating her between himſelf and his Lady, both again

wrapt their arms about her. She repeated prayers for forgiveneſs, in broken accents: Bleſſings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the firſt emotions, when they could ſpeak, and ſhe now-and-then could look up, which ſhe did by ſnatches, as it were, her eyes preſently falling under theirs, Behold, madam, Behold, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, the hoſpitable Lady to whom---Looking at Lady L. Behold, looking at me, a more than woman; an Angel--- More ſhe would have ſaid; but ſeemed at a loſs for words.

We have before ſeen and admired, ſaid the Marquis, in Lady Grandiſon, the nobleſt of all women.

He aroſe to approach us: Sir Charles led us both to them.

Lady Clementina ſnatched firſt my hand, and eagerly preſſed it with her lips; then Lady L.'s: Her heart was full: She ſeemed to want to ſpeak; but could not: And Lady L. and I, with overflowing eyes, congratulated the Father, Mother, Daughter; and were bleſſed in ſpeech by the two former; by hands and eyes lifted up, by Lady Clementina.

Sir Charles then withdrawing, returned with the Biſhop, and Signor Jeronymo. It is hard to ſay, whether theſe two Lords ſhewed more joy, than Clementina did ſhame and confuſion. She offered at begging pardon: But the Biſhop ſaid, Not one word of paſt afflictions! Nobody is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions preſcribed to both by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular.

My ever noble, my venerable Brother, ſaid Jeronymo (who had claſped his Siſter to his fond heart, his eyes running over) how I love you for this uncalled-for aſſurance to the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandiſon's plan ſhall be carried into execution. We will rejoice with the Chevalier in his England.---And he, and all who are dear to him, ſhall accompany us to Italy. We will be all one family.

Sir Charles then introduced to the Lady his greatly and juſtly eſteemed Mrs. Beaumont. Clementina threw herſelf into her arms. Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Beaumont! If *you* forgive me, *Virtue* will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never, would have ſo much diſgraced your leſſons, and her mamma's example, as ſhe has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. Say you forgive me, as the beſt and moſt indulgent of parents, and the kindeſt of brothers, have done.

It was not your fault, my dear Lady Clementina, but your misfortune. You never was ſo much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one ſentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: Be it healed, and every one will be happy; yes, more happy perhaps (for now we all underſtand one another) than if you had not left us to mourn your abſence.

Bleſſed be my Comforter, my Friend, my beloved Mrs. Beaumont! You always knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity: What a ſuperior woman are you!

Father Mareſcotti was introduced by the Marquis himſelf, with a reſpect worthy of his piety and goodneſs. I ſubmit, Father, ſaid Lady Clementina, before he could ſpeak, to any penance you ſhall inflict.

His voice would not befriend him: His action, however, ſhewed him to be all joy and congratulation.

I have been wicked, very wicked, continued ſhe—But Mrs. Beaumont ſays, and ſhe ſays juſtly, that I merited pity, rather than blame. Yet if you think not ſo, you, who are the keeper of my conſcience, ſpare me not.

Who, who, ſaid the good man, recovering ſpeech, ſhall condemn, when father, mother, and brothers, ſo zealous for the honour of their family, acquit? God forgive you, my deareſt Lady! And God forgive us all!

My deareſt Chevalier Grandiſon, ſaid Jeronymo,

what gratitude, what obligations, do we owe to you, and your admirable Lady and Siſters! Again I acknowlege the obligation for a whole family, from this hour a happy one, I hope.

It had been agreed between the family and Sir Charles, that not a word ſhould be mentioned to Lady Clementina of the Count of Belvedere. They requeſted Sir Charles to take upon himſelf the breaking to her, that he was in England, in his own manner, as opportunity ſhould offer.

Every one having been greatly affected, Sir Charles propoſed to take leave; and that Lady Clementina ſhould return to Lady L's for that night, as preparation might not have been made for her ſtay in Groſvenor-Square: But all the family, with one voice, declared they could not part with the reſtored daughter and ſiſter of their hopes: And ſhe herſelf chearfully conſented to ſtay; gratefully, however, with a bent knee, thanking Lady L. for her ſiſterly treatment.

Who, in the general joy, ſaid Sir Charles, has remembred the good Camilla? Let Camilla congratulate her Lady and all of us, on this happy occaſion.

Every one called out for Camilla. In ran the worthy creature. On her knees ſhe embraced her young Lady's, and wept for joy. Ah! my Camilla, my friend Camilla! ſaid Clementina, claſping her arms about her neck, I have been cruel to you: But it was not I—Alas! alas! I was not always myſelf—I will endeavour to repair your wrongs.

Thank God that I once more claſp my dear young Lady to my heart!—I have no wrongs to complain of.

Yes, yes, you have, kind Camilla: I wanted to elude your watchful duty; and was too cunning to be *juſt* to my Camilla.

Sir Charles forgot not to commend Laura to forgiveneſs and favour. Laura, ſaid Lady Clementina, is blameleſs. She obeyed me with reluctance. If I am *myſelf* forgiven, forgive Laura.

My

My deareſt Love, ſaid the Marchioneſs, we have agreed, that you ſhall chooſe your own ſervants. The Chevalier, we have no doubt, had Laura in his thoughts, when he made that ſtipulation: The Engliſh youth too. You, my Clementina, muſt have it in your power to do with theſe as you pleaſe.

May I be permitted, my Lords, ſaid Sir Charles, to make one requeſt for myſelf to Lady Clementina; a requeſt which ſhall be conſiſtent with the articles you will all ſign?

I will agree to a requeſt of yours, Chevalier, ſaid the Lady, be it almoſt what it will.

I will not, madam, make it to-day, nor to-morrow. After the hurry of ſpirits we have all ſuſtained, let to-morrow be a day of compoſure. Permit me to expect you all at dinner with me on Friday. The articles then may be ſigned: And then, but not before, I will mention my requeſt, and hope it will be granted.

Sir Charles's invitation was politely accepted; and to-morrow—

Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont below!—Agreeable ſurprize!

Sir Charles had been out, and was juſt come in when the two ladies alighted. I was overjoyed to ſee them, and to ſee Lady Clementina ſerene, and ſeemingly not unhappy. We are come, ſaid Mrs. Beaumont, to make our earlieſt acknowlegements for the happineſs reſtored to a whole family. Lady Clementina could not be eaſy till ſhe had paid her perſonal thanks to Lady Grandiſon, for the ſupport her preſence gave her yeſterday.

Gratitude, ſaid the Lady, fills my heart: But how, Chevalier, ſhall I expreſs it? I beſeech you, let me know your requeſt. Tell me, dear Lady Grandiſon, wherein I can oblige my fourth brother?

My deareſt Lady Clementina, ſaid Sir Charles, fortify your heart againſt a gentle (I hope it will then be

but

but a gentle) ſurprize. *You* have not yet ſigned; your *Relations* have not, I preſume, the articles to which you have mutually agreed.

Sir! Chevalier! Sir!

Let me not alarm you, madam.

He put one of her hands in mine; and took the other, in a very tender manner, in his.

You intend to ſign them?—*They* do, I am ſure. To-morrow, when we are all together, they will be ſigned on both ſides.

I hope ſo—They will not, Chevalier, be receded from?

They will not, madam: And hence you will be aſſured, that the Count of Belvedere will never be propoſed to you with any degree of urgency.

I hope not, I hope not, ſaid ſhe with quickneſs.

Should you, madam, on your return to Italy, be unwilling to ſee the Count as a friend of your family, as a reſpecter of your great qualities, as a countryman?

I ſhall always regard the Count of Belvedere as a man of honour, as a friend of my Brother Giacomo, of all our family—But I cannot place him in any other light. What *means* the Chevalier Grandiſon? Keep not my mind in ſuſpenſe.

I will *not*. Your father, your mother, your brothers, came over in hopes, that you might be prevailed upon in the Count's favour. They have given up that hope——

They have, Sir!

And will abſolutely leave you to your own will, to your own wiſhes, on the condition to which you have agreed to ſign—But *ſhall* I aſk you—Were the Count to be in France, would you allow him to come over, and take leave of your family and you, before he ſets out for the court of Madrid?

What, Sir! as a man who had hopes from me of *more* than my good wiſhes?

No,

No, madam, only as a friend to the whole family—not requeſting any other favour, now he ſees you ſo determined, than your good wiſhes, your prayers, for him; as you will ever have his for you.

I can conſent in that view: But were any other favour to be hoped from me; were my generoſity to be expected to be prevailed upon—O Chevalier! Lady Grandiſon! Mrs. Beaumont! Let me not be attempted in this way: The articles would be broken: This would be *perſuaſion*, and *that* compulſion.

Nothing, madam, of this kind is intended. The articles will be inviolably obſerved on the part of your relations. But here Mrs. Beaumont, who never intended to ſet her foot on the Engliſh ſhore, to oblige and comfort your mother, is come to England: And in the general grief that was occaſioned by your abſenting yourſelf, if the man, who was always deſervedly eſteemed by your family, *had* accompanied, had attended, your father, your brothers—

Sir Charles ſtopt, and looked at the apprehenſive Lady with *ſuch* a ſweet benignity, and, on her eye meeting his, with *ſuch* tender and downcaſt modeſty (all the graces of gentle perſuaſion are his!)—

O Chevalier, your requeſt! your requeſt! Tell me in what I can oblige the moſt obliging of friends, of men!

I will tell you, madam—bowing on the hand he held—Conſent, if it be not with too much pain to yourſelf, to ſee the Count of Belvedere.

See him, Sir! How? When? Where? As what?

As a friend to your family—a well-wiſher to your glory, your happineſs; and as a man ready and deſirous to promote the latter at the expence of his own. He wiſhes but, while he ſtays here—

"Stays here," Sir!

To be allowed to viſit your family, and to ſee you once, twice, thrice, as you pleaſe—but entirely under the conditions of the articles to be ſigned to-morrow.

And

And is then the Count in England?

He is, madam. He attended his and your friends over. He has not once deſired to appear in your preſence: He keeps himſelf cloſe in private lodgings. Hence judge of his reſolution not to diſturb or offend you. He will depart the kingdom without an interview, if you will have it ſo: But I could not bear, that ſo good a man ſhould be obliged to depart *diſgracefully*, as I may ſay, and as if he were undeſerving of pity, tho' he could not obtain favour.

O Chevalier!

Secured, madam, by the articles, tho' *his* emotion may be apprehended to be great, *yours* cannot—There is not the ſame reaſon for the one as for the other: I make it *my* requeſt, that the Count of Belvedere may be allowed, as one of the choſen friends of your houſe, but as no more (*more* the articles forbid) a place at my table to-morrow.

To-morrow, Sir! and I there!——

He bowed affirmatively.

O how the penetrating man looked into the heart of the Lady at her eyes!—As ſure as you are alive, madam, he thought of gueſſing by her then emotion, whether any hopes could diſtantly lie for the Count, by the conſequence his preſence or abſence would give him with her.

She pauſed—At laſt—And is *this*, Chevalier, the requeſt you had to make me?

It is, madam: and if my Harriet had not had the honour of this viſit, I ſhould have made the ſame requeſt for his admiſſion in the evening to-morrow—as now I do to dinner.

Well, Sir; I can ſuſpect no double-dealing from Sir Charles Grandiſon.

I aſk for no favour for the Count more than I have mentioned, madam: I am bound by the articles I have drawn, as if I were a party in them.

Well, Sir, I conſent to ſee the Count. He will be

be prudent: I hope I ſhall be ſo. In Italy, more than once, after you had left it, I ſaw him: And I always wiſhed him happy.

Now, my deareſt Siſter, ſaid Sir Charles, my ever-to-be-reſpected friend, I am eaſy in my mind. I could not bear in my thoughts, that any-thing *I* knew, which it concerned you to know, ſhould be concealed from you.

Tears ſtood in her eyes. O, madam, ſaid ſhe to me, God and you only can reward this excellent man for his goodneſs to me, and all the world that know him.—You ſee your influence, Chevalier. In every way do I wiſh to ſhew my gratitude. But never, never, aſk me to give my hand in marriage.

Ah, my dear Lady! thought I; a tear ſtealing involuntarily down my cheek; the *leſs*, the *leſs*, I doubt, muſt you be aſked, for having before you a man, who having no equal, you cannot think of any other.

The two Ladies hurried away to Lady L's. How ſincerely has the friendly heart of dear Lady L. been affected in all theſe tender ſcenes!

LETTER XXXIX.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday evening, March 29.

LADY G. has ſent for me in all haſte. She is taken ill. God give her a happy hour!

O my grandmamma! there are ſolemn, there are awful, circumſtances in the happieſt marriages. She begs to ſee her brother as well as me. I wait for him. The Count of Belvedere is with him.—They have parted—I am gone.

Thurſday night.

JUST returned. All happily over. A fine girl!—Yet, tho' a fine one, how are the Earl and Lady Gertrude

trude diſappointed!—Poor mortals, how hard to be pleaſed!

The brave are always humane. Sir Charles's tender and polite behaviour on this occaſion—How does every occurrence endear him to every body!

How dearly does Lord G. love his Charlotte! Till all was over, he was in agonies for her ſafety. His prayers then, his thankfulneſs now, how ought they to endear him to his Charlotte! And ſo they muſt, when ſhe is told of his anxiety, and of his honeſt joy, or I will not own her for my Siſter. But in her *heart*, I am ſure, ſhe loves him. Her paſt idle behaviour to him was but play. She will be matronized now. The *mother* muſt make her a *wife*. She will doubly diſgrace herſelf, if ſhe loves her *child*, and can make a jeſt of her *huſband*.

I have juſt now aſked Sir Charles, whether, if he *could* prevail on Lady Clementina, while they were all with us, to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, he would? By no means, ſaid he, and that for both their ſakes. Lady Clementina has, on many occaſions, ſhewn that ſhe *may* be prevailed upon by generous and patient treatment: Let the Count have patience. If ſhe recover her mind, a train of chearful ideas may take place of thoſe melancholy ones, which make her deſirous of quitting ſociety. She will find herſelf, by the articles agreed to, in a ſituation to do more good, than it is poſſible ſhe could do, were her inclination to take the veil to be gratified. The good ſhe will do, will open and enlarge a mind which is naturally noble; and ſhe will be grateful for the indulgence given her which will be the means of ſo happy a change: But if the poor Lady's mind be not curable (which God forbid!) who will pity the Count for not being able to obtain her hand?—I think, my dear, I have made him, tho' not happy, eaſy; and I hope he will be able to ſee her without violent emotions.

Friday

Friday morn.

SIGNORS Sebaſtiano and Juliano are come back, rejoicing that they have been introduced to, and kindly received by, Lady Clementina.

Sir Edward Beauchamp has juſt left me. How happy does the account he gives of my Emily's chearfulneſs make me! I *knew* you would all love her.

Sincerely do I rejoice in the news which my Nancy confirms, that Lucy has abſolutely rejected the addreſſes of Mr. Greville. She ſtartled me once, I can tell her: A naughty girl! what could ſhe mean by it?

Won't ſhe give me the particulars under her own hand? I ſhall be afraid of her till ſhe does; ſo much was I impreſſed by her warmth in the argument ſhe once held with me, in *his* favour, as I thought. Yet I cordially wiſh Mr. Greville well; but my Lucy better. Pray, madam, let me privately know, if the propoſals from the young Iriſh peer (*a*), whom Nancy praiſes ſo much for his ſobriety, modeſty, learning, and other good qualities, were made *before* or *after* the rejecting of Mr. Greville? I half-miſtruſt the girls who have been diſappointed of a firſt Love. Yet Lucy's victory over herſelf was a noble one. She is in the way, I hope, to be rewarded for it. God grant it!—Think you, my dear grandmamma, I can be ſolicitous (as I am from the bottom of my heart) for the happineſs of a new-adopted Siſter, and not be inexpreſſibly anxious for that of my Lucy, the faithful, the affectionate friend of my earlier years?

Our gueſts are entring.—May the ſame gracious Providence, which has more than anſwered every wiſh of your Harriet's heart in her own ſituation, ſhower down its bleſſings on Lucy, on you, and all the revered, the beloved circle! prays, my dear grandmamma,

Your and their ever dutiful and affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LET-

(*a*) Lord Rereſby, mentioned Vol. V. p. 334.

LETTER XL.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Sat. March 31.

NOW, my dear grandmamma, let me give you ſome account of what paſſed yeſterday.

The articles ſigned and witneſſed, were put into Lady Clementina's hand, and a pen given her, that ſhe might write her name, in the preſence of all her ſurrounding friends here.

Never woman appeared with more dignity in her air and manner. She was charmingly dreſſed, and became her dreſs. A truly lovely woman! But every one by looks ſeemed concerned at her ſolemnity. She ſigned her name; but tore off, deliberately *their* names; and, kiſſing the torn bit, put it in her boſom: Then, throwing herſelf on her knees to her father and mother, who ſtood together, and preſenting the paper to the former; Never let it be ſaid, that your Child, your Clementina, has preſumed to article in form with the deareſt of parents. *My* name ſtands. It will be a witneſs againſt me, if I break the articles which I have ſigned. But in your forgiveneſs, my Lord, in yours, madam, and in a thouſand acts of indulgence, I have too much experenced your paſt, to doubt your future, goodneſs to me. Your *intention*, my ever honoured parents, is your *act*. I pray to God to enable your Clementina to be all you wiſh her to be. In the Single Life only indulge me. Your word is all the aſſurance I wiſh for. I will have no other.

They embraced her. They tenderly raiſed her between them; and again embraced her.

I would not, methinks, Sir, ſaid ſhe, turning to Sir Charles, for the firſt time ſee the Count of Belvedere before all this company, tho' I revere every one in it. Is the Count in the houſe?

He

He is in my Study, madam.

Will my mamma, ſaid ſhe, turning to her, honour me with her preſence?

She gave her hand to Sir Charles, and took mine.—Jeronomo followed her; and Sir Charles led her into the next room. Too great ſolemnity in all this! whiſpered the Marquis to Father Mareſcotti. She courteſied, invitingly, to Mrs. Beaumont. She alſo followed her.

Sir Charles, ſeating her and the Marchioneſs, by the young Lady's ſilent permiſſion, went into his Study; and, having prepared the Count to expect a ſolemn and uncommon reception, introduced him. He approached her, profoundly bowing: A ſweet bluſh overſpread her cheeks: You, my Lord of Belvedere, ſaid ſhe, are one of thoſe my friends, to whom I am, in ſome meaſure, accountable for the raſh ſtep which brought me into this kingdom: becauſe it has induced you to accompany my brothers, whom you have always honoured with your friendſhip.—Forgive me for any inconveniencies you have ſuffered on this occaſion.

What honour does Lady Clementina do me to rank me in the number of the friends to whom ſhe thinks herſelf accountable!—Believe me, madam—

My Lord, interrupted ſhe, I ſhall always regard you as the friend of my family, and as *my* friend. I ſhall wiſh your happineſs, I *do* wiſh your happineſs, as my own; and I cannot give you a better proof that I do, than by with-holding from you the hand which you have ſought to obtain with an unſhaken, and, my friends think, an obliging perſeverance, quite thro' an unhappy malady, which ought to have deterred you, for many ſakes, and moſt for your own.

My dear mamma, throwing herſelf at her feet, forgive me for *my* perſeverance. It is not altogether owing (I hope it is not at *all* owing) to perverſeneſs, and to a wilful reſiſtance of the wills and wiſhes of all my friends, that I have withſtood you. Two reaſons

influenced me, when I declined *another* hand: Religion and Country, a double reaſon, was one; the unhappy malady which had ſeized me, was another. *Two reaſons*, riſing with dignity, and turning from her weeping mother, alſo influence me with regard to the Count of Belvedere; tho' neither of them are the important articles of Religion and Country. I own to you, before theſe my deareſt friends, and let it be told to every one concerned to know it, that juſtice to the Count of Belvedere is one—What a wretch ſhould I be, if I gave my hand to a man who had not the preference in my heart, which is a huſband's due—And ſhould I, who had an unhappy reaſon to refuſe one worthy man for his *own* ſake, perhaps for the ſakes of the unborn (I will ſpeak out on this important occaſion) not be determined to do as much juſtice to another?—In one word, I refuſed to puniſh the Chevalier Grandiſon [Madam, to me, you know my ſtory]: What has the Count of Belvedere done, that I ſhould make no ſcruple to puniſh him? My good Lord, be ſatisfied with my wiſhes for your happineſs. I find myſelf, at times, very, very wrong. I have given proofs but too convincing to all my friends, that I am not right.—While I ſo think, conſcience, honour, juſtice (as I told *you* once before, my good Chevalier) compel me to embrace the Single Life.—I have, in duty to my neareſt friends, given up the way I ſhould have choſen to lead it in.—Let me try to recover myſelf in their way. My deareſt, deareſt, mamma (again dropping on her knees to her) I will endeavour to make all my friends happy in the way they have agreed to make me ſo. Pray for me, all my friends!—looking round her, tears in big drops trickling down her cheeks. Then riſing, Pray for me, my Lord of Belvedere: I will for you; and that you may do juſtice to the merit of ſome worthier woman, who *can* do juſtice to yours.

She hurried from us, in a way which ſhewed ſhe was

was too much elevated for her corporal powers. Sir Charles beſought Mrs. Beaumont to follow her. Mrs. Beaumont took my hand.

We found the Lady in the Study: She was on her knees, and in tears. She aroſe at our entrance: Each of us haſtening to give her a hand. O my dear Lady Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, forgive me.—My dear Mrs. Beaumont, am I, am I wrong? Tell me, Have I behaved amiſs?

We both applauded her. Well we might. If her greatneſs be owing to a raiſed imagination, who ſhall call it a malady? Who, but for the dear Lady's own ſake, would regret the next-to-divine impulſe, by which, on ſeveral occaſions, ſhe has ſhewn herſelf actuated?

She ſuffered herſelf to be led to her mother, who embracing her (Clementina again kneeling to her) My deareſt child, my bleſſed daughter, we all of us, while ſuch are your apprehenſions, muſt acquieſce with your reaſons. Be happy, my Love, in your own magnanimity. I glory in my child.

And I in my Siſter, ſaid the noble Jeronymo—Saint! Angel! kneeling to her on one knee, notwithſtanding his lameneſs, I next to adore my Siſter.

She called him her brother, her true brother. Then, taking my hand; And will *you*, Lady Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, be my Siſter? Shall Sir Charles Grandiſon be my Brother? Will you return with us into Italy? Shall we cultivate on both ſides a family-friendſhip to the end of our lives?

I threw my arms about her neck, tears mingling on the cheeks of both: It will be my ambition, my *great* ambition, to deſerve the diſtinction you give me—My Siſter, my Friend, the Siſter of my beſt Friend, love him as he honours you; and me for his ſake, as I will you for your own, as well as his, to the end of my life.

Sir Charles claſped his arms about us both. His

eyes ſpoke his admiration of her, and his delight in each. Angels he called us. Then ſeating us, he took the Count's hand; and, leading him to her, Let me, madam, preſent to you the Count of Belvedere, as a man equally to be pitied and eſteemed. He yields to your magnanimity with a greatneſs of mind like your own. Receive then, acknowlege, the *friend* in him. He will endeavour to forego a dearer hope.

Then will I receive him as my friend. I thank you, my Lord, for the honour you have ſo long done me. May you be happy with a woman, who *can* deſerve you!---See that happy pair before you! May you be *as* happy as Sir Charles Grandiſon!---What greater felicity can I wiſh you?

He took her hand: On one knee he lifted it to his lips: I will tear from you, madam, a tormentor. I muſt aſk nothing of *you*; but, for myſelf, I can only promiſe, in the words of the Chevalier Grandiſon, to *endeavour* to forego, a dearer, the *deareſt*, hope.

The Count aroſe, bowing to her with profound reſpect; his eyes full; as his heart ſeemed to be. Signor Jeronymo motioned to return to the company. Lady Clementina wiſhed to retire with me, till what had paſſed was related to the reſt. I led her to my cloſet. There did we renew our vows of everlaſting friendſhip.

Sir Charles, thinking the relation would be painful to the Count, withdrew with him into his Study. Mrs. Beaumont, and Signor Jeronymo, told thoſe who were not preſent at the affecting ſcenes, what had paſſed.

When we were ſummoned to dinner, every one received Lady Clementina as an Angel. They applauded her for her noble behaviour to the Count, and bleſſed themſelves for having taken the reſolution of coming to England; and, moſt of all, they bleſſed my dear Sir Charles; to whom they aſcribed all their open-

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ing happy proſpects; and promiſed themſelves that his family and theirs would be as much one, as if the alliance, once ſo near taking place, had actually done ſo.

Sir Charles, at and after dinner, urged the carrying into execution the latter part of his beneficent plan. He offered to attend them to the Drawing-room, to the Play, to the Oratorios (and took that opportunity to give the praiſes which every-body allows to be due to Mr. Handel); and to every place of Public Entertainment which was worthy the notice of Foreigners; and left it to their choice, whether they would go firſt to Grandiſon-hall, or ſatisfy their curioſity in and about town.

The Marquis ſaid, that as Sir Charles and I were brought out of the country by the arrival of their Clementina, and our expectation of them, he doubted not but it would be moſt agreeable to us, to return to our own ſeat; adding, politely, that the higheſt entertainment they could have, would be the company and converſation of us, and our friends; and that rather at our own ſeats, than any-where elſe. The public diverſions, he was pleaſed to ſay, might take their attention afterwards. Now they were here, they would not be in haſte to return, provided Sir Charles and his friends would anſwer the hope he had given of accompanying them back to Italy.

There is no repeating the polite and agreeable things, that were ſaid on all ſides.

Well then, my dear grandmamma, to cut ſhort, thus it was at laſt agreed upon:

The Count of Belvedere, who, all the afternoon and evening, received the higheſt marks of civility and politeneſs from the admirable Clementina (which, by the way, I am afraid will not promote his cure) propoſes, with Signors Sebaſtiano and Juliano, to paſs a month or ſix weeks in ſeeing every-thing which they ſhall think worthy of their notice in and about this great city; and then, after one farewel-viſit to us,

they intend to ſet out together for the Court of Madrid; where the Count propoſes to ſtay ſome months.

We ſhall all ſet out, on Monday next, for Grandiſon-hall.

Lord and Lady L. will follow us in a week or fortnight.

How will the poor dear Charlotte mutter! whiſpered Lady L. to me: But ſhe and her Lord will join us as ſoon as poſſible.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandiſon loves not the Hall, becauſe of the hardſhips ſhe received from the late owner of it, Sir Thomas; and thinks herſelf bound by a raſh vow which ſhe made the laſt time ſhe was there, Never again to enter its gates: And ſhe will be delighted, Lady L. ſays, in attending, in the abſence of the fathers and mothers, the dear little infants of her two nieces.

Lady Clementina whiſpered me more than once, how happy ſhe ſhould think herſelf in theſe excurſions; and hoped all their healths would be eſtabliſhed by them. She ſaid the ſweeteſt, the moſt affectionate things to me. Once ſhe ſaid, bidding me call her nothing but *my* Clementina, that ſhe ſhould be happy, if ſhe could hope, that I loved her as much as ſhe loved me. I aſſured her, and that from my very heart, that I dearly loved her.

Surely it was a happy incident, my dear grandmamma, that Lady Clementina took a ſtep, which, tho' at firſt it had a raſh appearance, has been productive of ſo much joy to all round (to the poor Count of Belvedere excepted) and, in particular, to

Your ever-dutiful, ever-grateful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Lady* G.

Grandiſon-hall, Monday, April 9.

HOW happy, my dear Lady G. are we all of us here, in one another! How happy is your Harriet!---And yet when *you* can come, and partake of my felicity, it will be ſtill enlarged.

I have juſt now received a Letter from Lucy. The contents, as you will ſee (for I ſhall incloſe it) are a converſation that paſſed a few days ago at Shirley-manor, upon a ſubject of which you are a better judge than your Harriet. In ſhort, it is a call upon you, as I interpret it, to ſupport your own doctrines; by which, in former Letters, you have made ſome of the honeſteſt girls in England, half-aſhamed to own a firſt paſſion. You know how much I am at preſent engaged. I would not have the dear girls neglected. Anſwer the Letter therefore for me, and for yourſelf; yet, remember, that I do not engage to abide implicitly by your determination. Ever, ever, my Charlotte,

Your moſt affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

Miſs LUCY SELBY, *To Lady* GRANDISON.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

Thurſday, April 3.

EVERY hour in the day ſome circumſtance or other makes me wiſh my dear Lady Grandiſon in Northamptonſhire. Emily charms us all---But ſtill every object reminds us of our Harriet. Not that Harriet *alone* would content us now. Nor could Sir Charles and Lady Grandiſon be at this time ſpared by their noble gueſts. After all therefore, every-thing

is beſt as it is. But indeed we all wiſhed for you yeſterday evening, moſt particularly, at Shirley-manor. The converſation was an intereſting one to all us girls; and Emily, Nancy, and our couſin Holles's, have brought me to give you an account of it, and to appeal to you upon it; and through you, to Lady G. And yet we are all of us more than half afraid of a Lady, who has already treated but lightly a ſubject that young women think of high importance.

The converſation began with my couſin Kitty's greatly pitying Lady Clementina; deſcribing, in her pathetic way, the ſtruggles ſhe had had between her firſt duties and her inclination; the noble preference ſhe had given to the former; and the perſecution, as ſhe called it, of all her friends to induce her to marry when ſhe choſe to live ſingle all her life. Every one of us young folks joined with my couſin Kitty.

But your grandmamma Shirley could not, ſhe ſaid, perfectly agree with us in the hardſhip of Lady Clementina's ſituation; who having from noble motives ſpontaneouſly rejected the man of her choice, was, from reaſons of family convenience, and even of perſonal happineſs, urged to marry a nobleman, who, by all accounts, is highly deſerving and agreeable, and every-way ſuitable to her: A man, in ſhort, to whom ſhe pretended not an averſion; nor hoped nor wiſhed to be the wife of any other man; propoſing to herſelf only the Single Life, and having given up all thoughts of taking the veil.

Perſonal happineſs! cried out Miſs Kitty Holles: Can the woman be happy in a ſecond choice, whoſe firſt was Sir Charles Grandiſon?

And whom, for noble motives, ſhe refuſed, ſaid my aunt Selby, remember *that*, Kitty; and whom ſhe wiſhed to be, and who actually is, the huſband of another woman.

The girls looked at one another: But Mrs. Shirley ſpeaking, they were all ſilent.

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The happineſs of human Life, my dears, replied your grandmamma, is at beſt but comparative. The utmoſt we ſhould hope for here, is ſuch a ſituation, as, with a ſelf-approving mind, will carry us beſt through this preſent ſcene of trial! Such a ſituation, as, all circumſtances conſidered, is, upon the whole, moſt eligible for us, tho' ſome of its circumſtances may be diſagreeable.

Young people ſet out with falſe notions of happineſs; gay, fairy-land imaginations; and when theſe ſchemes prove unattainable, ſit down in diſappointment and dejection. Tell me now, Kitty Holles, and ſpeak freely, my Love [She would not addreſs herſelf to ſome of us, for a reaſon I, your Lucy, for one, need not give] we are all friends; the graveſt of us *have been* young; tell us, Kitty, your ideas of happineſs for a young woman juſt ſetting out in life.

Poor Emily anſwered only with a ſudden bluſh, and a half-ſtifled ſigh: But all the reſt, as with one voice, cried out, Harriet, our Harriet, is *the* happy woman—To be married to the man of her choice; The man choſen by her friends, and applauded by all the world.

And ſo, ſaid Mrs. Selby, as there is but *one* Sir Charles Grandiſon in the world, were his ſcheme of Proteſtant Nunneries put in execution, all the reſt of womankind, who had ſeen him with diſtinction, might retire into cloiſters.

Were men to form themſelves by *his* example, ſaid Emily [No unfavourable hint for Sir Edward]—There ſhe ſtopt.

Beſides, ſaid I (my own caſe in view) when our eye has led our choice, imagination can eaſily add all good qualities to the plauſible appearance. But to give our hand where we cannot give a preference, is ſurely, madam, acting againſt conſcience in the moſt important article of Life.

A *preference* we ought to give, my Lucy: But need this be the preference of giddy inclination? No averſion

averſion pre-ſuppoſed, will not reaſon and duty give this preference in a ſecurer and nobler way to the man who, upon the whole, is moſt ſuitable to us? It is well known, that I was always for diſcouraging our Harriet's declarations, that ſhe never would be the wife of any other man than him ſhe is now ſo happy as to call hers. If (as we all at one time apprehended) our hopes had been abſolutely impracticable, the noble Counteſs of D. who gave ſuch convincing reaſons on her ſide of the queſtion (*a*), would have had my good wiſhes for the Earl of D. So, before him, had not ill health been an objection, would Mr. Orme. You all know, that I wiſhed but to live to ſee my Harriet the wife of ſome worthy man. A ſingle woman is too generally an undefended, unſupported creature. Her early connexions, year by year, drop off; no new ones ariſe; and ſhe remains ſolitary and unheeded, in a buſy buſtling world; perhaps ſoured to it by her unconnected ſtate. Is not ſome gratitude due to a worthy man, who early offers himſelf for her guide and protector through Life? Gratitude was the motive even of Harriet's inclination at firſt.

Nancy ſmiled. Why ſmiles my Nancy? aſked your ſmiling grandmamma. I am ſure you think, child, there is weight in what I ſaid.

Indeed, madam, there is—Great weight—But juſt as you gave us an idea of the dreary unconnected Life of a ſingle woman in years, I thought of poor Mrs. Penelope Arby. You all know her. I ſaw her in imagination, ſurrounded with parrots and lap-dogs!—So ſpring-like at paſt fifty, with her pale pink Luſtring, and back head—Yet ſo peeviſh at girls!—

And ſhe, reſumed Mrs. Shirley, refuſed ſome good offers in her youth, out of dread of the tyranny of a huſband, and the troubleſomeneſs of a parcel of Brats!---Yet now ſhe is abſolutely governed by a favourite maid, and as full of the Bon-mots of her parrots,

(*a*) See Vol. IV. Letter xxxvii.

rots, as I uſed to be of yours, my Loves, when you were prattlers.

Yet let us not, ſaid Mrs. Selby, with the inſolence of Matrons or Brides-expectant, be too ſevere upon Old Maids. Lady G. ſurely is faulty in this particular. Many worthy and many happy perſons in that claſs, have I known: Many amiable and uſeful in ſociety, even to their lateſt age—You, madam, to Mrs. Shirley, *had* a friend---Mrs. Eggleton.

I had, my dear Mrs. Selby---Never has any length of time, any variety of ſcene, at all effaced the dear idea, tho' ſhe died many years ago. She never married; but that was not her own fault. She was addreſſed when near twenty, by a young gentleman of unexceptionable character. She received his addreſſes, on condition that both their friends approved of them. She was a viſiter in town. The relations of both lived in the country. The young couple loved each other: But neither of their families, when conſulted, approving the match, to the great regret of both, it was broken off. The gentleman married, and was not unhappy. In three or four years, another worthy man made his addreſſes to Mrs. Eggleton. All her friends approved. She found him deſerving of her affection, and agreed to reward his merit. He was to make one voyage to the Indies, on proſpects too great to be neglected, and on his return they were to be married. His voyage was proſperous to the extent of all his wiſhes. He landed in his native country; flew to his beloved miſtreſs. She received his viſit with grateful joy. It was his *laſt* viſit. He was taken ill of a violent fever; died in a few days, delirious, but bleſſing her.

She and I have talked over the ſubject we are upon a hundred times. In thoſe days I was young, and had my romantic notions.

Indeed, madam! ſaid Patty Holles. *Indeed*, madam! ſaid Emily---Dear, dear madam, ſaid Kitty Holles,

Holles, if it be not too bold a requeſt, let us hear what they were.

The reading in faſhion when I was young, was Romances. You, my children, have, in that reſpect, fallen into happier days. The preſent age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs. Eggleton, which was about my ſixteenth year, I was over-run with the abſurdities of that unnatural kind of writing.

And how long, madam, did they hold?

Not till I was quite twenty. That good Lady cured me of ſo falſe a taſte: But till ſhe did, I had very high ideas of firſt impreſſions: of eternal conſtancy: of Love raiſed to a pitch of idolatry. In theſe diſpoſitions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley propoſed to me, as a perſon whoſe character was faultleſs; his offers advantageous. I had ſeen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good ſort of man; a ſenſible man---But what was a good ſort of man to an Oroondates? He had paid no addreſſes to *me:* He applied to my friends on a foot of propriety and prudence. They laid no conſtraint upon me. I conſulted my own heart---But, my dear girls, what a temptation have you thrown in the way of narrative old age!

All of us moſt eagerly beſought her to go on.

The excellent Mrs. Eggleton knew my heart better than I did myſelf. Even *now*, ſaid ſhe, you *diſlike* not this worthy man. You can make no reaſonable objection to his offer. You are one of many Siſters [We were then a numerous family---Alas! how many dear friends have I out-lived!] A match ſo advantageous for you, will be of real benefit to your whole family. Eſteem, heightened by Gratitude, and enforced by Duty, continued ſhe, will ſoon ripen into Love: The only ſort of Love that ſuits this imperfect ſtate; a *tender*, a *faithful* affection. There

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is a ſuperior ardor due only to Supreme perfection, and only to be exerciſed by us mortal creatures in humble devotion. My dear Henrietta, concluded ſhe, *condeſcend* to be happy in ſuch a way as ſuits this mortal ſtate.

I replied to her, with diſtreſs of mind, proceeded Mrs. Shirley, that I could not depend on my own ſentiments. I had ſeen little of the world. Suppoſe, after I have vowed Love to a man quite indifferent to me, I ſhould meet with the very one, the kindred ſoul, who muſt irreſiſtably claim my whole heart? I will not ſuſpect myſelf of any poſſibility of miſconduct, where the duty and the crime would be ſo glaring; but muſt I not, in ſuch a caſe, be for ever miſerable?

The mild Mrs. Eggleton did not chide: She only argued with me. Often afterwards did I with delight, repeat this converſation to the beſt of men, my dear Mr. Shirley, when a length of happy years had verified all ſhe ſaid.

Dear madam, cried Kitty, tell us how ſhe argued, or we ſhall all remain on your ſide of the queſtion.

O my children! ſaid the venerable parent, in what talkativeneſs do you engage me!

I fear, Henrietta, ſaid Mrs. Eggleton, that tho' you are a good Chriſtian, your opinions in this point are a little heatheniſh. You look upon Love as a blind irreſiſtable Deity, whoſe darts fly at random, and admit neither defence nor cure. Conſider the matter, my dear, in a more reaſonable light. The paſſions are intended for our ſervants, not our maſters, and we have, within us, a power of controuling them, which it is the duty and the buſineſs of our lives to exert. You will allow this readily in the caſe of any paſſion that poets and romance-writers have not ſet off with their falſe colourings. To inſtance in *anger*; Will my Henrietta own, that ſhe thinks it probable, anger ſhould ever tranſport her beyond the bounds of duty?

I pleaded, that I was not naturally of an angry temper; and was aſked with a ſmile, whether I meant by that diſtinction, to own myſelf of a *loving* one.

I could not be angry with my good Mrs. Eggleton; yet I remember I was vexed to the heart.

But why then, rejoined ſhe, ſhould you think your ſelf more likely to fall in Love *after* you are married, than *before?*

At leaſt, ſaid I, a little peeviſhly, let me ſtay till I *am* in Love, as you are pleaſed to call it, before I marry.

I would not by any means, replied ſhe, have you marry a man for whom you have not a preferable inclination; but why may you not find, on admitting Mr. Shirley's addreſſes, young, agreeable, worthy, and every way ſuitable to you, as *he* is, that he is that man whom your inclination can approve?

I never ſaw him yet, ſaid I, with the leaſt emotion. I have no averſion to him: I might eſteem him: But what is that to the Love one is ſo ſolemnly to vow to a huſband? And ſhould I, after that vow, behold an object whom I could indeed have loved---

A Duke de Nemours! ſaid ſhe, taking up the *Princeſs of Cleves*, that unluckily lay on my table---Ah my Henrietta, have I found you out!---That princeſs, my dear, was a ſilly woman. Her ſtory is written with dangerous elegance; but the whole foundation of her diſtreſſes was an idle one. To fanſy herſelf in Love with a mere ſtranger, becauſe he appeared agreeable at a Ball, when ſhe lived happily with a worthy huſband, was miſtaking mere *Liking* for Love, and combating all her Life after with a chimera of her own creating. I do not tell you it is impoſſible for you to meet hereafter with perſons in ſome external accompliſhments ſuperior to the deſerving man whoſe wiſh is to make you happy: But will you ſuffer your eye to lead you into miſery *then*, when an

an additional tie of duty forbids its wandering; If ſo, I muſt ſuppoſe it would equally miſlead you *now*. Tell me, Henrietta, What think you of thoſe girls, who blaſt all the hopes of their fond parents, by elopeing with a well-dreſt captain, a ſpruce dancing-maſter, or a handſome player?

She ſtruck me dumb with ſhame.

You ſee then, my dear, the filial duty, the duty of a reaſonable and modeſt woman, were ſhe even without parents or friends, forbids fancy to be her guide, as much as the ſacred engagement of marriage forbids it to be her tormentor.

But have there not been Inſtances, ſaid I; do not you and I know one [We did] in this neighbourhood, where a truly good woman was made miſerable for years, by having her heart and hand differently engaged?

Mrs. Eggleton reminded me, that there were in that caſe, ſuch extremely particular circumſtances, as made it abſurd to form from thence a general judgment. In almoſt every thing, ſaid ſhe, we act but upon probabilities; and one exception out of a thouſand ought never to determine us. Even this exception in the caſe you hint at, is owing, in ſome meaſure, to a pitiably miſguided imagination. Let us take our rules, my dear, from plain common ſenſe, and not from poetical refinements.

Say, my children, ſaid the condeſcending parent, did my friend argue well?

I think, madam, anſwered Kitty, ſhe argued poor Love out of doors. She did not ſeem to allow the poſſibility of any perſon's being in Love at all.

I told her ſo, replied my grandmamma.

So far from it, ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, and a look expreſſive of the ſofteſt tenderneſs, that my own affections, as you know, were deeply engaged. The amiable youth, to whom I was to be united by marriage, died. His memory will ever be dear to my heart.

heart. Love, authorized by reaſonable proſpects; Love, guided and heightened by duty, is every thing excellent that poets have ſaid of it: Yet even *this* Love muſt ſubmit to the awful diſpenſations of Providence, whether of death or other diſappointment; and ſuch trials ought to be met with chearful reſignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or of rendering them uſeleſs: And every thing we ought to do, be aſſured, my dear, we ſhall be enabled to do, if we ſet about it rightly, and with equal humility and truſt. As for that kind of Love, which in its very beginning is contrary to Duty, to ſuppoſe *that* unconquerable, is making ourſelves wretched indeed: And for firſt-ſight impreſſions, and *beginning* inclinations, though always dangerous, and often guilty to indulge, they are abſolutely trifles to overcome and ſuppreſs, to a perſon of prudence and virtue.

How we dwelt upon every ſweet document that fell from the lips of the dear Mrs. Shirley!

But now, Harriet, for the appeals. After all, were you, or were you *not* a romantic girl, when you declared, that you never would be the wife of any man living if you were not Sir Charles Grandiſon's; even at the time when neither you nor we thought there could be any hopes of ſuch a happy event?---

But had we not however, better appeal to Lady G. than to you? You were always *ſo* wiſe!---Yet you could not be contented with the worthy Orme. You knew, inſtinctively, as I may ſay, that your kindred mind dwelt in St. James's Square. And Lady G. forty years hence will be looking back, I ſuppoſe, with wonder, on the time when ſhe gave her then fair hand of ſwan-ſkin, changed to buff [Her own flighty idea!] with reluctance, to her deſerving Lord. So, perhaps, we had beſt make no appeals at all. If we did, neither you nor ſhe are at leiſure now to anſwer them. Yet we have one appeal more to make; but

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it muſt be to our Harriet; not to Lady G.—Was not even our venerable parent a little too ſevere upon Old Maids? That wicked Nancy fell a laughing—Does ſhe know what may be her own caſe? Here is a great parcel of girls of us—Have not I, her Elder, been croſſed in Love already? But if no *proper* match ever offers, muſt we take an *improper* one, to avoid the ridicule of a mere name? An *unſupported ſtate* is better than an *oppreſſed*, a *miſerable* one, however: And how many raſhly-choſen huſbands, and repentant wives, could I ſet againſt Nancy's Mrs. Arby?—But the poſt is juſt going out; ſo that, far from entering on ſo copious a ſubject, I have barely time to add, that I am, with the trueſt affection, my deareſt creature,

Your faithful LUCY.

LETTER XLIII.

Lady G. *To Lady* GRANDISON.

Thurſday April 12.

I AM very well—What's the matter with the women!—I *will* write!—Fifteen days controul and caudle—Why ſurely!—

They are impertinent, my dear; and would take my pen and ink from me!—

You do well, Harriet, to throw upon me your ſelf-condemning taſk.

How conſcious you are, when you tell me, before you know my opinion of the contents of Lucy's Letter, that you will not ſubſcribe implicitly to my determination!---But I will not ſpare you. In my condemnation of *them*, read *your own*. I have written my anſwer, and ſhall incloſe it; and no more at preſent trouble myſelf about them.

But here, I, Charlotte G. who married with in-

difference the poor Lord G: who made the honeſt man, whenever I pleaſed, foam, fume, fret, and execrate the hour that he firſt beheld my face, now ſtand forth, an example of true conjugal felicity, and an encouragement for girls who venture into the married ſtate, without that prodigious quantity of violent paſſion, which ſome hare-brained creatures think an eſſential of Love.

You, my dear, left us *tolerably* happy. But now we are almoſt *in*-tolerably ſo. I had begun to recover my ſpirits, depreſſed, as they had been, for near a month before, on finding myſelf, like any common woman, confined to my chamber, while every other mouth ſang O be joyful; and one was preparing, another had ſet out, and half a ſcore more were actually got to dear Grandiſon-hall. I bit my lip, and raved at the wretch to whom I attributed my durance: When, yeſterday (after a *ſeries* indeed of the moſt obliging and moſt grateful behaviour, that a man ever expreſſed for a Preſent made him, which he holds invaluable) he entered my chamber; and ſurpriſed me, as I did him (for I intended that he ſhould know nothing of the matter, nor that I would ever be ſo condeſcending); ſurpriſed me, as how! Ah, Harriet, In an act that confeſſed the mother, the *whole* mother!—Little Harriet at my breaſt; or, at my neck, I believe I ſhould ſay---ſhould I not?

The nurſe, the nurſery-maids, knowing that I would not for the world have been ſo caught by my nimble Lord (for he is in twenty places in a minute) were more affrighted than Diana's nymphs, when the goddeſs was ſurpriſed by Acteon; and each, inſtead of ſurrounding me in order to hide my bluſhes, was for running a different way; not ſo much as attempting to relieve me from the Brat.

I was ready to let the little Leech drop from my arms---O wretch! ſcreamed I---Begone!---begone! Whence the boldneſs of this intruſion?

Never

Never was man in a greater rapture. For Lady Gertrude had taught him to wiſh that a mother would *be* a mother: He threw himſelf at my feet, claſping me and the little varlet together in his arms. Brute! ſaid I, will you ſmother my Harriet---I was half-aſhamed of my tenderneſs---Dear-eſt, dear-eſt, dear-eſt Lady G.---Shaking his head, between every *dear* and *eſt*, every muſcle of his face working; how you tranſport me!---Never, never, never, ſaw I ſo delightful a ſight! Let me, let me, let me (every emphatic word repeated three times at leaſt) behold again the dear ſight. Let me ſee you claſp the precious gift, our Harriet's Harriet too, to that lovely boſom --The wretch (trembling however) pulled aſide my handkerchief. I try'd to ſcold; but was forced to preſs the little thing to me, to ſupply the place of the handkerchief---Do you think, I could not have killed him?---To be ſure, I was not half angry enough. I knew not what I did, you may well think---for I bowed my face on the ſmiling infant, who crowed to the preſſure of my lip.

Begone, Lord G. ſaid I---See! ſee! how ſhall I hold the little Marmouſet, if you devour firſt one of my hands, then the other?

He aroſe, took the little thing from me, kiſſed its forehead, its cheeks, its lips, its little pudſey hands, firſt one, then the other; gave it again to my arms; took it again; and again reſigned it to me.

Take away the pug, ſaid I, to the attendants---Take it away while any of it is left---They reſcued the ſtill ſmiling babe, and run away with it.

My Lord then again threw himſelf at my feet---Pardon, pardon me, deareſt creature, ſaid he, that I took amiſs any thing you ever ſaid or did---*You* that could make me ſuch rich amends---O let not thoſe charming, charming ſpirits ever ſubſide, which for a fortnight together, till yeſterday, I miſſed. I loved you too well, proceeded he, to take any uſage that was

not quite what I wiſhed it, lightly. But for ſome time paſt I have ſeen that it was all owing to a vivacity, that now, in every inſtance of it, delights my ſoul. You never, never had malice or ill-nature in what I called *your* petulance. You bore with *mine*: You ſmiled at me: Henceforth every thing you ſay, every thing you do, will I take for a favour. O my Charlotte! Never, never more ſhall it be in your *power* to make me ſo far forget myſelf, as to be angry!

My *dear* Lord G.!---I had like to have ſaid--I believe I *did* ſay---Then will you ruin, abſolutely ruin, me!---What ſhall I do---for my Roguery?---

Never, never part with what you call ſo!---

Impoſſible, my Lord, to retain it, if it loſe its wonted power over you. I ſhall have a new leſſon to learn. O my Lord! why began you not this courſe before Harriet and Caroline ſet out for Grandiſon-hall? I might, by a cloſer obſervation of their behaviour, have made myſelf miſtreſs of leſſons that would have far more delightfully ſupplied the old ones, than can be done without their examples. But, my Lord, the time will ſoon come, when we ſhall be allowed to fly to that benefit at Grandiſon-hall. Our little Harriet ſhall go with us: The infant is the cement between us; and we will for the future be every day more worthy of that, and of each other.

My Lord hurried from me in ſpeechleſs rapture; His handkerchief at his eyes---Nurſe, ſaid I, bring me again our precious charge. I will be all the mother. I claſped it to my boſom. What ſhall I do, my little Harriet! Thy father, ſweet one! has run away with my Roguery---

What a ſcene is here!---I will not read it over. If it requires a bluſh, do you, my dear, bluſh for me: I am hardened---And ſhall not perhaps, were I to re-peruſe it (my *maternity* ſo kindly acknowleged, ſo generouſly accepted, by my Lord G.) be able to bluſh for myſelf.

But,

But, that I may ſeem only to have changed the *object*, not wholly to have parted with my levity, read the incloſed here, in anſwer to the appeal of the young people; directed thus:

Lady G. *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY,

And the reſt of the Girls at Selby-houſe,

Greeting.

YOU appeal to Harriet, and revoke your appeal: You appeal to me, and withdraw it in the ſame Letter—A parcel of chits! You know not what you would have; what you would be; and hardly what you are: You can have the ſaucineſs in more places than one, to reflect upon me your judge. But are you not convinced by the ſolid arguments of Mrs. Shirley? and her Mrs. Eggleton? If you are not, what ſtrange creatures are girls from ſixteen to twenty-two! Don't boys read romances as well as girls? Yet, in theſe latter days, do the glaring abſurdities influence them ſo much in Love matters, or laſt ſo long? Fooliſh things! would you give a preference againſt yourſelves to the other Sex?

Harriet, *I* think, was a *romantic* girl, when ſhe made her declarations of *one* man only, or no one, for a huſband. I did let her know my mind at the time by hints: But had my brother actually married Clementina, not only I, but her grandmother Shirley, and aunt Selby, and uncle too (odd ſoul as he is in ſome things) would have ſpoken out in favour of the young Earl of D. And had it not been with ſucceſs, after a proper time had paſſed, I, for my part, would have ſet her down as a very ſilly girl; inferior in this reſpect, to you, Lucy, and to twenty more I could name: For how few of us are there, who have their firſt Loves? And indeed how few firſt Loves are fit to be encouraged? You know my thoughts, Lucy,

of a beginning Love in a young boſom (*a*)—A very, very ſilly and childiſh affair, believe me.

Let me enumerate a few chances that may render a firſt Love impracticable.

A young woman may fix her affections on a man, who may prove perfidious,—On a man who may be engaged to another woman; as had like to have been my brother's caſe—On a man who may be ſuperior to her in degree or fortune; or who may be greatly inferior to her in both.- -If Love be not a voluntary paſſion, why not upon a hoſtler, a groom, a coachman, a footman—A grenadier, a trooper, a foot-ſoldier?---She may be in Mrs. Eggleton's caſe: Her Lover may be taken from her by death. In either, or any, of theſe caſes, what is to be done? Muſt a woman ſit down, cry herſelf blind, and become uſeleſs to the principal end of her being, as to this life, and to all family connexions, when, probably, ſhe has not lived one third of her time?---Silly creatures!---to maintain theſe nonſenſes at their own expence, in favour of a paſſion that is generally confined to the days of girlhood: and which they themſelves would laugh at in a woman after ſhe was arrived at honeſt thirty, or at years of diſcretion---Thus narrowing their own uſe and conſequence.---I, for my part, am, and ever will be, a friend of my Sex.

But, hark-ye, girls---Let me aſk you---Do you find many of theſe *conſtant* nymphs, when they have had their fooliſh way given them, and they have *buried* the honeſt man of whom they were once ſo dotingly fond, refuſe to marry again?---Do they wiſh, like the wives of ſome Pagan wretches, to be thrown into the funeral pile, with the dead bodies of their Lords? ---No! They have had their *whimſey* out. Their *Fit of conſtancy* is over; and, quiet good ſouls as they are by that time become, they go on without *Rantipoling*, in the ordinary courſe of reaſonable creatures.

(*a*) Vol. VI. p. 184, 185.

Not

Not but Harriet was in earneſt: I am ſure ſhe was. She believed, ſhe *certainly* believed, HERSELF. And were it given to us women *always* to be in *one* mind, ſhe would have made all her friends, the good Mrs. Shirley at the head of us, deſpair of ſucceeding with her in our endeavours to induce her to change it. But Harriet, with all her wiſdom, could not know what *Time* would have done for her. Time is the pacifier of every woe, the qualifier of every diſappointment—Pity for the man [the Earl of D. ſuppoſe—He would have thought it worth his while to feign dying for her]; the Entreaty of her friends:—You ſee what arguments her excellent grandmamma could have produced—Pho, pho, never fear but Harriet would have married before my brother and Clementina had ſeen the face of their ſecond boy—No *girls* ſhall he have, for fear they ſhould be Romancers.

And, do you think, that Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, a year or two hence—I have no fear of the matter; if they do not teaze, torment, oppoſe her. If they *do*—Why then, I will not be anſwerable for their ſucceſs. For with excellences that none but ſhe and Harriet among women ever boaſted, there is a glorious perverſeneſs, which they miſcall *conſtancy* and *perſeverance*, in the mind of that noble Lady (and indeed in the minds of *moſt* of us) that will probably, as it has already done, carry her thro' all oppoſition---In ſhort, no more teazing, tormenting from Friends, no more heroics from Girl---Is not oppoſition, is not reſiſtance, the very ſoul and eſſence of all ſorts of heroiſm?---My life therefore for Clementina's, admirable creature as ſhe undoubtedly is---Leave her ſea-room, leave her land-room, and let her have time to conſider; and ſhe will be a Bride.

Did I ever a mention to you a trick that an honeſt guardian put upon his ward? Many a one have you heard of from *diſhoneſt* ones. This briefly was it.

The girl was of the heroic ſtamp; as good a girl

as an heroic girl could well be. A match was propoſed for her, much more conſiderable than ſhe could have expected, as to fortune; and as to the man's perſon and qualities of mind, abſolutely unexceptionable---Young, handſome, gallant, and moſt ardently in Love with her: But, impolitic! he had let her know as much, before he had made himſelf ſure of the ſhadow of a return, or acceptance. Her guardian, from pure Love of his ward, and a ſenſe of the advantageouſneſs of the offer, heartily eſpouſed the intereſts of the young gentleman. This was *another* unhappineſs to him. She gave him an abſolute denial: Nor vouchſafed ſhe to aſſign a reaſon for it; having, indeed, no other man either in her head or heart.

Her guardian was a man who knew the world, and a little of the Sex: He ſaw that Miſs was in the very meridian of her heroics; and that the grievance moſt probably was, that there was no likelihood of difficulty or oppoſition. He took another courſe. He acquainted the young Lady, that he had altered his mind: That he had objections to the addreſs of Sir Arthur Poinings (the young gentleman's name) and declared, that he never would give his conſent. He deſired that ſhe would by no means ſee him, or receive Letters from him; and he talked of carrying her down to his country-ſeat in a full town-ſeaſon; [The girl had a taſte for pleaſure---What girl has not?] not doubting, he ſaid, that the young Baronet would perſecute her with his addreſſes while ſhe remained in London. He then actually forbid Sir Arthur his houſe; and, more than once, read Miſs a Lecture on the *Authority* of a *guardian*, and the *Duty* of a *ward*. Words that naturally incite young girls to rebellion.

Sir Arthur found means to write to the minx, as if unknown to her guardian. Darts, flames, and diſtreſſes, were ſuggeſted in his Letter. The girl began to relent; the guardian to ſuſpect: He *renewed* his

his prohibition; cunning creature!—The affair now wore a face of difficulty. She anſwered the young gentleman's Letters. It became a regular Love-affair of the heroic kind. And, at laſt---What at laſt!---Why, the young Lady, attended only by her faithful DELIA, who had been aſſiſtant to the Lovers in their correſpondence, ran away from an *inexorable* guardian, to Sir Arthur; married him; and, in a few days, writting an humble Letter for her cloaths, acknowleged raſhneſs, which ſhe laid at the door of LOVE, and ſo-forth. The guardian deſired a meeting with the Love-yers; now no more *Love-yers*, but *man* and *wife*. They met, with trembling on her ſide, with pretended apprehenſion on Sir Arthur's, for having diſobliged ſo good a guardian. The guardian was in high good-humour. He forgave them both, at the firſt word, and ſurrendered up his truſt with pleaſure. The girl was ſurprized at his unexpected goodneſs; and had ſhe not been actually nailed down by the ſolemnity, would very probably have again reſumed her heroics.

Well, but I am charmed with Mrs. Shirley's Eggleton, as well as with her account of herſelf in her heroic days. Little did I think that ſhe ever was *girl* enough to be infected: But, as ſhe ſays, romances were the faſhionable reading of her youthful years.

Tell aunt Selby that I am not an enemy to old maids; but only to thoſe ill qualities which I ſhould equally diſlike in old or in young *Any-bodies*. I love Lady Gertrude, and even aunt Eleanor, for thoſe qualities that are *love-able* in them. But you ſee that your Nancy, the mild, good-natured Nancy, could not forbear laughing at the idea of the young-old Penelope Arby: Yet knows ſhe not, ſays the malicious Lucy, what may be her own caſe. But I have appealed for you; and to whom? To Lady Gertrude. I was writing to her on a particular occaſion, when

your

your pacquet was brought me; and, in order to enliven my ſubject, tranſcribed three lines of Lucy's query upon defending the Single ſtate. She was but at Enfield, and returned me the following by the ſame meſſenger; the other part of my Letter requiring an immediate anſwer.

"Your queſtion, my deareſt niece, is whimſically "aſked: You tell me that a whole room-full of "young country ladies wait only the ſucceſs of an "appeal you have referred to me, to know whether "they ſhall out of hand diſpoſe of themſelves to re- "cruiting-officers, mountebanks, and fox-hunters; "or venture to live on with the melancholy title of "Old maids, in an unſupported, undefended ſtate.

"One or two queries to be put, proceeds the Sage, "are, Whether the worthy matches you have men- "tioned, or any unſuitable matches whatſoever, "would be a *ſupport* and *defence?* Whether the wo- "man who makes a raſh and improper choice, does "not throw herſelf out of that protection and de- "fence which every-one may depend upon in the ſtate "of life marked out to them by Providence? And "whether the Single ſtate is not thus marked out to "the woman who never has it *fitly* in her choice to "change it?

"I, my dear, who am an old maid, muſt not write "partially on that ſide of the queſtion. In general, "I will fairly own, that I think a woman is moſt "likely to find her proper happineſs in the married "ſtate. May you, my dear niece, experience it every "day more and more!--- But there are ſurely many "exceptions: Women of large and independent for- "tunes, who have the hearts and underſtanding to "uſe them as they ought, are often more beneficial "to the world, than they would have been had they "beſtowed them on ſuch men as look for fortune "*only*. Women who have by their numerous re- "lations many connexions in the world, need not

"ſeek

" ſeek out of their own alliances for protection and " defence. Ill health, peculiarity of temper or ſen- " timents, unhappineſs of ſituation, of perſon, afford " often ſuch reaſons, as make it a virtue to refuſe " what it would otherwiſe be right to accept.

" But why do I write ſeriouſly to ſuch a lively " creature? Only, my dear"—

But, girls, I will give you no more of Lady Gertrude. I have not done with you myſelf yet.

Much to the ſame purpoſe, I remember, as Mrs. Shirley's, were the expoſtulations of Lady D. in one of her Letters to Harriet; who only anſwered her (I alſo remember) like a girl. What *could* ſhe ſay?

" You, my Harriet," (wrote that Lady,) " are " pious, dutiful, benevolent—Cannot you, if you " are unable to entertain, for the man who now with " ſo much ardour addreſſes you, were you married to " him, the paſſion called *Love*, regard him as *Grati-* " *tude* would oblige you to prefer any *other* man who " is aſſiduous to do you ſervice or pleaſure? Cannot " you ſhew him as much good-will, as you could any " *other* man, whom it was in your power to make " happy? Would you eſteem him *leſs* than a perſon " abſolutely a ſtranger to you? The exertion of your " native benevolence, of your natural obligingneſs, " of your common gratitude, of your *pity*, is all that " is aſked of you. You have no expectation of the " *only* man, who is dearer to you than he. This exer- " tion will make my Lord happy; and if you retain " that delight, which you have hitherto taken, in " promoting the happineſs of others who are not un- " deſerving, yourſelf not unhappy."

You have now before you, girls, the opinion of Mrs. Shirley, and the Counteſs of D. on the caſe you put. They both ſit enthroned on the ſerene hill of wiſdom, which hardly one in fifty of their Sex attains. From thence they look down with pity, and with beckoning finger, to the crowds below them, who with

with aching eyes, and deſpairing hearts, emulate their ſtarry heights; but in too faintly attempting to gain the aſcent, tumble down, ſome (ſhameful!) head-over-heels, immerſed in the miry puddles of ſenſe; and others taking a ſuppoſed more eaſy, tho' viſibly round-about way, are miſled by mazy paths into dreary deſarts, till they loſe even the diſtant ſight of the ſacred hill.

There, chits, I end romantically, figuratively at leaſt, in compliment to your fanciful taſtes. And thus much as to you, girls, young Lady-expectants, Whimſicals, and ſo forth, from

Your CHARLOTTE G.

Friday, Saturday, April 13, 14.

My women are ſo impertinent, and my Marmouſet is ſo voracious, that I have been forced to take two days for what once I could have performed in little more than two hours.

LETTER XLIV.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Grandiſon-hall, Monday, April 16.

AND muſt I, my dear grandmamma, be *more* particular in relation to ourſelves, our gueſts, our amuſements, diverſions, converſations — Why then does not Lucy write as uſual, every tender, every engaging, every lively occurrence that happens at Selby-houſe, and Shirley-manor? Is ſhe ſo much taken up with her *agreeable* Peer, that ſhe muſt leave the obliging taſk wholly to Nancy and Emily?—I don't care. *They* ſhall be my beſt girls; and I will put down my Lucy as a woman of mere quality before ſhe has the title. Yet let me tell her, that could honeſt Mr. Fowler have courted for *himſelf*, have ſuf-

fered

fered his heart to riſe to his lips, I ſhould have wiſhed by her means, to have been related to him and Sir Rowland. But that matter, it ſeems, is as good as over; and I will proceed to do *my* duty, whether ſhe does *hers* or not.

I have told you, madam, how much our gueſts are pleaſed with us and the place. How much we are charmed with *them*, I need not tell you. Every praiſe you have heard of them, is confirmed and heightened, on a more intimate knowlege of them.

Lord and Lady L. are with us. Lord and Lady G. will come as ſoon as they can. Lady L. has her ſweet infant with her. And I hope Lady G. will not come without my god-child.

Sir Edward Beauchamp is at preſent our gueſt. The good Doctor, you know, is at home here; and how beloved, how revered, by every one!

Sir Charles! The Soul of us all! — O madam! never ſurely, was one ſpot bleſſed with ſo many perſons of one mind, as are now rejoicing together at Grandiſon-hall.

And pray, my dear grandmamma, let me aſk; Would it not be affectation rather than modeſty, were I to leave myſelf un-named in this noble circle? I will *not*. Every body, for Sir Charles's ſake, looks on me, with the kindeſt partiality, and my heart tells me, that being his as much as my own, it deſerves that partiality.

Except at certain devotional hours of retirement, we know not, but that we are all of one faith. Nothing of religious ſubjects is ever mentioned among us, but in thoſe points in which all good Chriſtians are agreed. You, madam, who have a true catholic charity for the worthy of all perſuaſions, would be delighted to ſee the affectionate behaviour of the *two* Fathers (I will call them) to each other. When they are not in the general company, they are always together, walking, riding out; or in the apartment of each

each other, reading, converſing. The dear Clementina cannot but ſee, that charitable and great minds, however differing in ſome even eſſential articles of religion, might mingle hearts and love each other; and from Sir Charles's catholiciſm, that ſhe might have been happy with him, and kept her own faith.—But, no! it would in her notion, now I recollect, have been a dangerous trial. She could not truſt *her own* heart—Great and noble Lady! how much is ſhe to be revered!

The gentlemen ride out almoſt every day.—Our converſations!—It would be endleſs to give you an account of the converſations that yet, I flatter myſelf, would delight you all. The leaſt intereſting ones of thoſe we hold, would have made a great figure in my former Letters. Such the company, you may ſuppoſe we know not what trifling ſubjects are.

Every one avoids mentioning the name of the poor Count of Belvedere in the preſence of Lady Clementina; yet we all pity him. We have reaſon to do ſo, from the account Signor Jeronymo receives of his diſtreſs of mind, while he endeavours to overcome his hopeleſs paſſion.

Allow me, madam, to conclude this Letter here. We are to have a little concert this evening, and our company is beginning to aſſemble in the muſic room.—I muſt go and attend the Marchioneſs and Lady Clementina; who herſelf will be a performer. She is an admirable one. I can only ſtay to add, that I am

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLV.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Grandiſon-hall, Saturday, April 28.

MY deareſt grandmamma will not complain that my three laſt Letters (*a*) were not filled with particulars of our engagements and converſations here. What a ſcene of happineſs! What have I to pray for but the continuance of it? Except that the admirable Lady Clementina were, ſome-how, ſettled to her own liking, and that her indulgent relations could be ſatisfied with it? Something ſeems to be wanting for *her*, and therefore for *them*. Yet can a lover of her, of her fame, of her family, ſay, what that ſomething ſhould be? I, for my part, ought to be the laſt who ſhould decide for her; I, who never, I think (ſay Lady G. what ſhe pleaſes of my romancings) could have been happy with any man in the world, but Sir Charles Grandiſon, after I had known him, and once was led to hope for ſo great a bleſſing; and who have not that notion that ſhe has, or ſeems to have, of the drearineſs, and diſadvantages of a ſingle ſtate; on the contrary, who think the married life attended with ſo many cares and troubles, that it is rather (as it is a duty to enter into it, when it can be done with prudence) a kind of faulty *indulgence* and ſelfiſhneſs, in order to avoid theſe cares and troubles, to live ſingle. But to leave this ſubject to the deciſion of Lady G. and Lady Gertrude, the latter of whom has given ſome unanſwerable hints on her ſide of the queſtion, I will proceed with my narrative.

And here let me obſerve, that had not Lady Clementina made her rejection of the beſt of men her *ſole* and *deliberate* act, it is my humble opinion that her loſs of him would have been inſupportable to *her*. That conſideration, and her noble motive for it, enable

(*a*) Theſe three Letters do not appear.

ble her to behave glorioufly under the ſelf-deprivation, as I may call it. Yet, I can ſee, at times, by her ſtudioufly avoiding his company, and frequently excuſing herſelf from making one in little parties of Sir Charles's propoſing: and by her chuſing, at all times, *my* company, that the noble Lady thinks ſelf-denial *neceſſary* to her peace.

She was once for putting Jeronymo on propoſing to leave England ſooner than they had intended; and take my promiſe to *follow* them. I was preſent. She had tears in her eyes when ſhe propoſed it. We had been talking of Sir Charles in raptures, on ſome of his noble charities which had but lately come to our knowlege, and it was pretty evident to me, that ſhe, at the time, was of opinion, that diſtance from him would be a means to quiet her heart.—The dear Emily finds it ſo, thank God!

Lady Clementina has been, however, tolerably chearful ſince, amuſing herſelf with drawing up plans for her future life. Very pretty ones, ſome of them: But a little too *ideal*, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf; and ſhe changes them too often to ſhew that ſteadineſs, which I want to ſee in her mind. Poor Lady! How I pity her, as I contemplate her in her contrivances and propoſals! I am often forced to turn away my face, that ſhe may not ſee the ſtarting tear.

Tueſday, May 1.

THE Count of Belvedere being returned to London from a country excurſion, and not very well, the Marquis was deſirous of making a viſit to him, and at the ſame time to paſs a few days in London to ſee the curioſities of the place, and to be preſent at ſome of the public entertainments. The gentlemen at the firſt motion made a party to attend him; and Sir Charles, you may ſuppoſe, would not, in complaiſance, be excuſed. Dr. Bartlett and Father Mareſcotti, who are inſeparable, had formed a ſcheme of their own; and the Ladies declared, that not one of them would leave *me*.

The

The gentlemen accordingly ſet out yeſterday morning. In the afternoon arrived here, one of the moſt obliging of wives, tendereſt of mothers, and amiable of nurſes—Who do you think, madam?—No other than Lady G. and her Lord. Ungovernable Charlotte! Her month but juſt up! We have all blamed her. We blamed her Lord too for ſuffering her to come.---But what could I do? ſaid he, innocently---But they are both ſo much improved as huſband and wife!---Upon my word, I am charmed with her in every one of the above characters. My Lord appears even in her company, now that his wife has given him his due conſequence, a manly, ſenſible man: If he ever had any levities of behaviour, they are all vaniſhed and gone. She is all vivacity, as heretofore; but no flippancy. Her livelineſs, in the main, is that of a ſenſible, not a *very* ſaucy wife, entirely ſatisfied with herſelf, her ſituation and proſpects. Upon my word, I am brought over to her opinion, that if the *ſecond* man be worthy, a woman *may* be happy, who has not been indulged in her *firſt* fancy: And I am the rather induced to hope ſo for my Emily's ſake.

Tueſday Evening.

Mrs. Beaumont has received a Letter from the Ladies her friends at Florence, expreſſing their fear that the love of her country, now ſhe is in it, has taken place in her heart, and weakened her affection for them. They beg of her to convince them of the contrary by haſtening to them.

This Letter, it ſeems, mentions ſome ſevere reflexions caſt upon Lady Clementina by the unhappy Olivia. Camilla, who is very fond of me, has hinted this to me, and at the ſame time acquainted me with her young Lady's earneſtneſs to ſee it; Mrs. Beaumont having expreſſed to her her indignation againſt Olivia, on the occaſion. Unworthy Olivia! What reflexions can you caſt on the admirable Clementina!

---Yet I wiſh Mrs. Beaumont would let me ſee them. ---But dear Mrs. Beaumont, impart not to Clementina any thing that may affect her delicate and too ſcrupulous mind!

This over-lively Lady G. has been acquainting Lady Clementina with Emily's ſtory; yet intending to ſet forth nothing by it, ſhe ſays, but the fortitude of ſo young a creature.

She owns, that Lady Clementina often reddened as ſhe proceeded in it; yet that ſhe went on----How *could* ſhe?---I chid her for poor Emily's ſake, for her own ſake, for Lady Clementina's, for Sir Edward Beauchamp's ſake---How *could* ſhe be ſo indelicate? Is there a neceſſity, dear Lady G. (thought I, as ſhe repeated what paſſed on the occaſion) now you are ſo right in the great articles of your duty, that you muſt be wrong in *ſomething?*

Lady Clementina highly applauded Emily, however. A charming young creature ſhe called her. Abſence, added ſhe, is certainly a right meaſure. Were the man a common man, it would not ſignify: Preſence, in that caſe, might help her, as he probably would every day expoſe his faults to her obſervation. But abſence from ſuch a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon, is certainly right. Lady G. ſays, it was eaſy to ſee, that Lady Clementina made ſome ſelf-applications upon it.

Wedneſday Morning, May 2.

Lady G. has been communicating to me a conference which, ſhe ſays, ſhe could not *but* overhear, between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, held in the cloſet of the latter, which joins to a cloſet in Lady G's dreſſing-room, ſeparated only by a thin partition. The rooms were once one---A little of your uſual *curioſity*, I doubt, my dear Lady G. thought I. You were not *confined* to that cloſet. You might have retired when their converſation began. But, no; Curioſity is a nail, that will faſten to the ground, the foot

foot of an inquiſitive perſon, however painful what ſhe hears may ſometimes make her ſituation.

Mrs. Beaumont had acquainted Lady Clementina with the contents of the Letter ſhe had received from her friends at Florence. The poor Lady was in tears upon it. She called Olivia cruel, unjuſt, wicked. The very *ſurmize*, ſaid ſhe, is of ſuch a nature, that I cannot bear to look either Lady Grandiſon, or any of her friends, in the face: For Heaven's ſake, let it not be hinted to any one in the family, nor even to my own relations, that Olivia *herſelf* could be capable of making ſuch a reflexion upon me.

My deareſt Lady Clementina, ſaid Mrs. Beaumont, I wiſh---

What wiſhes my dear Mrs. Beaumont---

That you would change your ſyſtem.

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!----If they are broken with me, I reſume my ſolicitude to be allowed to take the veil. That allowance, and that only, can ſet all right. My heart is diſtreſſed by what you have let me ſee Olivia has dared to throw out againſt me.

Allow me one obſervation only, my dear Clementina: What Olivia has hinted, the *world* will hint. It behoves you to conſider, that the huſband of Lady Grandiſon ought not to be ſo much the object of any woman's attention, as to be an obſtacle to the addreſs of another man, really worthy.

Cruel, cruel Olivia! There is no bearing the *thought* of her vile ſuggeſtion. None but Olivia---- Say not the *world:* Olivia *only*, Mrs. Beaumont, was capable of ſuch a ſuggeſtion---

For my own part, interrupted Mrs. Beaumont, I am confident that it is a baſe ſuggeſtion; and that if Sir Charles Grandiſon had *not* been married, you never would have been his. You could not have receded from your former objections. You ſee what a determined Proteſtant he is; a Proteſtant upon principle.

You are equally ſteady in your Faith: Yet, as matters ſtand; ſo amiable as he is; and the more his private life and manners are ſeen, the more to be admired; muſt not your *beſt friends* lay it at the door of a firſt Love, that you cannot give way to the addreſs of a man, againſt whom no one other objection can lie?

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!—

One word more only, my dear Lady Clementina, as the ſubject was begun by yourſelf—May it not be expected, now that no oppoſition is given you, you will begin to feel, that your happineſs, and peace, and *ſtrength* of mind will flow from turning your thoughts on principles of *Duty* (ſo the world will call them) to other objects; and that the dwelling on thoſe it will *ſuppoſe* you to dwell upon, till your ſituation is viſibly altered, will ſerve only to diſturb your mind, and fill your friends, on every inſtance that may affect it, with apprehenſions for you?

You have ſaid a great deal, Mrs. Beaumont: But is not the veil the only poſſible expedient to make us all eaſy?

ARTICLES, ARTICLES! my dear Clementina. I have been drawn in by yourſelf inſenſibly to ſpeak my mind on this ſubject. But I have no view, no deſign. Your parents, your brothers, you ſee, inviolably adhere to the Articles. But, conſider, my dear, were you even allowed to aſſume the veil, that all ſuch recollections of your former inclination as would be faulty in a married ſtate, would have been equally contrary to your religious vows. Would then the aſſuming of the veil make you happy?

Don't you hint, Olivia-like, Mrs. Beaumont, at *culpable* inclinations? Do you impute to me *culpable* inclinations?

I do not; neither do I think you are abſolutely as yet an Angel. Would you, my dear, refuſe your vows to the Count of Belvedere, or any other man,

for

for a *certain* reaſon, yet think yourſelf free enough to give them to your God?

Will this argument hold, Mrs. Beaumont, in the preſent caſe?

You will call upon ARTICLES, my dear, if I proceed. Your ſilence, however, is encouraging. What were juſt now your obſervations upon the ſtory of Miſs Emily Jervois? Is there not a reſemblance between her caſe and yours?

Surely, madam, I am not ſuch a girl! --- O Mrs. Beaumont, how am I ſunk in your opinion!

You are *not*, my dear Clementina; you cannot in any-body's. Miſs Jervois is under obligations to her guardian, that you are not.

Is that, Mrs. Beaumont, all the difference?--- That makes none. I am under greater. What are pecuniary obligations to the preſervation of a brother's life? To a hundred other inſtances of goodneſs ----That girl *my* pattern! Poor, poor Clementina! How art thou fallen! Let me fly this country. ---Now I ſee in the ſtrongeſt light, what a raſhneſs I was guilty of, when I fled to it. How muſt the Chevalier Grandiſon himſelf deſpiſe me!--- But I tell you, Mrs. Beaumont, that I am incapable of a wiſh, of a thought, contrary to thoſe that determined me when I declined the hand of the beſt of men. O that I were in my own Italy! --- What muſt young creatures ſuffer from the love of an *improper* object, in the opinion of their friends, if, after the ſacrifices I have made, I muſt lie under diſgraceful imputations from my gratitude and eſteem for the moſt worthy of human minds? --- O how I diſdain myſelf!

It is a generous diſdain, my dear lady Clementina. I end as I began--- I wiſh you would think of changing your ſyſtem. But I leave the whole upon your own conſideration. Your parents are paſſive. God direct you. I wiſh you happy. At preſent you will not yourſelf ſay you are ſo. Yet nobody controuls

you, nor *wiſhes* to controul you. Every-body loves you. Your happineſs is the ſubject of all our prayers.

Lady G. believes the converſation ended here.

Lady L. in Mrs. Beaumont's preſence, has been juſt making me a compliment on my *generous* Love, as ſhe calls it, of Lady Clementina, and my ſecurity in Sir Charles's affection. Dear madam, ſaid I, where is the merit? A man of ſuch eſtabliſhed principles, and a woman of ſuch delicate honour! They both of them move my pity, and engage my love. With regard to Lady Clementina, this is my conſolation, that I ſtood not in her way: That your Brother never made his addreſſes to me, till ſhe, on the nobleſt motives, left him free to chuſe the *next* eligible, as I have reaſon to think he allowed me to be. And let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, that in his addreſs to me, he did her juſtice; and dealt ſo nobly with me, that had I not before preferred him to all other men, I ſhould have done it then.

Thurſday, May 3.

I Have received a Letter from Sir Charles. Lady Clementina and I were together when it was brought. She ſeeing from whom it came, and that I meditated the ſeal with impatience, begged me to read it then, or ſhe would withdraw. I opened it. There were in it, I told her, the politeſt remembrances of her, and the other ladies; and read what he wrote of that nature. She looked with ſo deſiring an eye at it, that I ſaid, Were you to read it, madam, you would find him the kindeſt of men. Sir Charles and I have not a ſecret between us. But there is in it a paſſage or two, relating to a certain gentleman, that, were you to read it, might affect you. [By the way ſhe reads Engliſh extremely well.] And is *that*, Lady Grandiſon, your *only* objection? I ſhould be glad to

ſee,

ſee, were it not improper, how the politeſt of men writes to the beſt of wives.

I gave her the Letter.

She had greatneſs of mind to be delighted with his affectionate ſtile — Tender delicacy! ſaid ſhe, as ſhe read: ---Happy, happy Lady Grandiſon! Tears in her eyes, and claſping her arms about me, let me thus congratulate you. I acted right in declining his addreſs. I muſt have thought well of the religion of the man, who could ſpeak, who could write, who could act, who could live, as he does.

I bowed my face on her ſhoulder. To have expreſſed but half the admiration I had in my heart of her nobleneſs of mind, would have been to hint to her the delicate ſituation ſhe *had* been in, and to wonder how ſhe could overcome herſelf.

What follows, ſaid ſhe, ſitting down, I preſume I may read: For my eye has caught the name of a man my heart can pity.

She read to herſelf the paſſage, which is to the following effect: "The *perſon* of the poor Count of "Belvedere" [Sir Charles writes, in the Count's words] "is loitering in town, endeavouring to divert "itſelf there; while his *ſoul* is at Grandiſon-hall. "He cannot think of quitting England, till he has "taken leave of Lady Clementina; yet, dreading "the pangs he ſhall feel on that occaſion, he cannot "bring himſelf to undergo them."

The Marquis, the Biſhop, Signor Jeronymo, all joined, Sir Charles writes, to conſole him; yet wiſhed him to purſue his better fortune at Madrid; and the Count thinks of prevailing on himſelf to accompany them down, in order to take this dreaded Farewel. Sir Charles expreſſes his pity for him; but applauds the whole family for their inviolable adherence to their agreement.

When ſhe read to that place, tears ſtole down her cheeks — Agreement, ſaid ſhe, — Ah, Lady Grandiſon!

diſon! It is true, they *ſpeak* not: But I can read their *wiſhes* in their eyes.

She read on Sir Charles's praiſes of the Count for his beneficent ſpirit. The Count, ſaid ſhe, is certainly a good man — But is not his, a ſtrange perſeverance? Then, giving me the Letter, How few of us know, ſaid ſhe, what is beſt for ourſelves! There is a Lady in Spain of great honour and merit, who would make him a much happier man, than *ſhe* can do, on whom he has caſt a partial eye. And beſides there is the poor Laurana---

She ſtopt. I ſuffered the ſubject to end there.

Sir Charles ſuppoſes it will be the latter end of next week before they return, if the Marquis holds his purpoſe of being preſent at a Ball to which he is invited by the Venetian ambaſſador — Near a fortnight's abſence on the whole!-- O dear! O dear!

The following by Lady G.

And *O dear! O dear!* ſay I! This is Saturday, and not a word more written. *So* taken up with her walks and walking-mate!--- Selfiſh creatures both. It was with difficulty I procured a ſight of this Letter. No wonder. You ſee how freely ſhe has treated me in it. I told her, it never would be finiſhed, if I did not finiſh it for her. Her excuſe is, Sir Charles's abſence, and that you, madam, charged her *not* to write by *every* poſt, leſt an accidental omiſſion ſhould make you uneaſy.—Ungrateful for indulgence given! She muſt therefore let *ſeveral* poſts paſs --- But get thee gone, Paper, now. And carry with thee all manner of compliments from Charlotte G. as well as from [Here ſign it, my ſweet Siſter]

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LET

LETTER XLVI.

Lady G. *To Miſs* SELBY.

Grandiſon-hall, Sat. May 5.

YOUR complaining Letter (*a*) reached me here, Lucy, but this day. I arrived here on Monday afternoon. Ungracious Harriet! She chid me for coming. But I went to Church firſt. What would they have?

My Lord and I are one now: If therefore I ſay, *I* arrived, it is the ſame as ſaying, *he* did: My little Harriet with us, you may be ſure.

But what does the girl complain for? Maiden creatures ſhould ſend us married women two Letters for one. Eſtabliſh for me this expectation: You will ſoon yourſelf be the better for the doctrine.

You tell me, that hardly any of your girls are ſatisfied with my imperial deciſion on the appeal laid before me, tho' ſupported by the opinions of Mrs. Shirley, Lady D. and every wiſe woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits! you decide among yourſelves, and then aſk for the opinions of others: What for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be ſaucy, and reject them.

You want me to tell you a hundred thouſand things, of what's doing, what's done, what's ſaid, here? Not I. Harriet is writing a long, long Letter to her grandmamma, ſhe tells me; and journal-wiſe (*b*).—Let that, when you have it, content you. She ſays I muſt not ſee it. But I *will*. Something ſaucy about me in it, I ſuppoſe.

My Brother, and his principal men-gueſts, are in town. They went on Monday morning. So I have not ſeen them. — Will not come back till Friday next

(*a*) This Letter does not appear.
(*b*) Meaning the preceding Letter.

next week. Harriet is impatient for his return. O girls! girls! That a Church-ceremony can ſo ſoon make ſuch a difference in the ſame perſon! — But he is ſo generouſly tender of her, that the wonder, in her caſe, is the leſs.

Lady Clementina is a noble creature. We are obliged to call both her and Harriet to order; or they would never be aſunder. The garden and park are the places in which they moſt delight to walk. Make Harriet give you the particulars of their converſations—Then I ſhall have them. I have demanded them; but ſhe only acquaints me in general, that ſhe is delighted with Lady Clementina's part in them. The other expreſſes no leſs admiration of Harriet's. But, beſides that they rob us of their company too often, which is ruder in the miſtreſs of the houſe than in the gueſt; Harriet does not enough conſider her own circumſtances. Their walks are too long. She comes in, and throws herſelf ſometimes into a chair---*ſo* tired!---Yet, chidden for her long walks, *ſuch* engaging converſations! ſhe cries out.---*Heroines* both, I ſuppoſe; and they are mirrors to each other; each admiring herſelf *in* the other. No wonder they are engaged inſenſibly by a vanity, which carries with it, to each, ſo generous an appearance; for, all the while, Harriet thinks ſhe is only admiring Clementina; Clementina, that ſhe is applauding Harriet.

Well, Lucy --- But I find you will not be Lucy long---Your Day, it ſeems, will ſoon be fixed: The Day, happy may it be! which will ſet a coronet on your head. A fooliſh kind of bawble, after all; but it looks not amiſs on the outſide of one's coach---if the inſide contain not---Did *I* ſay a monkey, Lucy? But that will not be your caſe. *My* Lord knows *your* Lord, and eſteems him. Lord G's *eſteem*, (china and ſhells out of the queſtion) is not contemptible, I can tell you. His Love for his flippant

Charlotte

Charlotte made him play monkey-tricks, which leſſened him in my eyes: But now I ſee he is capable of forgetting his butterflies, and *eſteeming* me, I remember my promiſe, and *honour* him: *Obedience* will come---when it *can*.

Well, but, Lucy, Dr. Bartlett knew your Lord Rereſby abroad, and ſpeaks well of him. He has wiſhed for this match ever ſince it was firſt mentioned; nay *before* it was mentioned---Ever ſince he was a brideman on my brother's happy day; And you are a good girl, that you have not paraded, as Harriet *did*, and Clementina *does*.

Have I any more to ſay? I think not. I will endeavour to get a ſight of what Harriet has written. Let her deny me, if ſhe dare. If that ſuggeſts to me a ſubject which ſhe has not touched upon, well and good: If not, take it for a concluſion, chits, that I wiſh you all well; and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, and reſpectable aunt Selby, and her honeſt man, health, happineſs, and ſo-forth.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* SELBY.

Wedneſday, May 9.

I AM afraid your brother James will terrify you all. Surpriſing;---I am very angry with him; for, however ſlight he might make of what I have to tell you, I know, that none of you beſides will. I therefore diſpatch this by a man and horſe, on purpoſe to ſet your hearts at eaſe.---The wretch left her in a fainting fit. Had the dear creature ever any of theſe fits before? But why do I aſk? This is eaſily accounted for; She was over-fatigued with a walk. Againſt warning, againſt threatnings, ſhe and Lady Clementina had taken a longer walk than ever they did before,

before, quite to the end of the park, to view ſome alterations which Sir Charles was making there. They had forgotten that they had the ſame length to walk back again. Half-way on their return, tired, and each accuſing herſelf, and apologizing to the other, they were ſurpriſed by a ſudden ſhower of rain; a violent one; a thunder-ſhower: No ſhelter: They were forced to run for it towards a diſtant tree; which, when they approached it, they found wet thro'; as they both were. So they made the beſt of their way to the houſe; were ſeen at a little diſtance, making the appearance of frighted hares. The ſervants ran to them with clokes, which, thrown over their wet cloaths, helped to load them. As Harriet entered the hall-door, which leads into the garden, ſhe was ſurpriſed with the ſight of Sir Charles, entering at the other. She expected him not till Friday or Saturday. Her complexion changed: She ſighed; ſobbed: Her cheeks, her lips turned pale: Down ſhe was ſinking. My brother was terrified; but he caught her in his arms, and ſaved her fall.

Lady L. and I were together, indulging ourſelves with our little nurſeries, who were crowing at each other; I ſinging to both [By the way they are ſurpriſing infants] when word was brought, that my Brother was come, and Lady Grandiſon was dying. How were we both terrified! We, in our fright, each popt her pug into the arms of the other, by way of ridding our hands of our own; and, the women being not at hand, threw the ſmiling brats into one cradle; and down hurried we to our Harriet.

In the midſt of all this buſtle, this wiſe Brother of yours, Lucy, (fond as a fool of carrying news, whether good or bad) ſlipt away without taking leave of us. What tho' his hour was fixed, and his poſt-chaiſe waiting, could he not have ſtaid one half hour? O theſe inconſiderate, hare-brained --- Don't be angry, Lucy, he has vexed us for you: I ſhould otherwiſe have left to herſelf the account of her indiſpoſition and

and recovery. She has got cold: So has her Sister-excellence, as my Brother juſtly calls her. Is it to be wondered at?---She was feveriſh, all day yeſterday; but made ſlight of it; and would have come down to dinner; but we would not permit her to leave her chamber.

How was Lady Clementina affected! She laid all at her own door: And laſt night, Harriet being ſtill more feveriſh, we all talked ourſelves into a thouſand panics. Lady Clementina was not to be pacified.

To-day, ſhe is, in a manner, quite well; and we are all joy upon it. But ſhe ſhall never again do the honours of the Park to Lady Clementina. Truſt *me* for that, grandmamma Shirley; and expect a Letter from the dear creature herſelf by the poſt. Adieu, adieu, Lucy, every body, in a violent hurry ſubſcribes

Your CHARLOTTE G.

P. S. My hurry is owing only to the demands of my Marmouſet upon me. To nothing elſe, upon my honour! For we are all ſafe, ſerene, and ſo-forth.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Grandiſon-hall, Friday, May 11.

I AM ſorry, my deareſt grandmamma, you have all been ſo much alarmed by an indiſpoſition which is already gone off. My Couſin James, fooliſh youth! I wiſh he had not called upon us on his return from Portſmouth, or that he had ſtaid at Grandiſon-hall till now. Lady G. has given you, in her lively way, an account of the girliſh inconſideration, which might have been attended with a fever, had not Mr. Lowther been at hand; who thought it adviſable that I ſhould

ſhould loſe blood. But it was the joy on ſeeing Sir Charles, after an abſence of eight days, and ſeveral days ſooner than I had expected that pleaſure, which overcame me.

Never, never *was* there ſo tender, ſo affectionate, ſo indulgent a huſband! ---Lady G. has told you that I fainted away---When recovered, I found myſelf in his arms; all our friends and gueſts aſſembled round me; every one expreſſing *ſuch* a tender concern!

Harriet, be grateful! But canſt thou be enough ſo? How art thou beloved of hearts the moſt worthy!--- And what new proofs haſt thou received of that Love of all other the deareſt! Every hour do I experience ſome new inſtance of his tender goodneſs. He ſtirred not from my chamber for half an hour together, for two whole days and nights. All the reſt he took was in a chair by my bed-ſide; and very little was his reſt: Yet, bleſſed be God! his health ſuffered not. Every cordial, every medicine, did he adminiſter to me with his own hands. He regarded not any-body but his Harriet. The world, he told me, was nothing to him without his Harriet. So amiably has he appeared in this new light, not in my fond eyes only, but in thoſe of all here; who are continually congratulating me upon it; and every one telling me little circumſtances of his kind attention, and anxious fondneſs, as ſome happened to obſerve one, ſome another; that tho' I wanted not proofs before of his affection for me, I cannot account my indiſpoſition an unhappineſs; eſpecially as it has gone off without the conſequences, of which you were ſo very apprehenſive.--- "Dear "Sir, I obey you: But indeed, indeed, Sir, writing "to my grandmamma does me good. But I obey." Only, let thus far as I have written, be diſpatched to my Northamptonſhire friends,

From their ever-dutiful
HARRIET GRANDISON.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Sat. Night.

I HAVE a conſtant attendant in Lady Clementina. She was not to be conſoled when I was at worſt. Wringing her hands, O that ſhe had never come to England! was her frequent exclamation: And they apprehended, that her mind would be again diſturbed. She has not yet recovered her former ſedateneſs. She gets by herſelf, when ſhe is not with me. She is often in tears, and wiſhes herſelf in Italy. Sir Charles is concerned for her. She has ſomething upon her mind, he ſays; and aſked me, if ſhe had not diſcloſed it to me? He wondered ſhe had not; expreſſing himſelf with pleaſure on the confidence each has in the other.

Sunday, May 13.

SIGNOR Jeronymo has been pitying to me the Count of Belvedere. The poor man could not prevail upon himſelf to accompany Sir Charles and his noble gueſts down. He owned to Jeronymo, that he had twice ſet out for Grandiſon-hall; but both times, being unable to purſue his intention, turned back.

Jeronymo told me, that the Count had made his will, and left all that he could leave, and his whole perſonal eſtate, to their family, in caſe he ſhould die unmarried. He would not leave it to Lady Clementina, leſt, if his bequeſts were to come to her knowlege, ſhe ſhould think he was ſo mean, as to expect that favour from his riches, of which he had no hope from her eſteem.

The generous Belvedere declares, ſaid Jeronymo, that ſhould her malady be renewed by means of our intereſting ourſelves in his favour, he ſhould be the moſt miſerable of men. My dear Jeronymo, ſaid he, at parting in town, tell that Angel of a woman, that

I never will ſolicit her favour, while I ſhall have reaſon to apprehend ſhe has an averſion to me. May Clementina be happy, and Belvedere muſt have ſome conſolation from knowing her to be ſo, however wretched he may be on the whole. But aſſure yourſelf Jeronymo, that I will never be the huſband of any other woman, while ſhe is unmarried.

I joined with Signor Jeronymo in pitying the Count: Yet, I muſt own, that my compaſſion is ſtill more deeply engaged for Clementina. But I was affected not a little, however, when Jeronymo read a paſſage from a Letter of the Count, which, at my requeſt he left with me: and which I Engliſh as follows:—After his ſupplications put up to Heaven for her happineſs, whatever became of him---"But can ſhe be happy," ſays he, "in her preſent ſituation? May there not be "always a ſtruggle between her exalted notion of "duty, and her paſſion (tho' the nobleſt that ever "warmed a human breaſt) which may renew the "diſorders of her mind?—Were ſhe *mine*—(Let me "indulge, for one moment, the rapturous ſuppoſi-"tion) I could hope to conduct, to guide, to com-"poſe, that noble mind. We would admire, with an "equal affection, that beſt of men, whoſe goodneſs is "not more the object of her Love, than of my ve-"neration. Jealous as I am of my honour, I would "ſatisfy the charmer of my ſoul, that I approved "of her ſiſterly Love of a man ſo excellent. She "would not then be left to the ſilent diſtreſs of her "own heart."

What ſay my Grandmamma, my Aunt, my Lucy? Shall I wiſh the noble Clementina may be prevailed upon in favour of this really worthy man? Should *I*, do you think, be prevailed upon in *her* ſituation?--- A better queſtion ſtill --*Ought* I?

Monday, May 14.

My Couſin James *has* ſeen me, and I have chid him *too*, for having been ſo haſty to carry bad news

to

to Northamptonſhire, without ſtaying a day or two, when he might have carried better. 'Tis true, they will not permit me to quit my chamber yet: But that is rather for precautionary than neceſſary reaſons; and they have given over chiding me for writing—Their indulgence to me of my pen will convince you, that I am quite well.

Lady Clementina moſt ſincerely rejoices in my recovery. Yet ſhe is every day more and more thoughtful and ſolemn. She is grieved, ſhe tells her mother (who is troubled at her Solemnity) for her brother Jeronymo, who indeed is not well. Mr. Lowther tells us, that he muſt not expect to be exempt from temporary pains and diſorder: But I am ſure the worthy man would be eaſier in his own mind, were his ſiſter to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere.

I talked to Sir Charles on this ſubject an hour ago. Lady Clementina, my dear Sir, ſaid I, is not happy. I queſtion whether ſhe ever will, unleſs ſhe is allowed her own way, the veil.

And that, returned he, has been ſo long a family-objection, that the compliance with her wiſhes, would break the heart of her mother, at leaſt; and greatly afflict all the reſt. It muſt not, for *their* ſakes, be thought of.

What then, Sir, can be done?

We muſt have patience, my deareſt life. Her malady has unſettled her noble mind. She muſt try her own ſchemes; and if ſhe find not happineſs in any of them, ſhe will think of new ones, till at laſt ſhe fixes. Nor, I hope, is the time far off.

Do you think ſo, Sir?

Don't you ſee, my Love, that the poor Lady is more and more uneaſy with herſelf? Something is working in her mind. I have deſired her mother to leave that diſturbed mind to its own generous workings. Her vehemence, raiſed by the oppoſition ſhe met with, which ſhe conſidered as a perſecution, has ſor

ſome time ſubſided; and ſhe will probably fall upon reflexions which ſhe had not time to attend to before.

Jeronymo thinks, proceeded he, that *I* might ſucceſsfully plead in the Count's favour—But did I not draw the articles? Did I not propoſe the terms? Lady Clementina ſhall not be prevaricated with. She ſhuns me of late—In apprehenſion, perhaps, that I will try my influence over her. She never ſeems ſo eaſy, as when ſhe is with my deareſt Love. You muſt preſerve that conſequence with her, which delicate minds will ever be of to one another. Some little appearances of her malady will perhaps, now-and-then, ſhew themſelves, and unſettle her: But I have no doubt, if it pleaſe God to preſerve her reaſon, that her preſent uneaſineſſes will be productive of ſome great change in her ſchemes, which may end in a tranquillity of mind, that will make all us who love her, happy. Mean-time, my dear, let this be our rule, if you pleaſe: Let *her* lead; let *us* only follow—Perſuaſion againſt avowed inclination, you and I, my Harriet, have always condemned as a degree of compulſion. Had the admirable Lady been *entreated* to take the noble meaſure ſhe fell upon, when ſhe rejected me, however great the motives, ſhe would not have been, ſo happy, as ſhe was when, finding herſelf abſolute miſtreſs of the queſtion, ſhe could aſtoniſh and ſurpriſe us all by her magnanimity.

Who could reſiſt this reaſoning? How well does he ſeem to know this excellent woman, when he conſiders her unhappy unfixedneſs, occaſioned by a malady, which will now-and-then (till ſhe can be ſettled in ſome quiet and agreeable way) ſhew itſelf in her conduct, when ſhe has any great part before her to act!

Tueſday Afternoon, May 15.

Lady Clementina, ſoon after dinner, ſent up to me her Camilla (for I was not at table) to deſire a quarter of an hour's diſcourſe with me in my chamber.

ber. I gave direction, that nobody ſhould come to me till I rang. She entered; would ſee me ſeated; took her ſeat by me; and immediately, with a noble frankneſs in her manner, thus began:

I could not, my dear Lady Grandiſon, aſk the favour of your ear on the ſubject I wanted to open my heart upon to you, till I ſaw you were perfectly recovered. God be praiſed, that you are! What anxieties did your late indiſpoſition give me! I accuſed myſelf as the cauſe of it.—I had engaged you, thoughtleſly, in too long a walk. You know how Lady G. how Lady L. were terrified. I overheard them once that evening talking over their fears to one another. Lady G. looked with viſible unkindneſs upon me. My aid ineffectual, my perſon in the *way*, I hurried to my chamber: Good God! ſaid I (every object looking ſtrange about me) Where am I? What am I? Can I be the ſame Clementina della Porretta that I was a few months ago? Can I have brought miſery to the family which was my only refuge? To the man who—[She pauſed: Then lifting up her eyes; Bleſſed Virgin! ſaid ſhe, And *is* Clementina in the houſe of the man whom ſhe has been known to regard above all men; and whom ſhe ſtill *does* regard; but not as Olivia ſuppoſes?] And then on my knees I offered up fervent prayers for your health and happineſs; and that it would pleaſe God to return me, with reputation, to my native country. My eyes are now opened to the impropriety I have been guilty of in taking refuge in England; and in remaining in it, and in your houſe, and with a man whom I am known to value. The world has begun to *talk*: Cruel Olivia! She will lead and point the talk, as ſhe would have it believed. I am under obligation to your goodneſs, and to that of all your friends, that they and you think kindly of me, ſituated as I once was. I am obliged (Mortifying conſideration to a ſpirit like mine!) to Sir Charles Grandiſon's generoſity

and compaſſion, that he does not deſpiſe me. A *girl* (forgive me for mentioning it; it is to *you* only) has been, by my dear Mrs. Beaumont, propoſed, indirectly at leaſt, for a Pattern to me. How am I ſunk! My pride cannot bear it. Had I been allowed to take the veil, all theſe improprieties in my conduct had been prevented; all theſe mortifications would have been ſpared the unhappy Clementina—Tell me, adviſe me, May I not renew my entreaties to be allowed to take the veil? Give me, as to your ſiſter, your advice. No ſiſter ever loved her ſiſter better than I love you. Counſel me what to do, what courſe to ſteer, to recover myſelf in my own eyes. At preſent I hate, I deſpiſe, myſelf.

With how little reaſon, my deareſt ſiſter, my excellent friend! All my family revere you: Sir Charles, his Siſters, and I, love you: Lady G. particularly admires you: She could not poſſibly look unkindly upon you. What has Olivia dared to report? But did ſhe ever forbear her raſh cenſures?—What can I adviſe you? I ſee your delicate diſtreſs. But ſuppoſe you open your mind to the Marchioneſs? To Mrs. Beaumont ſuppoſe? She is the moſt prudent of women.

I know *their* minds already. Their judgments are not with me. Mrs. Beaumont (indeed without intending it) has terrified me. My mamma thinks herſelf bound by the articles, and will not ſpeak.

Suppoſe, my deareſt Lady, you adviſe with Sir Charles? You know he is the moſt delicate-minded of men.

I ſhall ever honour him: But your indiſpoſition has made me look upon him with more reverence than familiarity. I have avoided him. An exquiſite pain has ſeized my heart, on being brought to meditate the impropriety of my ſituation: A pain I cannot deſcribe. *Here* it uſed to be (putting her hand to her

her forehead); but *here* now it is (removing it to her heart); and at times I cannot bear it.

Let me beg of Lady Clementina to lay that noble heart open to Sir Charles. You know his diſintereſted affection for you. You know his regard for your glory. You know that your own Mother, your own Mrs. Beaumont, are not more delicate than he is. You may unboſom yourſelf to him. But ſuch is his fear of offending you, that you muſt begin. A ſmall opening will do. His nice regard for the honour of our ſex, for your honour in particular, will, on a ſlight encouragement, ſpare you all that would be irkſome to you. He has no prejudices in favour or diſfavour of any body. He loves, it is true, he reveres your *whole family*: but *you* more than all the reſt. Shall I ſay, that he made his court to me in your name, and by your intereſt; yet acknowleged himſelf refuſed by an Angel?

Excellent man!—I *will* conſult him; and in your preſence.

As to my preſence, madam—

It muſt be ſo, interrupted ſhe: I ſhall want your ſupport. Do *you* be my advocate with him; and if he will be an advocate for me, I may yet be happy. At preſent, I ſee but one way to extricate myſelf with honour. *I* dare not propoſe it. *He* may. The world and Olivia will not let me be, *in* that world, a ſingle woman, and happy.—Why ſhould I not be allowed to quit it by a divine dedication?

I embraced her; ſoothed her: But thought of Sir Charles's advice, not to *lead*, but *follow* as ſhe led: Not one word, as I told her, would I ſay to him of what had paſſed between us; that ſhe might have his own unprejudiced advice.

I rang, by her permiſſion. Sally came up. I made my requeſt, by her, to her maſter. He found us together. Sir Charles, ſaid I, before he could ſpeak,

Lady Clementina has ſomething on her mind: I have beſought her to conſult you.

I muſt conſult you *both*, ſaid ſhe. To-morrow morning, Sir, as early as will ſuit Lady Grandiſon, we will meet for that purpoſe.

May the iſſue of to-morrow's conference be tranquillity of mind to this excellent Lady!

LETTER L.

Lady GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, May 16.

THE conference was held in Italian. It was but juſt turned of ſeven in the morning, when we met in my drawing-room.

I had told Lady Clementina that ſhe muſt lead the ſubject; but Sir Charles, ſeeing her in ſome confuſion, relieved her—You do me, madam, ſaid he, great honour (and it is worthy of our brotherly and ſiſterly friendſhip) in propoſing to aſk my opinion on any ſubject in which you are intereſted. *Our* dear Harriet's recovery (God be praiſed for it!) has left no wiſh in my heart ſo ardent as for *your* happineſs. Permit me to ſay, my dear Lady Clementina, it is *neceſſary* for that of us both.

Indeed, madam, it *is*, ſaid I, taking her hand. [Tenderneſs, love, reſpect, I am ſure, were in my countenance, if it ſpoke my heart] She condeſcendingly bowed upon mine: Tears were in her eyes: You pain me, Chevalier, you pain me, madam, by your goodneſs—How many of my friends have I made unhappy!

For ſome days paſt, ſaid Sir Charles, I have obſerved, that you have ſeemed more uneaſy than uſual. Would to Heaven it were in my power to remove the cauſe!

Perhaps

Perhaps it *may*. Ah, Chevalier! I thought when I came into the compromiſe, that I might have made myſelf happier in it, than I now find I can be.

Dear Lady Clementina! ſaid Sir Charles; and ſtopt.

Be not diſpleaſed with me, Chevalier. I muſt hold myſelf bound by it, if it be inſiſted on. But tho' my condeſcending friends urge me not by entreaties, by perſuaſions, ſee you not that their *wiſhing eyes*, and *ſighing hearts*, break every hour the Articles agreed to?

Dear Lady Clementina!---

I knew you would be angry with me.

I am not. It would be equally unfriendly and inſolent, if I were. But, my dear Clementina, what an affecting picture have you drawn of the reſignation of parents to the will of their child, in an article which their hearts were fixed upon!

Add not weight, Sir, to my uneaſy reflexions. I can hardly bear to ſee in them the generous ſuppreſſion of their own wiſhes.

She then addreſſed herſelf to me.---Bear with me, dear Lady Grandiſon, if I caſt an eye back to former ſituations. You know my whole ſtory.---For a few moments bear with me.---I never, God is my witneſs, envied you. On the contrary, I rejoiced to find thoſe merits which I had not power to reward, ſo *amply* rewarded by you; and that the Chevalier was ſo great a gainer by my declining his vows.

She ſtopt.

Proceed, deareſt Lady Clementina, ſaid I---Are we not ſiſters? And do I not know, that yours is the nobleſt of female minds?

I rejoice, Sir, from my heart, that I was enabled to act as I did.---

Again ſhe ſtopt. Sir Charles bowed in ſilence.

But ſtill I hoped, that one day my parents would have been overcome in favour of the divine dedica-

tion. That was always my wiſh, till you, Sir, induced me to come into a compromiſe. And then I was reſolved to make myſelf, if poſſible, happy, in the Single Life allowed me. But what *can* I do? My former wiſhes recur. I cannot help it: And it ſeems evident to me, that there is but one meaſure, and that is the Convent which can make me happy.

Dear Lady Clementina! ſaid Sir Charles, will you be pleaſed to allow me---

Olivia, Sir, interrupted ſhe (you don't, perhaps, know that) reflects upon me. It was indeed a raſh ſtep which I took, when I fled to England: How has it countenanced the excurſion *ſhe* made hither? Tho', God knows, our motives were widely different: Hers was to obtain what mine was intended to avoid. But your ſudden indiſpoſition, madam, pointed the ſting, and carried it into my heart. That flaſhed full upon me, the impropriety of my ſituation. Can there be, ſay, Chevalier, *can* there be, any expedient which will free me from reflexion, from ſlander, except that of the veil?

You *lead* the queſtion, madam, replied Sir Charles: I but *follow* you. Surely there *can*.

You are not angry with me, Chevalier? You do not upbraid me with breach of Articles?

I do *not*, madam, while we only *reaſon*, not *reſolve*. Aſſure yourſelf that *your* tranquillity of mind is one of the principal objects of my daily vows. Say, Lady Clementina, all that is in your heart to ſay. Your friend, your brother, hears his ſiſter with all the tenderneſs of fraternal love.

How ſoothing! How kind!---You ſay there *is* another expedient. What, excepting marriage, is it?

Were it *that*, and that *could* be an acceptable expedient---We are only *reaſoning*, madam; not *reſolving*---

Do you, Chevalier, (with a look of impatience) propoſe that to me?

I do

I do *not*, madam---I ſaid, we were *reaſoning* only. ---But ſurely you *may* be very happy in the *Single* Life. You *may* have thought of plans, which, on conſideration, may not pleaſe you: But it is yet early. Lady Clementina has too much greatneſs of mind to permit any-thing that may be ſaid by malevolent people to affect her. She knows her heart; and has reaſon to be ſatisfied with it. Were your former wiſhes to take place, will not ill-will and ſlander follow you into the moſt ſacred retirements? There are ſeveral tender points to be conſidered in your paſt ſituation. Theſe are conſidered by your parents. They have no view but to your happineſs. You and they indeed have different notions of the means. They think marriage with a worthy man of your own faith, would tend to eſtabliſh it. *You* think aſſuming the veil the only expedient. This ſubject has been much canvaſſed. They are determined not to urge you: Yet their judgments are not changed. Shall they not be allowed to *wiſh?* Eſpecially when they *urge* not, *ſpeak* not their wiſhes? Your father was earneſt with the Count of Belvedere, in my hearing, when laſt in town, to give up all expectations from you. God preſerve their *lives* till they ſee you happy! You muſt be convinced, that they are not ſo intent upon the *means* as to obtain the *end*.

My father, my mother, are all goodneſs!---God preſerve their precious *lives!*--- Tears trickled down her cheeks.

I am ſure, my dear Lady Clementina, *you* cannot be happy in *any* ſtate of life, if your choice, purſued, would make your *parents* unhappy.---Could Lady Clementina, were ſhe even *profeſſed*, diveſt herſelf of *all* filial, of *all* family regards? Would not that very contemplative life, of which ſhe is at preſent ſo fond, make her, when it was too late to retrieve the ſtep (and with the more regret, perhaps, becauſe it *was* too late) carry her thoughts, her affections, with

greater

greater force, back to parents, if *living*, ſo deſervedly dear, to brothers ſo diſintereſtedly kind to her; and who have *all* ſhared ſo largely in her diſtreſſes.

She ſighed. She wept. O Chevalier! was all ſhe ſaid.

You cannot, madam, live only *to* yourſelf, *for* yourſelf: And you may live to your God in the World, perhaps more efficaciouſly than in the Convent, with regard to your ſoul's health, as you have ſuch large ability to do good: For, wants not the world, as I have heretofore pleaded, ſuch an example as you can give it?---The *heart*, madam, not the *profeſſion*, is the truly acceptable. Your maternal grandfather, tho' a ſound Catholic, would have it, that there were many ſighing hearts in Convents; and on this ſuppoſition (confirmed to him by a ſingular inſtance which affected him) he inſerted in his will the clauſes which he thought would *oblige* you to marry. Your other grandfather joined in the enforcement of them.

And what, Sir, was the penalty? Only the forfeiture of an eſtate, which I wiſh not for; which none of us want. We are all rich. It is a *purchaſed*, not a *paternal* eſtate.

And purchaſed with what view, madam? And for whom?

I would have my family ſuperior to ſuch motives.

Muſt they not, my dear Clementina, be judges for themſelves?

I do not *believe*, proceeded ſhe, that there *are* many ſighing hearts in Convents: But if there *were*, and my friends would be ſatisfied (for that, I own, is an eſſential point with me) *I* ſhould not, I am *ſure*, add to the number of ſuch. As to what you ſay of the world wanting ſuch an example as I could ſet it, I have not vanity enough to be convinced by that argument. Whether my ſoul's peace could be *beſt* promoted in the World, or in the Convent, muſt be left

left to *me* to judge; who know that in the turmoils and diſturbances I have met with, both of mind and body, the retired, the ſequeſtred life, is moſt likely to re-compoſe my ſhattered ſpirits.

Thoſe turmoils, thoſe diſturbances, madam, thank God! are over.

I pity, I can forgive, I *do* forgive, the poor Laurana. Ah Sir! you know not, perhaps, that LOVE, a paſſion which is often the cauſe of guilty meanneſs, as ſometimes indeed of laudable greatneſs, was the ſecret cauſe of Laurana's cruelty to me. She hated me not, till that paſſion invaded her boſom. Shall I remember the evil of her behaviour, and not the good?

Admirable Clementina! ſaid Sir Charles: Admirable Lady! ſaid his Harriet; both in a breath.

She was the companion of my childhood, proceeded the exalted Lady. We had our education together, I was the *ſufferer*; thank God! not the *aggreſſor*. She has made me great, by putting it into my power to *forgive* her. Let all my revenge be in her compunction from my forgiveneſs, and from my wiſhes to promote her welfare!

And a revenge indeed would that be, ſaid Sir Charles, were ſhe, who had acted by an excellent creature, as ſhe has done by you, capable of generous compunction. But, nobleſt of women, can it be expected, if *you* can forgive her, that your family ſhould join, by giving up their reverſionary expectance, to *reward* her for her cruelty to their child, who was entruſted to her kindeſt care and protection? Can you, madam, treat lightly thoſe inſtances of your parents and brother's Love, which have made them reſent her barbarity to you?---My dear Lady Clementina, you muſt not aim at being *above* Nature. Remember that your grandfather never *deſigned* this eſtate for Laurana. It was only to be proviſionally hers, in order to ſecure it the more effectually

fectually to you; and, on failure of deſcendants from you, to your elder brother, who, however, wiſhes not for it. His heart is in your marriage. He only wiſhes, that it may not be the cruel Laurana's. If you can defeat the deſign of your two grandfathers, with regard to your *own* intereſt, ought you to do injuſtice to your brother's claim?

O Chevalier!

Ought you to think of diſpoſing of your brother's right? Has not he much better reaſon to be conſidered by you for his affection, than Laurana has for her cruelty?---Abhorred be that ſort of LOVE, my dear Lady Clementina, which is pleaded in excuſe of barbarity, or of any extravagant, undutiful, or unnatural action!

She ſighed. Tears again ſtole down her cheeks. After a ſhort ſilence---O ſpare me, Chevalier!---Deſpiſe me not, Lady Grandiſon!---My enfeebled reaſon may lead me into error; but when I know it is error, I will not continue in it. I ſee that, with regard to my brother's intereſt in this eſtate, I reaſoned wrong. I was guilty, my dear Lady Grandiſon, I doubt, in your eye, of a falſe piece of heroiſm. I was for doing *leſs* than juſtice to a brother, that I might do *more* than juſtice to an unnatural relation.

All that Laurana can hope from you, my dear Lady Clementina, ſaid Sir Charles, is, that you will intitle her to the receipt of the conſiderable legacy your grandfather bequeathed to her---

And how is that to be done, interrupted ſhe, but by my marriage? Ah,---Chevalier!

Such, indeed, *is* the ſtate of the caſe. Such was it *deſigned* to be. I, madam, but ſtate it. I adviſe nothing.

Still, Sir, the motive which may allowably have weight with my friends, ought not to have principal weight with me. Conſider, Sir: Is it not ſetting an earthly eſtate againſt my immortal ſoul?

Far

Far otherwiſe, madam. Can you ſo far doubt of the divine grace, can you ſo far diſparage your own virtues, as to ſuppoſe they want the ſecurity of a Convent? Do juſtice, my dear Lady Clementina, to yourſelf. You have virtues which cannot be exerted in a Convent; and you have *means* to diſplay them for the good of hundreds. I argue not as a Proteſtant, when I addreſs my ſelf to you. The moſt zealous Catholic, if unprejudiced, *circumſtanced as you are*, muſt allow of what I ſay.

Ah, Chevalier! how you anticipate me! I was going to charge you with arguing like a Proteſtant.

Did not your grandfathers, madam, in *effect*, argue as I argue, when they made their wills? Did not your father, mother, uncle, brothers, thus argue, when they wiſhed you to relinquiſh all thoughts of the veil? And are not the one, were not the others, all zealous catholics? Does not your brother the biſhop, does not your truly pious confeſſor, acquieſce in their reaſonings, and concur with (at leaſt not *oppoſe*) the family-reaſons?

She looked down, ſweetly conſcious.

Sir Charles proceeded.

Has not your Mother, madam, who gave you and your three brothers to the world, a *merit* both with God and man, one of you dedicated, as he is, to God (you ſee, madam, I addreſs myſelf to you in the catholic ſtile) which the cloiſtered life could not have given her? Are not the conjugal and maternal duties (performed as *ſhe* has performed them) of higher account, than any of thoſe can be, which may be exerted in the ſequeſtred life? Clementina would not wiſh to be a better woman *in the Convent*, than her Mother has always been *out* of it.

She heſitated, ſighed, looked down: At laſt, What can I ſay? ſaid ſhe. I have ſigned to the waving of my wiſhes after the veil; and muſt, I ſee, abide by my ſigning. It is, however, generous in you, Sir, not

to

to plead againſt me *that* my act; and to hear me with patience want to be abſolved from it. But I am *not* happy! — She ſtopt; and turned away her face to conceal her emotion.

Sir Charles was affected, as well as I.

She recovered her ſpeech. I am, at times, ſaid ſhe, too ſenſible of running into flight and abſurdity. My late unhappy malady has weakened my reaſoning powers. You both *can*, I ſee you both *do*, pity me. Let me ſay, Chevalier, that when I came into your propoſed compromiſe (which, after ſo grievous a fault committed, as the flying from my native country, and indulgent parents, I could the leſs refuſe) I promiſed myſelf happineſs in a ſituation, in which, I *now* ſee, it is not to be found. Your friendſhip, your united friendſhip for me, happy pair! I thought (as I knew I deſerved by my diſintereſted affection for you both) would contribute to it; I was therefore deſirous to cultivate it. My wounded reaſon allowed me not to conſider, that there were improprieties in my ſcheme, of which the world would judge otherwiſe, than I did: And, when I heard of vile and undeſerved reflexions caſt upon me; but moſt when that ſudden indiſpoſition ſeized you, my dear Lady Grandiſon, and ſeemed to my affrighted imagination to threaten a life ſo precious---

She pauſed: Then proceeded.---I have told you, madam, my reflexions.—Before you, Chevalier, I have ſaid enough.—And now adviſe me what to do. —To ſay truth, I almoſt as much long to quit England, as I did to fly to it. I am unhappy. O my fluctuating heart! When, when, ſhall I be ſettled?

What, madam, can I ſay? anſwered Sir Charles: What can I adviſe? You ſay you are not happy. You think your parents are not ſo. We all believe you can make them ſo. But God forbid it ſhould be to your own unhappineſs, who have already been ſo great a ſufferer, tho' hardly a greater than every one of

of your friends has been from *your* ſufferings. I plead not, madam, the cauſe of any one man. I have told you, that your father himſelf adviſes a certain nobleman to give over all hopes of you: And that perſon himſelf ſays, that he will endeavour to do ſo; firſt, becauſe he promiſed you, that he would; and next, becauſe he is now too well aſſured, that you have an averſion to him.

An averſion Chevalier! God forbid that I ſhould have an averſion to any human creature! I thought my behaviour to that gentleman had been ſuch---

She ſtopt.

It was great; it was worthy of Clementina. But this is his apprehenſion: And if it be juſt, God forbid that Lady Clementina ſhould think of him!

My dear Lady Grandiſon, do *you* adviſe me upon all that has paſſed in this conference. You aſſured me at the beginning of it, that my peace of mind was neceſſary to your happineſs.

From my affection for you, my dear Lady Clementina, and from my affection *only*, it *is* neceſſary. You cannot have a diſtreſs, which will not, if I know it, be a diſtreſs to me. You know beſt what you can do. God give you happineſs, and make yours the foundation of that of your indulgent parents! They are of opinion, that a ſettled life with ſome worthy man of your own country and faith, will greatly contribute to it. Your mamma is firmly of opinion it will: So is Mrs. Beaumont. You ſee that you cannot, in juſtice to your brother, and to his children yet unborn, as well as in duty to your deceaſed grandfathers, aſſume the veil: You ſee that the unnatural Laurana, whom you ſtill are ſo *great* as to love, cannot enjoy a conſiderable legacy bequeathed her, but on your marriage.---If you have a *diſlike* to the nobleman who has ſo large a ſhare in the affections of all your family, by no means think of him. Rejoice, madam, in a Single Life, if you think you can

be

be happy in it, till ſome man offer whom you can favour with your eſteem. Let *me* be honoured meantime with the continuance of your Love, as I ſhall be found to deſerve it. We are already ſiſters. In preſence, we will be one; in abſence we will not be divided; for we will mingle ſouls and ſentiments on paper---

I was proceeding; but ſhe wrapt her arms about my neck. She bathed my cheek with her tears.--- O how generouſly did ſhe extol me! How delighted, how affected, was the deareſt of men! How delicate was his behaviour to both! The *tender friend* in her, the *beloved wife*, were, with the niceſt propriety, diſtinguiſhed by him.

The dear Lady was too much diſordered by her own grateful rapture, to recover a train of reaſoning. She told me, however, that ſhe would ponder, weigh, conſider every-thing that had paſſed.

God give her happineſs!---prays, with her whole heart,

Your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LI.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Thurſday, May 17.

LADY Clementina is thoughtful, ſolemn, and ſhuns company. Not one word will any body ſay to her of the Count of Belvedere: But as he is expected here every-day to take his leave, Sir Charles thinks ſhe ought not to be ſurprized by his coming at unawares. She neither dined nor ſupped in company yeſterday; nor breakfaſted with us this morning. She loves, as you have heard, to walk in the garden. She diverts herſelf often with feeding the deer, which gather about her, as ſoon as ſhe enters

ters the park. Sir Charles juſt now paſſed her in the garden. He aſked after her health. —My *mind* is not well, Chevalier! — God Almighty heal it! ſaid he, taking her hand, and bowing upon it — Thank you, Sir! Continue your prayers for me. That *laſt* converſation, Chevalier!—But, adieu.

She took a path that led to the park. He looked after her. She turned once to ſee if he did. He bowed, and motioned with his hand as for leave to follow her. She underſtood his motion, and by hers forbid him.—Poor Lady!

Thurſday Evening, Six o'clock.

MR. LOWTHER returned from London about an hour ago. He has always been of opinion with the phyſicians of Italy, that a diſorder of mind not hereditary, but circumſtanced as Lady Clementina's was, will be in no danger of returning, or of becoming hereditary, unleſs on ſome new diſtreſs like the former. He expreſſed his wonder more than once, at her relations acquieſcence with her plea, as ſhe made *that* the principal againſt marriage; tho' he allowed it to be a noble and generous one in her. And now, in order to juſtify his opinion, he has taken, of his own accord, the opinions of the moſt noted London phyſicians: who entirely agree with him.

Saturday, May 19.

LADY Clementina has been generouſly lamenting to me the unhappineſs of the cruel Laurana. What I hinted to Sir Charles, ſaid ſhe, of her Love for the Count of Belvedere, is but too true. I have been urged to have compaſſion, as it is called, on *him*. He ſhould have ſhewed ſome for *her*. She was propoſed to him. He rejected the propoſal with haughtineſs: But, I believe, knew not how much ſhe loved him. I have faint remembrances of her ravings, as I may call them, for him, to her mother and woman: Sometimes vowing revenge for ſlighted Love.---Poor Laurana was another Olivia in the violence of her

paſſion. In the few lucid intervals I had when I was under her management, I always expected that theſe ravings would end in harder uſage of me. Yet even then, when I had calmneſs enough to pity myſelf, I pitied her. O that the Count would make her happy, and could think himſelf happy in her!---

She aſked me if Sir Charles were not indeed inclined to favour the Count?

He wiſhes you, madam, to marry, anſwered I, becauſe he thinks (and phyſicians of Italy and England, and Mr. Lowther, concur with your parents wiſhes) if there were a man in the world whom you could conſent to make happy, the conſequence would not only make your whole family ſo, but yourſelf; and the more for making them ſo. But the choice of the *man*, he thinks, ſhould be entirely left to you: He thinks that the Count, ſo often refuſed, ought not to be inſiſted on; and that time ſhould be given you.

Let me aſk you, Lady Grandiſon, as one ſiſter to another, Could *you*, in *my* ſituation, have reſolved to give your hand---She ſtopt, bluſhed, looked down. I ſnatched her hand, and lifted it to my lips---Speak your whole heart, my Clementina, to your Harriet.---But yet I will ſpare you, when I underſtand your meaning. Nobleſt of women, *I* am not Clementina. *I* could not, ſituated as you once were, all my friends conſenting, and the man---ſuch as you knew him to be---have refuſed him my hand as well as heart. But, what may not be expected from a Lady, who, from a regard to her ſuperior duties could make the moſt laudable paſſion of inferior force?---You have already overcome the greateſt difficulty; and when you can perſuade yourſelf that it is your *duty* to enter into new meaſures, I am ſure, whatever they may be---

Dear Lady Grandiſon, ſay no more---My *duty*---How delicate are your intimations!---What a ſubject have we ſlid into!---Believe me, I am incapable---

Of any thought, of any imagination, interrupted I, that an angel might not own. It would be an injury to your Harriet's emulative Love of you, were you but to ſuppoſe any aſſurances of your greatneſs of mind neceſſary.

But I am at times pained, generous Lady Grandiſon, for what *your* friends may think, may wiſh---O that I were in my own country again!

They wiſh for nothing but your happineſs. Lay down your own plan, dear Lady: Chalk out your future ſteps. Look about you one, two, three years, in the Single life: Aſſure your indulgent parents---

Huſh, huſh, huſh, huſh, my dear Lady Grandiſon, gently putting her hand on my mouth: I will, I muſt, leave you!---O my fluctuating heart!---But whatever I ſhall be enabled to do; whoſe-ſoever diſpleaſure I may incurr, do *you* continue to love me: Still call me Siſter; and, through you, let me call Sir Charles Grandiſon my Brother; and then ſhall I have a felicity that will counterbalance many infelicities.

She hurried from me, not ſtaying to hear the affectionate aſſurances of my admiring Love, that were burſting my lips from a heart fervently deſiring to comply with every wiſh of hers.

Sunday, May 20.

The Marquis is ſlightly indiſpoſed. The Marchioneſs is not well. Lady Clementina applying to Mrs. Beaumont for conſolation on the occaſion, owned, that were their indiſpoſitions to gather ſtrength, ſhe ſhould be too ready for her peace of mind, to charge them to her own account. Mrs. Beaumont generouſly conſoled her, without urging one ſyllable in favour of the man, who has ſo large an intereſt in the hearts of all her family, her own excepted. She herſelf mentioned with approbation to Mrs. Beaumont, ſome particulars of the Count's munificence and greatneſs of mind, that had come to her knowlege: But wiſhed he could think of her couſin Laurana.

Her Camilla came in. She aſked with anxious duty, after her mother's health; and withdrew in tears, to attend her.

Monday, May 21.

WELL, but now, I Charlotte G. who have taken up Harriet's pen, ſay, theſe tears will ſoon be dried up. The Marquis and his Lady are both better. The Count is arrived; Signors Juliano and Sebaſtiano with him. Did you not ſee the Count when he was in town, Lucy? A pretty man, upon my life, were he not quite ſo ſolemn: But that very ſolemnity will make for him with the fair romancer: Is he not come, as Lee ſays, in his Theodoſius,

---" To take eternal leave?
" Not to vouchſafe to ſee him, would be ſcorn,
" Which the fair ſoul of gentle CLEMENTINA
" Could never harbour."

Accordingly, on his arrival, not unſent to, but almoſt unexpected, down ſhe came to tea; and with *ſuch* a grace!---Indeed, my dear and venerable Mrs. Shirley, ſhe will be a good girl. All will come right. She was a little ſolemn indeed in her ſerenity: But ſhe plainly put herſelf forward to ſpeak. She ſeemed to pity the Count's confuſion (who, poor ſoul! knew not how to ſpeak to her) and relieved it by enquiring after his health, as he had not been well. She addreſſed herſelf to him once or twice on indifferent ſubjects; and pleaſed every-body by her behaviour to him. Nay, they talked together a good while at the window, he, and ſhe, and Mrs. Beaumont, very freely about England and Italy, comparing in a few inſtances, theſe gardens with thoſe of the Marquis at Bologna. No very intereſting converſation indeed; but the good Count thought himſelf in paradiſe. Yet he fears he ſhall to-morrow be allowed to take a long, long leave of her. He goes to France and Italy; not

to

to Spain. I like him for that: It would only be diſtreſſing himſelf further, he ſays, were he to amuſe a worthy family, who have invited him thither with a view that can not be anſwered while Clementina remains unmarried.

My Brother continues to inſiſt upon it, that not one word ſhall be ſaid in the Count's favour. Sea-room, and Land-room, Mrs. Shirley, as I ſaid once before---Where did he learn ſo throughly to underſtand the perverſeneſs of a female heart?

♔ ♔

By Lady Grandiſon,] You ſee, my grandmamma, what Lady G. has written. Her ſweetly playful pen may divert you. Her heart feels not, as mine does, the perplexities of the dear Clementina: But I yield, with grateful pleaſure, to a pen ſo much more lively, than that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* LUCY SELBY.

Tueſday, May 22.

AND ſo, Lucy, your Day is fixed. May next Thurſday be a happy one, and reward the heroic girl who ſo nobly conquered a firſt Love, on the diſcovered unworthineſs of the man. And you own that your heart is far from being indifferent to Lord Rereſby---Good girl!---Confirmation of all my doctrines. We women prate and prate of what we *can*, and what we *can-not*; what we *ought*, and what we *ought-not*, to do: But none of *us* ſtay-till-we-are-aſked mortals know what we ſhall, or can, do, till we are tried by the power of determining being put into our hands. Was it poſſible for me to have loved that ſorry wretch Anderſon, ſo well as I really love my honeſt Lord G? It was not. But

tho' I name that creature myſelf, never do you preſume to do it. I bluſh even to this hour at looking back to certain giddineſſes that debaſed my character ---But let me quit a ſubject ſo diſagreeable.

Lady Clementina has had a bad night, it ſeems.--- Came not down to breakfaſt. The poor Count was in deſpair. I tried to hearten him up a little: But my brother will not let any body flatter him with a hope that too probably may end in diſappointment.

Yonder [I am writing at my window, you muſt know] is the fair inflexible muſing in the garden. I have a good mind to call to her? for I ſee by her motions and downcaſt looks, that reſverie is no favourable ſign for the Count---No need of my calling to her; my brother has this minute joined her. ſoon as he appeared in ſight, ſhe moved towards him. Now, dear brother, put in a word for the poor man.

Well, but Lucy, this Lord of yours muſt come among us. He ſhall not carry you to Ireland this year. Let all who would be good huſbands and good wives, come to Grandiſon-hall, and learn: And, pray, let them come while *I am here*. Yet I have ſomething to ſay againſt our Harriet too.---She is ſo taken up with her heroic friendſhip, that Clementina is now almoſt the only ſubject of her pen. What godlike inſtances of my brother's goodneſs does ſhe leave untold, tho' ſhe admires him for them, as much as ever! Every riſing, every ſetting Sun, are witneſſes of his divine philanthropy. I ſuppoſe ſhe looks upon his praiſes now, to be her own. Well ſhe may. Never were hearts ſo united, ſo formed for one another. But Harriet uſed to praiſe herſelf formerly; Did ſhe not, uncle Selby?

Believe me, I will praiſe *my* honeſt man whenever he gives me cauſe. For inſtance; yeſterday I was well enough pleaſed with what he ſaid to my brother.---You, Sir Charles, ought not to give your-

ſelf

ſelf up to a private life. Your country has a claim upon ſuch a character as yours.

Without doubt, ſaid I---Shall we, my Lord, make my brother an embaſſador, or a juſtice of peace? Lord G. rubbed his forehead; but ſeeing me ſmile, his countenance brightened up. Don't you know, Charlotte, ſaid my brother, that nothing but the engagements our noble gueſts have given me, would have prevented me from acting in the uſeful character you have laſt named?

O that you had, brother! What admirable cauſes would then have been brought before US, *en dernier reſſort!* How delightfully would your time have been taken up with the appeals of ſcolding wives, forſaken damſels and witches preſumptive!

Lady, G. *muſt* be herſelf, whatever be the ſubject, replied Sir Charles. You and I love her, my Lord, for her charming vivacity. But think you, my ſiſter, that a day ſpent in doing good, be the objects of it ever ſo low, is not more pleaſing to reflect upon, than a day of the moſt elegant indulgence? Would perſons of ſenſe and diſtinction (myſelf out of the queſtion) more frequently than they do, undertake the task, it would be lighter to every one, and would keep the great power veſted in this claſs of magiſtrates, and which is every year increaſing, out of mean and mercenary hands. And, ſurely, men of conſideration in the world owe it to their tenants and neighbours, and to thoſe of their fellow-creatures to whoſe induſtry they are obliged for their affluence, to employ in their ſervice, thoſe advantages of rank and education, which make it eaſy for them to clear up and adjuſt, (perhaps in half an hour,) matters that would be of endleſs perplexity and entanglement to the parties concerned.

Mind this, uncle Selby; for I think you are too fond of your own ways, and your own hours, to do your duty as an active juſtice, tho' of the quorum.

But I ſhould have told you, Lucy, how this converſation began. I got the occaſion for it out of Dr. Bartlett afterwards. You muſt know, that I viſit him now and then as Harriet uſed to do, to learn ſome of my brother's good deeds, that otherwiſe would not come to our knowlege; by which I underſtand, that notwithſtanding he gives his gueſts ſo much of his company, and appears ſo eaſy and free among us, yet, that every beneficent ſcheme is going on: Not one improvement ſtands ſtill: He knows not what it is to be one moment idle.

Dr. Bartlett tells me, that ſome gentlemen of prime conſideration in the county, have been offering my brother their intereſt againſt the next election. He modeſtly acknowleged the grateful ſenſe he had of the honour done him; but declined it for the preſent, as having been too little a while returned into his own country, after ſo long an abſence, to be as yet fit for a truſt ſo important. We, young men, ſaid he, are apt to be warm: When we have not ſtudied a point throughly, we act upon haſty concluſions, and ſometimes ſupport, ſometimes oppoſe, on inſufficient grounds. I would not be under *Engagements* to any party: Neither can I think of contributing to deſtroy the morals and health of all the country people round me, to make myſelf what is called an *Intereſt*. Forgive me, gentlemen: I mean not to ſlight your favours: But on ſuch an occaſion I ought to be explicit.

But after the gentlemen were gone. There is a county, Dr. Bartlett, ſaid he, of which I ſhould be ambitious to be one of the repreſentatives, had I a *natural* intereſt in it; becauſe of the reverence I bear to the Good man, to whom, in that caſe, I ſhould have the honour to call myſelf a collegue. When I can think myſelf more worthy than at preſent I am, of ſtanding in ſuch a civil relation to him, I ſhall conſider him as another Gamaliel, at whoſe feet (ſo long

long abſent as I have been from my native country) I ſhall be proud to be initiated into the ſervice of the public.

It is not difficult to gueſs, who my brother---But my marmouſet is ſqualling for me; and I muſt fly to ſilence it.

❁ ❁

Now, Lucy, that I have pacified my Brat, do I wiſh you with me at my window. My Brother and his Harriet only, are, at this inſtant, walking almoſt under it, engaged in earneſt converſation: Seemingly, how pleaſing a one! admiration and tenderneſs mingled in *his* looks: In *her*, while he ſpeaks, the moſt delighted attention: When ſhe anſwers, love, affiance, modeſt deference, benevolence, compaſſion; an expreſſion that no pen can deſcribe---Knowing them both ſo well, and acquainted with their uſual behaviour to each other, I can make it all out. She is pleading, I am ſure, for Clementina. Charming pleader!—Yet, my dear Mrs. Shirley, I fear her reaſonings are romantic ones. Our Harriet, you know, was always a little tinctured with Heroiſm; and ſhe goes back in her mind to the time that ſhe thought ſhe could never be the wife of any other man than my brother (tho' then hopeleſs that he could be hers); and ſuppoſes Clementina in the ſame ſituation.

When I looked firſt, I dare ſay, he was giving her an account of the converſation that paſſed an hour ago, between him and Clementina. He had his arm round her waiſt, ſometimes preſſing her to him as they walked; ſometimes ſtanding ſtill; and, on her replies, raiſing her hand to his lips, with ſuch *tender* paſſion—But here ſhe comes.

Harriet, if I am a witch, let Lucy know it. Here—read this laſt paragraph—Have I gueſſed right at your ſubject of diſcourſe?—You will tell me, you ſay, in a Letter by itſelf, directed to your Lucy—Do ſo.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

[*In Continuation of Lady G's Subject.*]

YOU need not be told, my dear Lucy, that our charming Lady G. is miſtreſs of penetration. Your happy Harriet has been engaged in the moſt pleaſing converſation. The beſt of huſbands conceals not from her one emotion of his excellent heart. He is greatly diſtreſſed for Clementina. It would be unworthy of his character, if he were not: Yet he ſeems to think ſhe may be happy with the Count of Belvedere: That is the point we have been debating. As Sir Charles would have been the man of her choice, but for an invincible obſtacle, is it not owing, partly, to his delicate modeſty, that he thinks ſhe may be ſo? What think you Lucy?

Lady G. ſays, I make Clementina's caſe my own. Be it ſo; becauſe *ſo* it *ought* to be. Could I have been happy with Lord D?—Call it romantic, if you pleaſe, Lady G; I think it impoſſible that I *could*, even tho' I could not form to myſelf, that Sir Charles Grandiſon himſelf would make the tender, the indulgent huſband he makes to the happieſt of women.

Sir Charles gave me the particulars of the converſation that paſſed between him and Lady Clementina in the garden. He obſerved, that ſhe is not a ſtranger to the Count's reſolution, never to marry while *ſhe* remains unmarried; and that it is the intention of that nobleman to return to Italy, and not go to Spain at all. Perhaps ſhe had her information either from Camilla or Laura; who both heard him declare as much. If ſhe has condeſcended to hear *them* talk on a ſubject which every body elſe has ſtudiouſly avoided, ſhe may alſo have heard from them many other particulars greatly to the Count's honour; for they are his admirers and well-wiſhers.

Sir

Sir Charles believes ſhe will take a gracious leave of the Count before he ſets out.

THE ſolemn, the parting interview, was to have been in my drawing-room this afternoon: But Lady Clementina has given the Count an unexpected, and joyful reprieve.

She dined in company. We were all charmed with her free and eaſy deportment, as well to the Count, as to every-body elſe. *His* was not ſo eaſy. He, intending to beſpeak the favour of half an hour's audience of her, in order to take leave of her, when ſhe aroſe from table, was in viſible agitations. How the poor man trembled! with what awe, with what reverence, as he ſat, did he glance towards her! How did every-body pity him! and by their eyes beſeech her pity for him! yet, in the ſame moment, our eyes fell under hers, as ſhe looked upon each perſon; we all ſeeming unwilling to have her think we entreated for him by them. I thought I read in her lovely countenance more than once, compaſſion for him; yet, the breath hard-fetched, *as* often ſhewed a ſigh ſuppreſſed, that indicated, I imagined, a *wiſh* (alſo ſuppeſſed) after a life more eligible to her than the nuptial.

At laſt, when we women aroſe from table, he, as a man who muſt addreſs her in haſte, or be unable at all to do it, ſtept towards her; retreated, when near her, as irreſolute; and again advancing, profoundly bowing, Madam, madam, ſaid he, heſitatingly—putting out his hand, as if he would have taken hers; but withdrawing it haſtily, before he touched it---I hope---I beg---Allow me--I beſeech you---one parting moment.

She pitied his confuſion! My Lord, ſaid ſhe, We ſee you to-morrow in the afternoon [Allow me, madam, to me---] She courteſied to him, and withdrew with

with ſome little precipitation; but with a dignity that never forſakes her.

Every man, it ſeems, congratulated the *Count*. Every woman (when withdrawn with her) *Clementina*. The Marchioneſs folded her to her maternal boſom---My daughter! My beloved daughter! My Clementina! was all ſhe ſaid, tears trickling down her cheeks ---O my mamma! kneeling (affected by her mother's tears)---O my mamma!---was all the daughter could ſay. And riſing, took Mrs. Beaumont's hand, and retired with her to her own apartment.

⁂ ⁂

We ſee her now in the garden with that excellent woman, arm in arm, in earneſt talk, as we ſit by the window.

Wedneſday Night.

And now, my grandmamma, a word or two of dear Northamptonſhire.

I have a Letter from Emily, I incloſe it, with a copy of my anſwer. I hope it is not a breach of confidence to communicate them both to you, and, thro' you, madam, to my aunt Selby. At preſent, I wiſh the contents may be a ſecret to every-body elſe.

Don't let Lucy repine at her diſtant reſidence, if it muſt be in Ireland. It is generally the privilege of huſbands to draw their wives after them. Sir Charles ſays, it is but a trip to that kingdom: And having an eſtate in it, which he is intent upon improving, he will be her viſitor; and ſo will his Harriet, you need not queſtion, if he make her the offer of accompanying him. To you, my grandmamma, I know every part of the Britiſh dominions, where your friends have a natural call, is Northamptonſhire. Lucy's grandmother, however will miſs her: But has not ſhe a Lucy in her Nancy? And has not her grandſon James a chance (if Patty Holles will favour him) to carry to her another grandaughter? Beſides, Lord Rereſby, who is ſo good-natured a man, will

will not be in haſte to quit the county where he has obtained ſo rich a prize. Sir Charles expects them both with him for a month at leaſt, before they leave England.

Happy! happy! as the ſixteenth of November to me, may be the twenty-fourth of May to Lucy, prays,

Her ever affectionate

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIV.

Miſs EMILY JERVOIS, *To Lady* GRANDISON.

Sat. May 19.

I Have ſomething to communicate to you, my dear Lady Grandiſon, and take your advice about: yet, ſo young a creature as I am, I am *quite* aſhamed. But you muſt keep my ſecret from every living ſoul, and from my guardian too, for the preſent, ſince in writing to you I think I write to him, as you know all his heart, and are ſo prudent a Lady. It is true, I was, (or I might have been I ſhould rather ſay) a forward girl with regard to him: But then my whole heart was captivated by his perfections, by his greatneſs of *mind*; that was all. May not a creature, tho' ever ſo young, admire a good man's goodneſs? May ſhe not have a deep ſenſe of gratitude for kindneſs conferred? That gratitude may, indeed, as ſhe grows up, engage her too deeply; and *I* found myſelf in danger; but made my eſcape in time. Thank God! ---and thank you, who aſſiſted me! What an excellent Lady are you, that one can ſpeak to you of theſe tender matters! But you are the Queen of our Sex, and ſit inthroned, holding out your ſcepter in pity to one poor girl, and raiſing another, and another; for it is glory enough for you to call the man yours, for whom ſo many hearts have ſighed in ſecret.

But

But this was always my way---I never ſat myſelf down to write to my guardian or to you, but my preambles were longer than my matter---To the point then---but *be ſure* keep my ſecret---

Here every-body is fond of Sir Edward Beauchamp. He is indeed a very agreeable man. Next to my guardian, I think him the moſt agreeable of men. He is always coming down to us. I cannot but ſee that he is particularly obliging to me. I really believe, young as I am, he loves me: But every-body is ſo *ſilent* about him: yet they ſlide away and leave us together very often. It looks as if all favoured him; yet would not interfere. He has not made any declaration of Love neither.---I am ſo *young* a creature, you know; and to be ſure he is a very prudent man.

My guardian dearly loves him---Who does not? His addreſs is *ſo* gentle: His words are *ſo* ſoothing: His voice---To be ſure he is a very amiable man! Now tell me freely---Do you think my guardian (but pray only ſound him---I am ſo young a creature, you know) would be diſpleaſed if matters were to come to ſomething in time?——Three or four years hence, ſuppoſe, if Sir Edward would think it worth while to ſtay for ſo ſilly a creature? I would not *think* of ſooner.---If not, I would not allow myſelf to be ſo much in his company, you know.

He has a very good eſtate; and tho' he is ten or twelve years older than I, yet he never will be more than that, ſince every year that goes over his head, will go over mine likewiſe---So you will be pleaſed to give me your opinion.

And here all the world is for marrying, I think. Miſs Selby is as good as gone, you know. Her brother courts Miſs Patty Holles: Miſs Kitty is not without her humble ſervant. Nay, Miſs Nancy Selby, for that matter---But let theſe intelligences come from themſelves.

You,

You, my dear Lady Grandiſon, have led up this dance---So happy as you are---I think it is a right thing for young women to marry when young men are ſo deſirous to copy Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Haſten to me your advice, if but in ſix lines. We expect Sir Edward down next week. I *muſt* like his company, becauſe he is always telling us one charming thing or other of my guardian; and becauſe he ſo ſincerely rejoices in your happineſs and his.

God continue it to you both! This is our prayer night and morning, for our own ſakes, as well as yours, believe

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER LV.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Miſs* JERVOIS.

Tueſday, May 22.

I HAVE a great opinion of your prudence, my Love: And I have as high a one of Sir Edward Beauchamp's honour and diſcretion. His fortune, his merit, are unexceptionable. Your guardian loves him. If you could certainly love Sir Edward above all men, and he you above all women, I am of opinion your guardian will think no alliance can be happier for both, and for himſelf too: For you know, my dear, that your welfare is near his heart. Let me, my ſweet Emily, refer you, as to your conduct on this occaſion, to my own almoſt-unerring counſellors, my grandmamma and aunt Selby. Don't be aſhamed to open your heart to them: Are you not under their wings? I will ſo manage, that they ſhall lead the way to your freedom with them. Your difficulties by this means will be leſſened. Sir Charles will pay the greateſt attention to their advice. But yet I muſt inſiſt,

inſiſt, that the reference to them, ſhall not deprive of my Emily's confidence,

Her ever-affectionate Siſter,
and faithful Friend and Servant,
HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LVI.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Thurſday, May 24.

I Begin this Letter, as I ended my laſt to Lucy---May this day be a happy one to her; and then it will be ſo to us all---My dear aunt Selby will be ſo good as to favour me with a line to acquaint me with the actual celebration; that I may ground upon it my earlieſt felicitations.

I will proceed with an account of what ſo much engages the attention of every one here.

I told you in one of my former, that Lady G. had ſhewn to Mrs. Beaumont Lucy's account of the converſation held at Shirley-manor, on the ſubject of a firſt Love, with Lady G's ſprightly deciſion upon it, and upon the appeal made to me.---I muſt now tell you, that Mrs. Beaumont prevailed upon Lady Clementina to deſire me to read it to her. She made her requeſt; and I obeyed. Mrs. Beaumont was preſent. Not a word by way of application did either ſhe or I ſuggeſt, when I had done reading. Lady Clementina's complexion often changed as I read. She was not at all diverted with thoſe lively parts of Lady G's deciſion, that I *ventured* to read; (for I read not the moſt lively) tho' ſhe is an admirer of her ſprightly vein. She looked down moſt of the time in ſolemn ſilence. And at laſt, when I had ended, ſhe, ſighing, ſtarted, as if from a reſverie, aroſe, courteſied, and withdrew; not having once opened her lips on the ſubject.

THE

THE Biſhop, Signor Jeronymo, and the two young Lords, juſt now joined to requeſt Sir Charles to become avowedly an advocate for the Count to Lady Clementina. They urged, that ſhe was balancing in his favour; and that Sir Charles's weight would turn the ſcale: But Sir Charles not only deſired to be excuſed, but begged that ſhe might not be ſolicited by *any*-body on that ſubject—May ſhe not, aſked he, be reaſoning with herſelf, and conſidering what ſhe can do, with juſtice to the Count and herſelf? Her *future* peace of mind is concerned that her determination *now*, ſhall be all her own. Leave her no room for after-regret, for having been perſuaded againſt her mind. If perſuaſion *only* is wanting, will ſhe not wrap herſelf up in reſerve, to keep herſelf in countenance for not having been perſuaded before?

Purſuant to this advice, the Marchioneſs in a converſation with her beloved daughter, that might have led to the ſubject on which their hearts are fixed, declined it; ſaying, Whatever my child ſhall determine upon, with regard to any plan for her future life, let her whole heart be in it: Her choice ſhall be ours.

Thurſday Afternoon.

LADY Clementina excuſed herſelf from breakfaſting with us; but obliged us with her company at dinner. At, and after dinner, Sir Charles directed himſelf to all the company in turn, in his uſual agreeable manner. How does his benign countenance always ſhine, when he finds himſelf ſurrounded at table by his friends! The larger the circle, the more diffuſed is his chearfulneſs. With what delight does his Jeronymo meditate his every graceful motion! He dwells upon what he ſays, and by his eyes, caſt with leſs complacency on an interrupter, ſeems to wiſh every one ſilent, when Sir Charles's lips begin to open.

After he had gone round his ample table, ſaying ſomething obliging to all (in a manner *calling forth* every one, to ſay ſomething in his or her own way) he addreſſed himſelf more particularly to the Count, and led him into ſubjects both learned and familiar, in which he knew he *could* ſhine; and in which he *did*. It was doubly kind in Sir Charles to do ſo; for the poor man's reverence for the miſtreſs of his fate, had taken all courage from his Love, and he *wanted* to be drawn out. Never can baſhful merit appear to ſo much advantage, as in Sir Charles's addreſs to it.

How much ſoul did Lady Clementina ſhew in her eyes! She was very attentive to every one that ſpoke. She aſked the Count queſtions more than once on ſome of the ſubjects he was led to talk of. My eyes, as I could feel, gliſtened when ſhe *did*, to ſee how thoſe of her father and mother rejoiced, as I may ſay, on the notice ſhe took of him. Lady Clementina could not but obſerve how delightfully her complaiſance to the Count was received by all her family ---- Is it poſſible, thought I, more than once, were I in the ſituation of this admirable Lady, to avoid obliging ſuch indulgent parents with the grant of all their wiſhes, that depended on myſelf; having given up voluntarily the man I preferred to all others?

Signor Sebaſtiano dropt a hint once, of his own and the Count's, and Signor Juliano's intention of ſetting out; mentioning a care for their baggage, which by this time, he ſuppoſed had reached Dover: But Clementina turning an attentive ear to what he ſaid, Sir Charles was afraid ſhe would take this hint as a deſign to haſten her reſolution; and ſaid, We will not ſadden our hearts with the thoughts of parting with any of our friends.

Thurſday Evening, Eight o'Clock.

A Letter is this moment brought from town by an eſpecial meſſenger, to Signor Jeronymo. The whole

whole family, Lady Clementina excepted, are got together upon the contents.

Ten o'Clock.

THE Marchioneſs, juſt now, taking my hand, tears ſtarting in her eyes, Ah, madam, ſaid ſhe, the poor wretch Laurana---Juſt then the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti entering, ſhe put the Letter into my hand. I ſhall incloſe a tranſlation of it.

To Signor JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

May 6. N. S.

THE dear perverſe Clementina may be now indulged, if ſhe has not, from principles of gratitude, already yielded to give her hand to our Belvedere. I hope ſhe *has*. One of our motives for urging her, is at an end. Laurana is no more. Her mother kept from her as long as ſhe could, the news of the Count's accompanying you all to England: But when ſhe was told that he was actually in that kingdom; and that my ſiſter was heard of; ſhe doubted not but the conſequence would be the defeating of all her hopes with regard to him. A deep melancholy firſt ſeized her; *that* was ſucceeded by raving fits; and it is ſuſpected that the poor creature, eluding the care of her attendants, came to a miſerable end. Lady Sforza is inconſolable. A malignant fever is given out---So let it paſs---SHE, whom the wretched creature moſt cruelly uſed, will ſhed a tear for the companion of her childhood: But who elſe, beſides her own mother, will? --- Yet, if the manner of her quitting life were as ſhocking as it is whiſpered to me it was---But I will not enquire further about it, for fear I ſhould be induced to ſhew compaſſion for a wretch who had not any to ſhew to a near relation, entruſted to her care, and who had a right to her kindeſt treatment.

What a glorious creature, as you paint him, as Fame, as father Mareſcotti, and you all report him, is

your Grandiſon! Your Siſter-in-law muſt, *I believe*, be complied with. Ever ſince you all left Italy, ſhe has been earneſt to attend you in England. She even threatens to ſteal from her huſband, if he conſent not, and, now Clementina has ſhewn her the way, procure a paſſage thither, to try my Love in following her, as that naughty girl has all yours, in a ſeaſon---But what is the inclemency of ſeaſon, what are winds, mountains, ſeas, to a woman who has ſet her heart on an adventure? This I muſt allow in her favour, if ſhe *ſhould* fly from me, it will be *to* the Father, Mother, Brothers, *from* whom her Siſter fled. ---Naughty, naughty Clementina! Can I forgive her? Yet if her parents do, what have I to ſay?

I do aſſure you, Jeronymo, that I unfeignedly join with you in your joy, that ſo deſerving a man is not a loſer by a diſappointment, that we all know ſat heavily upon him, at the time. I even long to ſee upon one ſpot, two women who are capable of ſhewing, as they have ſhewn, a magnanimity ſo very rare in the Sex: One of whom, let me glory, is my Siſter. But Clementina ever was one of the moſt generous, however, in ſome points, unperſuadable, of human creatures.

Let Belvedere know how much I love him. Whatever be his fate with one of the perverſeſt, yet nobleſt-minded of women, I will ever look upon him as my Brother.

Reverence, Duty, Love, and the ſincereſt compliments, diſtribute, as due, my dear Jeronymo, from

Your

GIACOMO.

LET-

LETTER LVII.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Friday, May 25.

UNHAPPY Laurana! Sir Charles expreſſed great concern for the manner of her death. How *can* you, Brother, ſaid Lady G. (when we three only were together) be concerned for ſo execrable a wretch!

Shall a human creature periſh, replied he, and its fellow-creature not be moved? Shall an immortal Being fix its eternal State by an act dreadful and irreverſible; by a crime that admits not of repentance; and ſhall we not be concerned? This indeed was owing to diſtraction: But how ill was ſuch a ſoul as Laurana's prepared to ruſh into Eternity?---Unhappy Laurana!

It is not, for obvious reaſons, thought fit to acquaint Clementina with the contents of the General's Letter.

AT laſt, my dear grandmamma, the great point ſeems to be decided. Lady Clementina had for ſome time been employing herſelf in drawing up, in two oppoſite columns, the arguments for and againſt her entering into the marriage State. She ſhewed them to me, and afterwards to Mrs. Beaumont; but would not allow either of us to take a copy. She has ſtated them very fairly. I could not but obſerve to her on *which* ſide the ſtrength lay.

This morning ſhe gave us her company at breakfaſt-time for a few minutes only. She was in viſible emotions; and ſeemed deſirous of getting the better of them; but was unable; and therefore retired. She ſhut herſelf up, and about noon, ſent, ſealed

up, a Letter, which I will Engliſh as well as I can; thus directed;

To her ever-honoured, ever-indulgent Father and Mother,
CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

HOW did my whole ſoul aſpire after the veil!--- Inſuperable obſtacles having ariſen againſt the union of your child with one exalted man, how averſe was I to enter into covenant with any other!

It was your pleaſure, my Lord; it was yours, Madam; that I ſhould not be indulged in the aſpiration. You had the goodneſs to oblige me in my averſeneſs.

The Chevalier Grandiſon has ſince convinced me, by generous and condeſcending reaſonings, that I could not in duty to the will of my two grandfathers, and in juſtice to my elder brother and his deſcendants, renew my wiſhes after the cloiſter. I ſubmit.

But now, what is to be done; what *can* I do, to make you, my deareſt parents, and my brothers, happy? Olivia triumphs over me. My ſituation is diſagreeable: I, who ought to be a comfort to my friends, have been, I ſtill am, a trouble to them all. ---The Chevalier Grandiſon and his excellent Lady, have ſignified to me, more than once, that they expect from me the completion of their *earthly* happineſs: And what is this life, but a ſhort, a tranſitory paſſage to a *better*?

Have I not declined accepting the vows of the firſt of men? The only man I ever ſaw with a wiſh to be united to him? Declined them on motives, that all my friends think do me honour?

Have I ever, dear as the ſtruggle coſt me, repented the glorious ſelf-denial? And what precedents of ſelf-denial (wholly yours by Laws divine and human, as I am) have you, my ever-indulgent parents, ſet me?

Is

Is there now a man I would prefer to him whom my friends are ſolicitous to commend to my favour?

Cannot I, in performing my duty to my parents, perform all thoſe duties of life, which performed, may intitle me to a bleſſed hope?

Shall I contend in and through life, to carry a point, that, at the awful cloſe of it, will appear to me, as nothing?---

Let me make a propoſal---I make it on a ſuppoſition that you, Sir, that you, Madam (whoſe patient goodneſs to me has been unexampled), and every one of my friends, favour the Count of Belvedere as much as ever----I have always acknowleged his merits.—It is this;

Permit me a year's conſideration from the preſent time, to examine the ſtate of my head and heart; and at the end of that year, allow me to determine; and I will endeavour, my dear parents, to make *your* wiſhes and *my* duty, honour, conſcience (diveſted of caprice, fancy, petulance) my ſole guides in the reſult, as well as in the diſcuſſion. The Chevalier Grandiſon, his Lady, Father Mareſcotti, and Mrs. Beaumont, ſhall be judges between my relations and me, if there be occaſion.

But as it would be unreaſonable to expect, that the Count of Belvedere ſhould attend an iſſue ſo uncertain; for I would rather die, than give my vows to a man to whom I could not do juſtice both with regard to head and heart; ſo I make it my earneſt requeſt to him, that he will look upon himſelf to be abſolutely free to make his own choice, and to purſue his own meaſures, as opportunities offer. Rejoiced at my heart ſhould I be, to have reaſon to congratulate him on his nuptials with a woman of the ſoundneſs of whoſe mind he could have no doubt, and whoſe heart never knew another attachment.

I would humbly propoſe, as a meaſure highly expedient, that the ever-obliging Chevalier Grandiſon

and his truly admirable Lady will permit us, as ſoon as poſſible, to depart from England. [O my friends! accuſe me not of levity in your hearts! I obeyed in the raſh voyage hither, an impulſe that appeared to me irreſiſtible.] And let us leave it to his never-forfeited honour, to bring over to us, as ſoon as can be convenient, his Lady, his Siſters, and their Lords, as they have made us hope: And that a family friendſhip may be cultivated among us, as if a legal relation had taken place.

But allow me to declare, that if my couſin Laurana ſhall be found to have entertained the leaſt reaſon to hope that ſhe may one day be Counteſs of Belvedere, that *that* expectation alone, whatever turn my health may take, may be conſidered as finally determining the Count's expectations on me; for I never will be looked upon as the rival of my couſin.

And now, bleſſed Virgin Mother of the God of my hope, do thou enable me to be an humble inſtrument of reſtoring to the hearts of my honoured and indulgent parents, and to thoſe of my affectionate brothers and other friends, the tranquillity of which I have ſo unhappily and ſo long deprived them; prays, and will every hour pray, my ever-honoured and ever-indulgent Father and Mother,

Friday, May 25. *Your dutifully devoted*

CLEMENTINA.

THE Marquis was alone with his Lady in her dreſſing-room when Camilla carried them this Letter. They opened it with impatience. They could not contain their joy when they peruſed it. They both declared, that it was all that *ſhould*, all that *ought* to be exacted from her. The Biſhop, Signor Jeronymo, and her two couſins, on the contents being communicated to them, were in ecſtaſies of joy.

All that the Count of Belvedere had wiſhed for, was, that Lady Clementina would give him hope, that

that if ſhe ever married, he might be the happy man; and for the ſake of this diſtant hope, he was reſolved to forego all other engagements. Sir Charles was deſired to acquaint him with the happy tidings. He did, with his uſual prudence: But his joy is extreme.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs were impatient to embrace and thank their beloved daughter. The moment ſhe ſaw them, ſhe threw herſelf at their feet, as they ſat together on one ſettee, and were riſing to embrace her---O my Father! O my Mother! Have I not been perverſe in your eyes?---It was not I!---You can pity me!---It was not always in my *power* to think as I now do. My mind was diſturbed. I ſought for tranquillity, and could no where find it. My brother Giacomo was too precipitating; yet, in his earneſtneſs to have me marry, ſhewed his diſintereſtedneſs. He gave me not time, as you both, thro' the advice of the common friend of us all, have done. The neareſt evil was the heavieſt to me: I ſought to avoid that, and might have fallen into greater. God reward you, my father, my mother, and all my dear friends, for the indulgence you have ſhewn me!---To follow me too into foreign climates, at an unpropitious ſeaſon of the year---And for what?---Not to chide, not to puniſh me; but to reſtore me to the arms of your parental Love!---And did you not vouchſafe to enter into conditions with your child!---How greatly diſordered in my mind muſt I be, if I ever forget ſuch inſtances of your graciouſneſs!

The tender parents preſſed her to their boſoms. How did her two Brothers and Mrs. Beaumont applaud her!---

O how good, ſaid ſhe, are you all to me! What a malady! (a malady of the darkeſt hue!) was mine, that it could fill me with ſuch apprehenſions, as were able to draw a cloud between your goodneſs and my gratitude;

tude; and make even your indulgence wear the face of hardſhip to me.

The Biſhop thought it not adviſeable, that the Count, who hardly knew how to truſt himſelf with his own joy, ſhould be preſently introduced to her. The rejoicing Lover therefore, walked into the garden; giving way to his agreeable contemplations.

Clementina, her mind filled with ſelf-complacency on the joyful reception her propoſal had met with, went into the garden, intending to take one of her uſual walks, Laura attending her. The Count ſaw her enter, and fearing to diſoblige her, if he broke in upon her, in her retirements, profoundly bowed, and took a different path. But ſhe, croſſing another alley, was near him before he was aware. He ſtarted; but recovering, threw himſelf at her feet---Life of my hope! Adorable Lady Clementina! ſaid he --- But could not at the moment ſpeak another word.

She relieved him from his confuſion---Riſe, my Lord, ſaid ſhe. I croſſed to meet you, on purpoſe to exchange a few words with you, as you happened to be in the garden.

I cannot, cannot riſe, till, thus proſtrate at your feet, I have thanked you, madam, with my whole ſoul---

No thanks are due, my Lord, interrupting him. God knows what may happen in the next twelve months. Riſe, my Lord. [He aroſe.] As a friend of our houſe, I will reſpect you: So I have heretofore told you: But, for *your own* ſake, for honour's, for juſtice ſake, I think it neceſſary to tell you, you muſt not make an *abſolute* dependance on me from what I have written to my parents, tho' I repent not of what I have written.

I will *not*, madam: For *one* year, for *many* years, I will await your pleaſure. If at the end of *any* limited period *after* that you have named, I cannot be ſo happy as to engage your favour, I will reſign

reſign to my deſtiny---Only, mean time, permit me to hope.

I mentioned, my Lord, that it was for *your own* ſake, that I wiſhed you not to depend upon a contingency. Be you free to purſue your own meaſures. Who can ſay, what one, two, or three years may produce? Maladies that have once ſeized the head, generally, as I have heard ſay, keep their hold, or often return. Have I not *very lately*, been guilty of a great raſhneſs? Believe me, Sir, if at the end of the allowed year, I ſhall have reaſon to *ſuſpect* myſelf, I will *ſuffer* by myſelf. I ever thought you a worthy man: God forbid that I ſhould make a worthy man unhappy. That would be to double my own miſery.

Generous Lady! exalted goodneſs!---Permit me, I once more beſeech you, but to *hope*. I will reſign to your pleaſure whatever it ſhall *finally* be; and bleſs you for your determination, tho' it ſhould doom me to deſpair.

Remember, my Lord, you are warned. You depend upon the regard all our houſe have for you. I owe it duty next to implicit, for its unexampled indulgence to me. Your reliance on its favour is not a *weak* one: But, O Count, remember I caution you, that your dependance on me, is not a *ſtrong* one. Be prudent: Let me not be vexed. My heart ſickens at the thought of importunity. Oppoſition has its root in Importunity. If you are as happy as I wiſh, you will be *very* happy. But at preſent, I have no notion, that I can ever contribute to make you ſo.

He bent one knee, and was going to reply---Adieu, adieu, ſaid ſhe---Not another word, my Lord, if you are wiſe. Are not events in the hand of Providence?

She hurried from him. He was motionleſs for a few moments: His heart, however, overflowed with Hope, Love, and Reverence.

On his reporting to the Marchioneſs, to Mrs. Beaumont, to the two Brothers, and me, what paſſed between

tween the noble Lady and him, as above, we all congratulated him.

The warning Lady Clementina has given you, my Lord, ſaid Mrs. Beaumont, is of a piece with her uſual greatneſs of mind, ſince the event referred to, is not, cannot be, in her own power.

There is not, ſaid Signor Jeronymo, there *can* be but one woman greater than my Siſter---It is *ſhe*, who can adopt as her deareſt friend, a young creature of her own Sex in calamity (circumſtances ſo delicate!) and for *her* ſake, occaſionally forget that ſhe is the wife of the beſt, and moſt beloved of men.

Clementina, ſaid the Biſhop (the Count being withdrawn) will now complete her triumph. She has, upon Religious motives, refuſed the man of her inclination; the man deſervedly beloved and admired by all her friends, and by the whole world: And now will ſhe, from motives of Duty, accept of another worthy man; and thereby lay her parents themſelves, as well as the moſt diſintereſted of brothers, under obligation to her.---What a pleaſure, madam, (to the Marchioneſs) will it be to you, to my honoured Lord, to my Uncle, and even to our Giacomo, and ſtill more to his excellent wife, to reflect on the patience you have had with her, ſince her laſt raſh ſtep, and the indulgence ſhewn her! Clementina now will be all our own.

Every one praiſed Sir Charles, and attributed to him the happy proſpects before them.

LETTER LVIII.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Monday, May 28.

THE Marchioneſs having been deſired to break to Lady Clementina the news of Laurana's death, as of a fever, ſhe did it, with all imaginable tenderneſs,

neſs, this morning: But the generous Lady was affected with it. --- "O my poor couſin! ſaid ſhe --- *Once* "ſhe loved me. I *ever* loved her!---Had ſhe *time* "given her!---On what a ſandy foundation do we "build our ſchemes of worldly glory!---Poor Lau-"rana!---God, I hope, has taken her to the arms "of his mercy!"

The pious Lady and her Confeſſor have ſhut themſelves up in the oratory appropriated for the devotions of this noble family, to pray, as I preſume, for the ſoul of Laurana.

Every thing is ſettled according to a plan laid down by Lady Clementina, at the requeſt of all her family. The Count and Signor Sebaſtiano, are to ſet out for Dover on Thurſday next. In leſs than a month from their departure, the reſt of our noble gueſts are to embark for France in their way home---All but Jeronymo. Sir Charles has prevailed, that *he* ſhall be left behind, to try what our Engliſh Baths may contribute to the perfect re-eſtabliſhment of his health.

This tender point having been referred to his admirable Siſter, ſhe generouſly conſented to his ſtay with us. She has ſtill *more* generouſly, becauſe unaſked, releaſed Sir Charles from his promiſe of attending them back to Italy, in conſideration of his Harriet; ſince, at this time, he would not know how to leave her; nor ſhe to ſpare him. But the next ſummer, if it be permitted me to look ſo forward, or the ſucceeding autumn to that, we hope to be all happy at Bologna. Lady L. Lady G. and their Lords, have promiſed to accompany us: So has Dr. Bartlett; and we all hope, that Sir Edward Beauchamp will not refuſe to re-viſit Italy with his friends.

Friday, June 1.

Six happy days from the date of the Letter which Lady Clementina wrote to her father and mother, has

has the Count paſſed with us; the happieſt he often declared, of his life; for in every one of them, he was admitted with a freedom that rejoiced his heart, to converſe with the miſtreſs of his deſtiny. She called upon him more than once in that ſpace of time, to behave to her, as a Brother to his Siſter; for this, ſhe thinks, the uncertainty of what her ſituation may be a twelvemonth hence, requires for both their ſakes.

Sweetly compoſed, ſweetly eaſy, was her whole behaviour to him and to every-body elſe, during theſe ſix days. The Siſterly character was well ſupported by her to him: But in the Count, the moſt ardent, the moſt reſpectful, and even venerating Lover took place of the Brotherly one. Signor Jeronymo loves his Siſter as he loves himſelf; but the eyes of the Count compared with thoſe of Jeronymo, demonſtrated, that there are two ſorts of Love; yet both ardent; and Soul in both;

The parting ſcene between Clementina and the Count, was, on *his* ſide, a very fervent, on *hers*, a kind, one. On his knees, he preſſed with his lips, her not withdrawn hand. He would have ſpoken; but only could by his eyes; which run over---Be happy, my Lord of Belvedere, ſaid ſhe. You have my wiſhes for your health and ſafety---Adieu!

She was for retiring: But the Count and Signor Sebaſtiano (of the latter of whom ſhe had taken leave juſt before) following her a few paces, ſhe turned; and with a noble compoſure, Adieu, once more, my two friends, ſaid ſhe: Take care, my Lord, of Signor Sebaſtiano: Couſin, take care of the Count of Belvedere; courteſying to both. The Count bowed to the ground, ſpeechleſs. As ſhe paſſed me, Lady Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, lifting my hand to her lips, Siſter of my heart; the day is fine; ſhall I, after you have bleſſed with your good wiſhes, our parting friends, invite you into the garden? I took

a cordial leave of the two noble youths, and followed her thither.

We had a ſweet converſation there. And it was made ſtill more delightful to us both, by Sir Charles's joining us, in about half an hour; for the two Lords would not permit him to attend them one ſtep beyond the court-yard; though he had his horſes in readineſs to accompany them ſome miles on their way.

When we ſaw Sir Charles enter the garden, we ſtood ſtill, arm in arm, expecting and inviting his approach. Sweet Siſters! Lovely Friends, ſaid he, when come up to us, taking a hand of each, and joining them, bowing on both; *Let* me mark this bleſſed ſpot with my eye (looking round him; then on me)---A tear on my Harriet's cheek! ---He dried it off with my own handkerchief---Friendſhip, deareſt creatures, will make at pleaſure a ſafe bridge over the narrow ſeas; it will cut an eaſy paſſage thro' rocks and mountains, and make England and Italy one Country. Kindred Souls are always near.

In that hope, my good Chevalier; in that hope, my dear Lady Grandiſon; will Clementina be happy, tho' the day of ſeparation muſt not be far diſtant. And will you *here*, renew your promiſe, that when it ſhall be convenient to you, my dear Lady Grandiſon, you will not fail to grace our Italy with your preſence?

We do!---We do!---

Promiſe me again, ſaid the noble Lady. I, too, have marked the ſpot with my eye (ſtanding ſtill, and, as Sir Charles had done, looking round her) The Orangery on the right-hand; that diſtant clump of Oaklings on the left; the Villa, the Rivulet, before us; the Caſcade in view; that Obeliſk behind us ---Be *This* the ſpot to be recollected as witneſs to the promiſe, when we are far, far diſtant from each other.

We

We both repeated the promiſe; and Sir Charles ſaid (and he is drawing a plan accordingly) that a little Temple ſhould be erected on that very ſpot, to be conſecrated to our triple friendſhip; and, ſince ſhe had ſo happily marked it, to be called after her name.

On Monday next, we are to ſet out for London. One fortnight paſſed, we ſhall accompany our noble friends to Dover---And there---O my grandmamma, how ſhall we do to part!

It is agreed, that Mr. Lowther and Mr. Deane, tho' the latter, I bleſs God, is in good health, will next ſeaſon accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath. Sir Charles propoſes to be his viſitor there: And when *I* will give permiſſion, is the compliment made me, Sir Charles propoſes to ſhew him Ireland, and his improvements on his eſtate in that kingdom.

Will not Lucy be rejoiced at that?---I am happy, that her Lord and ſhe take ſo kindly the Felicitations I made them both. They and you, my dear Grandmamma, my Uncle, my Aunt, and my other Friends in Northamptonſhire, may be always ſure of the heart of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIX.

Lady GRANDISON. *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Sat. June 16.

I GAVE you, my dear grandmamma, in my two laſt Letters (*a*), an account of our delightful engagements, among *ourſelves* principally, and now-and-then at public places. What a rich portion of time has paſſed! And we have ſtill the promiſe of a week to come. And now let me take a Survey of our preſent happy ſituation.

Every

(*a*) Theſe do not appear.

Every thing that *can* be adjuſted, is. The Count of Belvedere, as by Letters to Signor Jeronymo, is on his way to Italy, and not unhappy: Lady Clementina is miſtreſs of every queſtion, and the more ſtudious, for that reaſon, of obliging all her friends. How joyfully do we all, in proſpect, ſee a durable tranquillity taking poſſeſſion of her noble heart! The Marquis and Marchioneſs have not one care written on their heretofore viſibly anxious brows. Clementina ſees, as every one does, their amended health in their fine countenances; wonders at the power ſhe had over them, and regrets that ſhe made not, what ſhe calls, a more grateful and dutiful uſe of it.

Father Mareſcotti, the Biſhop, Signor Juliano, compliment the Engliſh air, as if that had contributed to the alteration, and promiſe wonders from that and its ſalubrious baths for Jeronymo.

The higheſt merit is given to the conduct of Sir Charles, and to the advice he gave not to precipitate the noble Clementina.

Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. when we are by ourſelves, felicitate *me* more than any body elſe, on theſe joyful changes; for they rightly ſay, that I could not but look upon the happineſs of Lady Clementina, as eſſential to my own.

But *your* congratulations, my deareſt grandmamma, I moſt particularly expect, that in this whole critical event, which brought to England a Lady ſo deſerving of every one's Love, not one ſhadow of doubt has ariſen of the tender, inviolable affection of the beſt of men to his grateful Harriet.

So peculiarly circumſtanced as he was, how unaffectedly noble has been his behaviour to his WIFE, and to his FRIEND, in the preſence of both! How often, tho' cauſeleſly (becauſe of the nobleneſs of the Lady's heart) have I ſilently wiſhed him to abate of his outward tenderneſs to me, before her, tho' ſuch as

became the pureſt mind.---Nothing but the conſcious integrity of his own heart, above diſguiſes or concealments, as his ever was, could thus gloriouſly have carried him thro' ſituations ſo delicate.

He had, from the firſt, avowed his friendly, his compaſſionating Love, as well as Admiration, of this noble Lady: That generous avowal prepared his Harriet to *expect*, that he ſhould behave with tenderneſs to her, even had not her tranſcendent worthineſs done honour to every one who paid her honour. To *her* he applauded, he exalted his Harriet: *She* was prepared to *expect* that he would recognize, in the face of the Sun, obligations that he had entered into at the altar: And *both* knew, that he was a *good* man; and that a *good* man cannot allow himſelf either to palliate or temporize with a duty, whether it regard friendſhip, or a ſtill cloſer and more ſacred union. How many difficulties will the character and intervention of a man of undoubted virtue obviate! What cannot he effect? What force has his example! Sir Charles Grandiſon's Love is a Love to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderneſs are united in his noble heart. Littleneſs of any kind has no place in it: All that know him, are ſtudious to commend themſelves to his favourable opinion; ſolicitous about what he will think of them; and, ſuppreſſing common foibles before him, find their hearts expand, nor know how to be mean.

O my God! do thou make me thankful for ſuch a Friend, Protector, Director, Huſband! Increaſe, with my gratitude to THEE, my merits to him, and my power of obliging him. For HIS SAKE, ſpare to him [*This*, my grandmamma, he bids be *my* prayer---I know it is *yours*] in the awful hour approaching, his Harriet; whoſe life and welfare, he aſſures her, are the deareſt part of his own.

LET-

LETTER LX.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

St. James's-Square, Monday, June 18.

NOW, at laſt, my dear grandmamma, is the day arrived, that we are ſetting out for Dover. We ſhall lodge at Canterbury this night, and reach Dover to-morrow. How ſad our hearts!

Canterbury, Monday Night.

HERE we are! How we look upon one another! The parting of dear friends, how grievous!---How does Sir Charles endeavour---But Lady Clementina is, to outward appearance, an Heroine. What a grandeur of ſoul! She would not be *thought* to be concerned at leaving Sir Charles Grandiſon: But I ſee ſhe is *inwardly* a ſufferer. Jeronymo is ſilent. I hope he repents not his ſtay to oblige his dear friend, and us all. The Marquis and Marchioneſs are continually comforting themſelves (and declare it to be needful) with the hope of ſeeing us in a few months. Thank God, they have a finer ſeaſon to go back, than they had to come hither: And they have found the jewel they had loſt.

I ſhould have told you, that Lord and Lady L. and Lord and Lady G. took leave of us at Rocheſter, thinking ſo large a train would be inconvenient to thoſe to whom they wiſhed to do honour. How tender was the parting; particularly between Lady Clementina and Lady L.!

Ten o'Clock Monday Night.

I AM in my chamber here. Know not what to do with myſelf.---Yet, cannot write. Muſt again join company---Is not my Sir Charles in company?

Dover, Tueſday Night.

HERE, here, we are! How fooliſh to attempt the pen! I know not what to do with myſelf. The

veſſel is ready; every one is ready. To-morrow morning by day-light, if the wind---O what company to one another! How does the dear Clementina now melt into tears and tenderneſs!---Dear Lady! What prayers has ſhe put up for me! What tender bleſſings has ſhe poured out upon me! How have we bleſſed, ſoothed, and endeavoured to conſole each other! What vows of *more* than ſiſterly affection! ---Mrs. Beaumont! The excellent Mrs. Beaumont, *She* now is alſo affected --- She never loved, at ſo ſhort an acquaintance, ſhe ſays, any mortal as ſhe loves me. She bleſſes my dear Sir Charles for his tender, yet manly Love to me! --- We have engaged to correſpond with each other, and in Italian chiefly, as with Lady Clementina, in order to perfect myſelf in that language, and to make myſelf, as the Marchioneſs fondly ſays, an Italian woman, and her other daughter.

Dover, Wedneſday Morning.

CRUEL tenderneſs! They would not let me ſee them embark. Sir Charles laid his *commands* upon me (I will call them ſo, becauſe I obeyed reluctantly) not to quit my chamber. Over-night, we parted! What a ſolemn parting! Sir Charles and Mrs. Beaumont only ---But *are* they gone? They are! *Indeed* they are--- Sir Charles, to whom ſeas and mountains are nothing, when either the ſervice or pleaſure of his friends call upon him, is embarked with them. He will ſee them landed and accommodated at Calais, and then will return to Dover, to his expecting Harriet. His Jeronymo, his Beauchamp, and good Dr. Bartlett, are left to protect and comfort her. What a tender farewel between the Doctor and Father Mareſcotti laſt night! They, alſo, are to be conſtant correſpondents: The welfare of each family is to be one of their ſubjects.

Lady Clementina was not afraid of paſſing a boiſtrous Sea, and the Bay of Biſcay, in a wintry ſeaſon, when ſhe purſued the flight that then was firſt in

in her view. Her noble mother, while ſhe was in ſearch of her daughter, had no fears: But now the pangs of uncertainty and ardor of impatience being over, they both very thankfully embraced Sir Charles's offer (his *reſolution*, I ſhould ſay; for he would not have been refuſed) to accompany them over. The Marquis complimented him, that every one would think themſelves ſafe in the company of ſo good a man!---How will they be able to part with him! He with them!---But in a twelvemonth we ſhall all, God willing, meet again; and, if the Almighty hear our prayers, have cauſe to rejoice in Lady Clementina's confirmed ſtate of mind.

Friday Morning.

THE beſt of Men, of Friends, of Huſbands, is returned from Calais, chearful, gay, lively, lovely, fraught with a thouſand bleſſings for his Harriet. We ſhall ſet out, and hope to reach Canterbury this night on our return to town.

Sir Charles aſſures me, that he left the dear Siſter of my heart not unhappy. She was *all herſelf* at parting [His own words]; magnanimous, yet *condeſcendingly affectionate* [His words alſo]; as one, who was not afraid or aſhamed of her Siſterly Love for him. He took leave of her with a tenderneſs worthy of his friendſhip for her; a tenderneſs that the Brave and the Good ever ſhew to thoſe who are deſerving of their Love.

He particularly recommended it to her Father, Mother, the Biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti (the two latter to enforce it upon the General) that they would not urge the noble Lady, not even upon the expectation ſhe had given them, but leave her wholly to her own will, and her own way. They all promiſed they would, and, the poor Laurana being now no more, undertook for the General.

Sir Charles tells me, he had engaged the Count of Belvedere, on his departure from England, to pro-

miſe, to make his court to her only by ſilent aſſiduities, and by thoſe actions of beneficence and generoſity which are ſo natural to him, and ſo worthy of his ſplendid fortune.

St. James's-ſquare, Sunday Morning.

LAST night, bleſſed be God, we came hither in health and ſpirits. We are preparing for church. *There* ſhall we pray for the travellers, and be thankful for ourſelves.

I expect Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. and my couſin Reeves's, according to the following billet from the ever-lively Lady G.

" MY Harriet, thank God, is arrived, and in " health and ſpirits. Caroline and Mrs. Reeves, I " know, will long to congratulate you. I have " therefore ſent to invite them to dinner with you. " Their good men, and mine of courſe, muſt be " admitted. I know my Brother will not be diſ- " pleaſed. He is indulgent to all the whimſies of his " Charlotte that carry in the face of them, as this " does, affectionate freedom. Beſides, it is ſtealing " time for him. I know he will not long be in town, " and muſt ſee us all before he leaves it. He will " haſten to the Hall, in order to purſue the glorious " ſchemes of benevolence which he has formed, and " in which hundreds will find their account.

" But let the green damaſk bed-chamber be got " in a little ſort of order, for a kind of nurſery: " Where we dine, we ſup. My marmouſet muſt " be with me, you know. I have beſpoke Lady " L's---Mrs. Reeves is to bring hers. They are to " crow at one another; and we are to have a ſquall- " ing concert. As it is Sunday, I will ſing an anthem " to them. My pug will not crow, if I don't ſing. " Yet I am afraid, the little pagans will be leſs alive " to a Chriſtian hymn, than to the ſprightlier *Phil-* " *lida*, *Phillida*, of Tom. Durfey. I long to ſee how my

" my agreeable Italian, poor thing! bears the ab-
" ſence of his father and mother. Bid him rub him-
" ſelf up, and look chearful, or I ſhall take him into
" our nurſery, to compleat the chorus, when our
" brats are in a ſqualling fit. Adieu till to-morrow,
" my dear, and ever-dear, Harriet!—"

Lady G. is a charming Nurſe. She muſt be extraordinary in whatever ſhe does. Signor Jeronymo admires her of all women. But ſhe ſometimes makes him look about him. He rejoices that he is with us; and is in charming ſpirits. He is extremely fond of children; particularly ſo of Lady G's---It is indeed one of the fineſt infants I ever ſaw: And he calls it, after her, His *Marmouſet*, hugging it twenty times a day to his good-natured boſom. It would delight you to hear her ſing to it, and to ſee her toſs it about. Such a Setting-out in matrimony; who would have expected Charlotte to make ſuch a Wife, Mother, Nurſe!---Her Brother is charmed with her. He draws her into the pleaſantry ſhe loves; lays himſelf open to it; and Lord G. fares the better for their mutual vivacity. Sir Charles generally contrives to do him honour, by appealing to him, when Charlotte is, as he complains, over-lively with himſelf: But that is, in truth, when he takes her down, and compliments her as if ſhe were an over-match for him. She often, at theſe times, ſhakes her head at me, as if ſhe were ſenſible of his ſuperiority in her own way.

But how I trifle!---I am ready, quite ready, my dear Sir Charles. Lead your ever-grateful Harriet to the houſe of the All-good, All-merciful, All-mighty. *There* ſhall I, as I always do, edify by your chearful piety!

Sunday Afternoon.

A NEW engagement, and of a melancholy kind, calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how

many ways may a good man be ſerviceable to his fellow-creatures!

About two hours ago, a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came hither in Sir Hargrave's chariot-and-ſix (the horſes ſmoaking) to beg he would ſet out *with* him, if poſſible, to the unhappy man's houſe on the foreſt; where he has been, for a fortnight paſt, reſigned to his *laſt* hope (and, uſually, the phyſician's *laſt* preſcription) *The Air*. The gentleman's *name* is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childleſs, enjoy the greateſt part of his large eſtate. Mr. Pollexfen is a worthy man, I believe, notwithſtanding Sir Hargrave's former diſregard to him, and jealouſies (*a*); for, after he had delivered his meſſage from his couſin, which was to beſeech the comfort of Sir Charles's preſence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unleſs he ſaw him; he ſeconded Sir Hargrave's requeſt, with tears in his eyes, and an earneſtneſs that had both honeſty and compaſſion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to induce him to go; for he looks upon viſiting the ſick, in ſuch urgent caſes, as an indiſpenſable duty: And waiting but till the horſes had baited, he ſet out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmoſt chearfulneſs; only ſaying to me---It is a wonder, if the poor man be ſenſible, that he thought not of Dr. Bartlett rather than of me.

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the prime of their youth!---So lately revelling in full health, even to wantonneſs!---Companions in iniquity!----In ſo *few* months!----Thou, Almighty! comfort the poor man in his laſt agonies! and receive him! From my very ſoul I forgive him thoſe injuries which I---But well I may ---Since, great as they were, they proved the means of

(*a*) See Sir Hargrave's Letter to Dr. Bartlett, Vol. V. p. 230.

of my being brought acquainted with the Lord of my wiſhes, the beſt of men.

Having filled my paper with the journal of near a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender wiſh and fervent prayer for the health and happineſs of all my dear friends in Northamptonſhire, who ſo kindly partake in that of

Their and Your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LXI.

Lady GRANDISON, *To Mrs.* SHIRLEY.

Wedneſday, July 4.

AH, my grandmamma!——The poor Sir Hargrave!—

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him ſenſible. He rejoiced to ſee him. He inſtantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his paſt free life. Fain, ſaid he, would I have been truſted with a few years trial of my penitence. I have wearied heaven with my prayers to this purpoſe. I *deſerved* not perhaps that they ſhould be heard. My conſcience cruelly told me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! ſlighted a multitude of warnings!—O Sir Charles Grandiſon! It is a hard, *hard* thing to die! In the prime of youth too!—Such noble poſſeſſions!—

And then he warned his ſurrounding friends, and made compariſons between Sir Charles's happineſs, and his own miſery. Sir Charles, at his requeſt, ſat up with him all night. He endeavoured to adminiſter comfort to him, and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only by expreſſive looks, join in the ſolemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would cloſe his eyes. He did. He ſtaid to the laſt painful moment. Judge what ſuch

ſuch a heart as Sir Charles's muſt have felt on the awful occaſion!

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—May he have met with mercy from the All-merciful!

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, ſoon after he came down. He has made him his ſole Executor. Have you not been told, that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations and heirs at Law? He had the pleaſure of finding the reconciliation ſincere. The poor man ſpoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him: He acknowleged their care.

I cannot write for tears.—The poor man, in the laſt ſolemn act of his life has been *intendedly* kind, but *really* cruel to me.—I ſhould have been a ſincere mourner for him (A life ſo miſ-ſpent!) without this act of regard for me—He has left me, as a *ſmall* atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large legacy in money (Sir Charles has not yet told me what) and his jewels and plate—And he has left Sir Charles a noble one beſides. He died immenſely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both legacies: And the more, as he cannot give them back to the heirs; for they declare, that he bound them under a ſolemn oath, (and by a curſe, if they broke it) not to accept back either from Sir Charles, or me, the large bequeſts he told them he had made us: And they aſſured Sir Charles, that they *would be* religiouſly bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for theſe bequeſts. Sir Charles tells me that he will not interfere, no, not ſo much as by his advice, in the diſpoſal of mine. You, madam, and my aunt Selby, muſt direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends, that the poor man's memory ſhall receive *true* honour from the diſpoſition of his legacy to him. He is pleaſed with his Harriet, for the concern ſhe expreſſed for this unhappy man. The moſt indulgent

indulgent of huſbands finds out ſome reaſon to praiſe her for every thing ſhe ſays and does. But could HE be otherwiſe than the beſt of HUSBANDS, who was the moſt dutiful of SONS; who is the moſt affectionate of BROTHERS; the moſt faithful of FRIENDS: Who is good upon principle, in every relation of life?

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boaſted character of moſt of thoſe who are called HEROES, to the un-oſtentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN? In what a variety of amiable lights does ſuch a one appear? In how many ways is he a bleſſing and a joy to his fellow-creatures?

And this bleſſing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own!

My ſingle heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which ſuch a Lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my deareſt grandmamma, join with my thankfulneſs in paying part of the immenſe debt for

Your undeſervedly Happy

HARRIET GRANDISON.

ERRATA.

Vol. I. p. 294. l. 20. *for* Sir Charles, *read* Sir Hargrave.
Vol. II. p. 99. l. 7. *after* Calais, *inſert* embarked.
Vol. III. p. 44. l. 13. *for* himſelf, *read* yourſelf.
Vol. III. p. 314. l. 7. *from the bottom, dele the paſſage between the Hooks* [ ].
Vol. IV. p. 15. l. 4. *from the bottom, for* afternoon, *read* evening.
Vol. IV. p. 45. l. 2, 3. *for* Mr. Alleſtree, *read* Mr. Barnet.
Vol. VI. p. 25. l. 6. *read* my Uncle a baſs-viol; Mr. Deane a German-flute;
Vol. VI. p. 233. l. 13. *for* your girls, *read* you girls.

A Concluding NOTE

BY

The EDITOR.

THE Editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publiſh it, becauſe he thinks Human Nature has often, of late, been ſhewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes from this Series of Letters it will be ſeen, that characters may be good without being unnatural. Sir Charles Grandiſon himſelf is ſenſible of imperfections, and, as the reader will remember, accuſes himſelf more than once of tendencies to pride and paſſion; which it required his utmoſt caution and vigilance to rein-in: And many there are, who look upon his offered compromiſe with the Porretta family, in allowing the Daughters of the propoſed marriage to be brought up by the mother, reſerving to himſelf the Education of the Sons only, as a blot in the character. (*a*) Indeed, Sir Charles himſelf declares to the General, that he would not have come into ſuch a compromiſe in a *beginning* addreſs; not even with a princeſs.

Notwithſtanding this, it has been obſerved by ſome, that, in general, he approaches too near the faultleſs character which Critics cenſure as above nature: Yet it ought to be obſerved too, that he performs no one action which it is not in the power of

(*a*) With regard to what ſome of Sir Charles's beſt friends thought on this point, ſee at the end of the INDEX, where an unlucky Omiſſion in Letter III. of this Volume is ſupplied.

of any man in his ſituation *to* perform; and that he checks and reſtrains himſelf in no one inſtance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man *to* reſtrain himſelf.

It has been objected by ſome perſons, that a man leſs able by ſtrength or ſkill to repel an affront, than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not with ſuch honour have extricated himſelf out of difficulties on refuſing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by *Honour* the favourable opinion of the European world, from the time of its being over-run by Gothic barbariſm, down to the preſent. But as that notion of honour is evidently an abſurd and miſchievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loſs to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a perſon whom it was viſible the conſideration of his own ſafety did not influence, muſt ſurely be of no ſmall weight. And when it is once allowed that there are caſes and circumſtances in which theſe polite *invitations to murder* may conſiſtently with honour be diſregarded, a little attention will eaſily find others; vulgar notions will inſenſibly wear out; and more ground be gained by degrees, than could have been attempted with hope of ſucceſs, at once; till at length all may come to ſtand on the firm footing of reaſon and religion.

In the mean time, they who are leſs qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will, however, be eſteemed for it by every ſerious and prudent perſon; and, perhaps, inwardly by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.

Indeed, when a perſon hath *deſerved* harſh treatment, his acquieſcence under it, may generally be imputed to fear alone, and ſo render him an object at once of hatred, and of ridicule hardly poſſible to be borne: But he who ſupports a conduct equally offenſive, by ever ſo much brutal courage, tho', with ſome, a leſs contemp-

contemptible, is a vaſtly more deteſtable creature: Whilſt an upright and harmleſs man, ſuppoſe him ever ſo timorous, merits rather a kind ſort of pity than violent ſcorn.

But whoever declines forbidden inſtances of ſelf-vindication, not from fear, but from principle; which is always to be preſumed, if his regard to principle be ſteady and uniform in other things; ſuch a one, however inferior to Sir Charles Grandiſon in advantages of nature and art, yet, if he ſhews real greatneſs of mind in ſuch things as all men *may*, needs not doubt but he ſhall be reſpected by moſt, and may be ſufficiently eaſy, tho' he is deſpiſed by ſome. He will ſtill have the ſatisfaction of reflecting, that the Laws of all nations are on his ſide (*a*), and only

(*a*) It is ſo highly worth obſerving, that even the *military* Law of our own country is ſtrongly againſt Duelling, that the Editor cannot help ſubjoining an extract out of the articles of War, and recommending it to the conſideration of all military perſons.

ARTICLE XX.

" ---Nor ſhall any officer or ſoldier preſume to ſend a " challenge to any other officer or ſoldier, to fight a Duel, up- " on pain of being caſhiered, if he be an officer; or ſuffering " the ſevereſt corporal puniſhment, if a non-commiſſioned " officer, or private ſoldier: And if any officer or non-com- " miſſion officer, commanding a guard, ſhall willingly and " knowingly ſuffer any perſon whatever to go forth to fight " a Duel, they ſhall be puniſhed as above; and all Seconds " alſo, and carriers of challenges, ſhall be taken as princi- " pals, and puniſhed accordingly.---Nor ſhall any officer or " ſoldier upbraid another for refuſing a challenge; ſince, " according to theſe our orders, they but do the duty of " ſoldiers, who ought to ſubject themſelves to diſcipline: " And we do acquit and diſcharge all men who have quarrels " offered, or challenges ſent to them, of all diſgrace, or " opinion of diſadvantage, in their obedience hereunto: " And whoſoever ſhall upbraid them, and offend in this " caſe, ſhall be puniſhed as a challenger.

only the uſurped authority of a ſilly modern cuſtom againſt him; that, on many occaſions, worthy men in all ages, have patiently ſuffered *falſe* diſgrace for adhering to their duty; that the true bravery is to adhere to all duties under all diſadvantages; and, that refuſing a Duel is a duty to Ourſelves, our Fellow-creatures, and our MAKER. And whoever acts on theſe principles, the more reproach he undergoes for it, rather than be driven, like a coward, by the ſcoffs of his fellow-ſubjects, to rebel againſt the SOVEREIGN of the Univerſe, will have the more delightful conſciouſneſs of a ſtrong inward principle of piety and virtue, and the more diſtinguiſhed reward from the final JUDGE of all, who alone diſpoſes of that Honour which ſhall never fade.

It has been ſaid in behalf of many modern fictitious pieces, in which authors have given ſucceſs (and *happineſs*, as it is called) to their heroes of vicious, if not of profligate, characters, that they have exhibited Human Nature as it *is*. Its corruption may, indeed, be exhibited in the faulty character; but need pictures of this be held out in books? Is not vice crowned with ſucceſs, triumphant, and rewarded, and perhaps ſet off with wit and ſpirit, a dangerous repreſentation? And is it not made even *more* dangerous by the haſty reformation, introduced, in contradiction to all probability, for the ſake of patching up what is called a happy ending?

The God of Nature intended not Human Nature for a vile and contemptible thing: And many are the inſtances, in every age, of thoſe whom He enables, amidſt all the frailties of mortality, to do it honour. Still the *beſt* performances of human creatures will be imperfect; but ſuch as they are, it is ſurely both delightful and inſtructive to dwell ſometimes on this bright ſide of things; To ſhew, by a ſeries of facts in common life, what a degree of excellence may be attained

attained and preſerved amidſt all the infection of faſhionable vice and folly.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is therefore in the general tenor of his principles and conduct (tho' exerted in peculiarities of circumſtances that cannot always be accommodated to particular imitation) propoſed for an Example; and, in offering him as ſuch, were his character ſtill more perfect than it is preſumed to be, the Editor is ſupported by an eminent Divine of our own country.

" There is no manner of inconvenience in having " a pattern propounded to us of ſo great perfection, " as is above our reach to attain to; and there may " be great advantages in it. The way to excel in " any kind, is, *optima quæque exempla ad imitandum* " *proponere*; to propoſe the brighteſt and moſt per- " fect Examples to our imitation. No man can " write after too perfect and good a copy; and tho' " he can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is " like to learn more, than by one leſs perfect. He " that aims at the heavens, which yet he is ſure to " come ſhort of, is like to ſhoot higher than he that " aims at a mark within his reach.

" Beſides, that the excellency of the pattern, as " it leaves room for continual improvement, ſo it " kindles ambition, and makes men ſtrain and con- " tend to the utmoſt to do better. And, tho' he " can never hope to equal the Example before him, " yet he will endeavour to come as near it as he " can. So that a perfect pattern is no hindrance, " but an advantage rather, to our improvement in " any kind."

Tillotſon, Vol. II. Serm. LVII. p. 577.

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ORME, *Miſs*, her reſerve vaniſhing on Sir Charles's polite addreſs, *To* the ſunſhine emerging from a cloud, v. 199.

Pedants, *To* livery-ſervants, i. 69. *To* conjurers, i. 112.

POLLEXFEN, *Sir Hargrave*, by himſelf, *To* a keen knife, i. 111. *To* Prince Prettiman in the Rehearſal, v. 315.

Pride, and Love, *To* fire, that, tho' endeavoured to be hidden by a barrel, will flame out at the bung, i. 31. Both contending for maſtery, *To* a coat torn in ſtruggling, v. 196.

Quarrel

Quarrel ending with ſpirit, compared (by Lady G.) *To* a coachman coming in with a laſh, iv. 33. Matrimonial quarrels, in their beginnings, *To* thunder rumbling at a diſtance, iv. 87. Accumulated quarrels, *To* the contents of a woman's work-bag, iv. 190.

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SELBY, *Miſs Lucy*, by her uncle, in pleaſantry, *To* a toad; Miſs Byron ſays why, v. 313.

SHIRLEY, *the venerable Mrs.* *To* over-ripened fruit, vi. 11.

Tears of tenderneſs, *To* the fertilizing dew, ii. 35.

Vice, *To* weeds, i. 274. Bad habits, by Lady G. *To* the Jeruſalem artichoke, v. 187.

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Wit, *vicious*, *To* a perſon leading her friend through a bad road, when a good one was before her, v. 195.

Women out of character, *To* bats, i. 53. And *To* excentric planets, v. 388. But, containing themſelves within their proper bounds, *To* doves, ibid. Thoſe boundaries, *To* the prohibited tree in Paradiſe, ibid.

The following unlucky omiſſion in Letter III. *of this Volume, written by Miſs* Lucy Selby *to Lady* G. *is thought proper to be ſupplied here.*

P. 10. That young Lady thus writes: "He [Sir "Charles] hopes for a viſit from the Italian family, "ſo deſervedly dear to him, by which he is to "regulate many of his future motions. [Then follows the omiſſion]

I cannot ſay I wiſh for this viſit. I love, I admire, I pity them; and would, had I wings, take a flight into Italy, with all my heart, to ſee them incognita. Clementina muſt be a charming creature—but, for Harriet's ſake, I have been uſed to think of her with terror.

For your Brother's ſake alſo, Lady G. I rejoice, and ſo, you know, do Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Shirley, that ſhe can now be only a Viſiter. How could Sir Charles, ſo thorough an Engliſhman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart indeed, is, generouſly open and benevolent to people of all countries: He is, as I have often heard you ſay, in the nobleſt ſenſe, a Citizen of the World: But, ſee we not, that his long reſidence abroad, has only the more endeared to him the Religion, the Government, the Manners of England? You know, that on a double Principle of Religion and Policy, he encourages the Tradespeople, the Manufactures, the Servants, of his own Country. Do not I remember a charming lively debate between you and him, on the ſubject of thoſe Elegancies in Dreſs and Appearance which you ſaid (and I thought you naughty for ſaying it) were only to be acquired by employing the *better* taſte of Foreigners?

He

He concluded it ſeriouſly. I recollect nearly his Words: "The Error, Lady G. is growing too ge-
"neral, is authorized by too many perſons of figure,
"not to make one afraid of fatal conſequences, from
"what in its beginning ſeemed a trifle. Shall any one
"pretend to true Patriotiſm, and not attempt to ſtem
"this torrent of Faſhion, which impoveriſhes our
"own honeſt Countrymen, whilſt it carries Wealth
"and Power to thoſe whoſe National Religion and
"Intereſt are directly oppoſite to ours!"

Good Heaven, thought I, at the time, how was this noble-minded man entangled by delicacies of ſituation, by friendſhip, by compaſſion, that he ſhould ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Roman-catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved Country! And the other half to have ſet, as to the world's eye, ſuch an example in it!

I know, Lady G. he would have made it his ſtudy to prevent any miſchief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his Lady's Confeſſor, had a certain compromiſe taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Mareſcotti: But would even *that* good man have thought himſelf bound to obſerve Faith with Heretics in ſuch a caſe?

Whither am I rambled! I was going to tell you, that if this Italian family comes over, his new-taken houſe, *&c.*

To the PUBLIC.

MR. Faulkner of Dublin, having, in the News-Paper which bears his name, of Nov. 3. 1753. publiſhed a ſort of Defence of his own conduct in the tranſaction that paſſed between him and the Editor of this Work; in which he inſinuates, that what was done by him and ſome of his Brethren in trade, in Dublin, was in purſuance of a cuſtom long eſtabliſhed among the Dublin Bookſellers: And having alſo written Letters to ſeveral perſons of character in London, endeavouring to juſtify himſelf, without having that ſtrict regard to veracity in them, which particularly becomes a man of buſineſs; yet intrepidly deſiring that theſe Letters might be ſhewn to Mr. Richardſon: And, laſtly, having joined with his Brethren to ſhut the Dublin Preſſes againſt his juſt complaints of the treatment he has met with from ſome of them; Mr. Richardſon thinks he ſhall be excuſed for taking this opportunity to lay before the Public an account of the whole tranſaction; and the rather, as the Invaders of his property have done their utmoſt to make a NATIONAL CAUSE of the meaſure they compelled him to take; and as he preſumes to think, that the CAUSE OF LITERATURE in general is affected by their uſage of him.

He will begin with tranſcribing Mr. Faulkner's Defence of himſelf.

Mr. Faulkner's Defence.

Dublin, Nov. 3. 1753.

George Faulkner, of Dublin, Printer and Bookſeller, having contracted ſome time ago with Mr. Samuel Richardſon, of London, for a Work, intitled, The Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon, which Mr. Richardſon was to ſend to Ireland before publication in London: Accordingly Mr. Richardſon ſent over four Sheets of the firſt Volume, which Mr. Faulk-

Genuine Hiſtory of the Tranſaction.

Mr. Faulkner knew, though he does not here ſay he did, how the three Bookſellers came at the Sheets. In his Letter, dated Dublin, Aug. 4. he ſent Mr. Richardſon the firſt news of the invaſion of his property. "I am very ſorry," ſays he, "for the ill treatment, and the "diſappointment that you and "I have met with in the Hi-"ſtory of Sir Charles Grandi-"ſon;

Faulkner received the third day of laſt Auguſt, 1753, and poſted up a Title that day, which is a common practice among the Bookſellers, to give notice, that they have put a Work, or Works, to the Preſs, with deſign to publiſh with all convenient ſpeed; and thought that no other perſon in the kingdom had any part of that Hiſtory; but, to his great ſurprize, there were three other Titles poſted up immediately after his, by three different Bookſellers, who ſhewed twelve ſheets of this Work in the ſame Edition, and almoſt the firſt Volume complete, in a larger letter and paper.

" ſon; four ſheets of which " Work I received by the laſt " Poſt: But, to my great " ſurprize, I find FOUR other " Bookſellers here received " much more of the ſame " Work, in Octavo and Duo- " decimo; which they have " ſhewn me, and left with " me to compare."

He then gives proof of the iniquity, as it came out on his examination of the ſheets.

" Theſe circumſtances," proceeds he, " will, I hope, " convince you of the truth " of what I have aſſerted" [He had before given cautions to Mr. R. againſt the attempts of his Brethren the Dublin Bookſellers upon the morality of his men], " and of the vil- " lainy and fraud of your Journeymen, who have *robbed you*, " and *injured me:* For which reaſons, it will be troubleſome " and unneceſſary for you to ſend me any more of this Work, " as the perſons who have printed the incloſed Titles, with " ANOTHER Bookſeller, claim the ſole property of this Work: " And if I can prevail upon them to give me a ſhare, it will be " only a fifth part." Might not a man, with whom he was in treaty, and who had given him, as will be ſeen, an *undeſerved* preference, have expected advice and offers of aſſiſtance from him on this baſe attempt (the rather, as he ſeemed very ſenſible, for his *own* ſake, of the injury done Mr. R.) inſtead of endeavouring to *prevail* on ſuch a Confederacy to admit him into a ſhare with them in a Copy ſo vilely obtained? And this, without conſulting Mr. R. or propoſing to him to acquit him of his enagements to him! At that time, the corruptors of the honeſty of Mr. R's ſervants had made no progreſs in the Work: And Mr. F. knew, that Mr. R. was in the way of ſending him ſheets by every Poſt; and (intending to publiſh but two Volumes at a time) that Mr. F. would have the ſheets early enough to anſwer the intentions and the engagements of both.

Three of the four perſons are named in the Title-pages he included in his Letter; WILSON, EXSHAW, SAUNDERS: But

But Mr. Faulkner, for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, has not, to this hour, named the *Fourth*; who is believed to be a Bookſeller in Dublin, who ſerved his apprenticeſhip with him.

Mr. Richardſon, in his Anſwer to this Letter, dated Aug. 10. gave Mr. Faulkner great opportunities to recollect himſelf. After complaining of this cruel treatment, he informs him, 'That he had put a ſtop to the printing of the Work; 'and that he would appeal to the World upon it.' He deſires, 'that he would not mention the corrections in the 'ſheets he had ſent him over, tho' matter of nicety rather 'than neceſſity; ſuppoſing it poſſible' [as it has proved] 'that men, who could act as theſe Confederates had acted, 'would be capable of advertiſing the pirated Edition as pre-'ferable to the genuine.' In order to put Mr. Faulkner upon offering him his aſſiſtance in ſuch way as he thought beſt, though forbidden by him to ſend him any more ſheets, he deſired to know if he was to conclude that all dealings between them were abſolutely at an end. He the rather put this to Mr. Faulkner, as he, before he made his court to the Confederates, had beſpoke twenty-five ſets in Octavo; of which Mr. R. never after heard one word, though they did not propoſe to propagate their piracy in that ſize. No doubt, he thought, that twenty-five ſets in Octavo, ſold by him for Mr. R. might be a deduction of as many from the ſale of his and his new partners Edition in Duodecimo.—So wholly was he, in an inſtant, detached from Mr. R. and attached to them, and his and their common intereſt.

Mr. Faulkner, in his Reply, dated the 14th and 16th of Auguſt, acquaints Mr. R. that the *three* Bookſellers had got the Firſt and Second Volumes complete in both Editions; Wilſon the Octavo, Exſhaw and Saunders the Other; and that each of them had laid himſelf out to get the Work, as ſoon as they ſaw, by the Advertiſements in the London Papers, that it would be publiſhed the following winter, an Advertiſement put into thoſe Papers, that the World might not take another Book of a Sir Charles Goodville, in a Series of Letters, for that expected from Mr. R.

Mr. Faulkner declares, in this Letter, that the liberty taken by Wilſon of advertiſing his intended Edition [London: Printed for S. Richardſon: Dublin: Reprinted *for* Peter Wilſon, in Dame-ſtreet] to be printed for Mr. Richardſon, was a licence *never before taken* in Dublin, unleſs the Work were printed for the Author's benefit. He adviſes Mr. Richardſon againſt ſending over any of his Books to Ireland; and to write

to

to the Invaders, the Corruptors, to induce them to pay him their ſhares of the Seventy Guineas, ſtipulated by him to be paid, had he had the whole to himſelf; declaring his willingneſs to pay his quota for the ſhare they would allow him to have. "I am ſorry to tell you," proceeds he, in this Letter, "that when *theſe People* produced their ſheets, and *obliged* "me" [Mean man!] to ſhew mine, that I was *compelled* to "give them up, in order to obtain a ſhare with them." His very words!—

This ſtep, beſides the advantage they afterwards (on publiſhing their pirated Edition) took of it, as Mr. R. had foreſeen, to recommend that Edition, ſecured Mr. Faulkner of their ſide. By it he abſolutely gave up Mr. Richardſon; and, no doubt, it ſpirited them to proceed, as they then had reaſon to look upon him as their own, and had no diverſion to apprehend from him in Mr. R's favour.

"Your ſending me more ſheets," continued he, "will "be uſeleſs—I ſhould be ſorry your dealings and mine ſhould "be at an end; as I have the higheſt honour and regard for "you, for your many virtues and integrity."

But theſe were only words. He offered not to Mr. Richardſon any ſervice, any aſſiſtance. He knew that he and his Confederates ſhould be able to ſecure in their intereſt the Dublin Preſſes. He had diſcouraged the ſending over any of the genuine Edition; and thought it right to conclude with repeating his advice, that Mr. Richardſon would meanly court the Corruptors, as he had done; intimating his deſire to have a copy of what he thought fit to write to them; leſt his new Confederates ſhould not have confidence enough in him, to ſhew him what he ſuppoſed Mr. R. would write.

In Mr. Richardſon's Anſwer to this Letter, dated Aug. 24. he tells Mr. Faulkner, 'That he never could conſent to 'propoſe terms to men who had bribed his ſervants to rob 'him; and who were in poſſeſſion of the ſtolen goods: And 'cautions him to conſider how far his own honour was 'concerned in the engagements he had entered into with 'them.'

But let us ſee what he further ſays in his printed Defence.

Upon which, ſays he, as they produced ſo much of the Copy, they (viz. Mr. Faulkner and the Confederates) *agreed, according to an eſtabliſhed, invariable,*

Will Mr. Faulkner ſay, that it is an *eſtabliſhed, invariable, conſtant* cuſtom among the Bookſellers of Dublin, to renounce their agreements with men

riable, and conſtant cuſtom among the Bookſellers of Dublin, that whoever gets any Books or Pamphlets, or any part of them, by the ſame Poſt, ſhall or may join together, if they think proper.—

men they had contracted with, on their being notoriouſly robbed, and to join with the Corruptors, to ſupplicate a ſhare with them in the plunder? How wickedly does he ſlubber over this part of his conduct, to the juſtification, as may be ſaid, of that of his new Confederates!—Can ſuch a man as this be too ſeverely (if juſtly) dealt with?—Surely no! He cannot expect that we ſhould longer let ſleep an affair, that, till now, in tenderneſs to him, he has never been reminded of, and muſt believe had been entirely forgotten. But, firſt, we will tranſcribe a paragraph, which will ſhew the ſenſe he affected to have then of the fraudulent means by which the Corruptors obtained the power they had of injuring Mr. R.

" You muſt have more rogues in your houſe than one," ſays he; " as your two Editions have been ſent to different " people. If *I* could find out," proceeds he, " any of *my* " Journeymen that would ſerve *me* in the ſame *villainous man-* " *ner*, I would immediately diſcharge them in the moſt in- " famous manner, and publiſh their *crimes* in the moſt public " manner in all the Papers; which, I am told by a very old " French Journeyman Printer, is a conſtant practice in Ger- " many, France, Holland, and Switzerland; and that care " is taken to ſend thoſe advertiſements to all the Printing- " offices in thoſe countries, to *prevent Maſters from being* " *impoſed on:* And I am further told, that Journeymen and " Apprentices will not converſe, or ſuffer *theſe nefarious Vil-* " *lains* to be interred in the earth; but kick their dead car- " caſes from place to place, as they would dead *cats* or *dogs*, " *rats* or *mice*. Perhaps," adds he, " I have been too warm " in my reſentment againſt *ſuch bad men:* But, as I have been " much injured by them, I hope you will excuſe any raſh " words in this Letter, when I do aſſure you, that I am, for " your many virtues, genius, generoſity, and abilities, your " moſt obedient (*a*), &c."

(*a*) When this flaming paragraph was, *in terrorem*, read, in Mr. Richardſon's Printing-office, to his Workmen, Killingbeck, a ſuſpected man, who afterwards gave too much cauſe for the ſuſpicion, and who had been a journeyman for ſeveral years to Mr. Faulkner, in Dublin, declared, that, notwithſtanding this *occaſional* vehemence of Mr. Faulkner, he had hardly, in all the time he was with him, compoſed from any other Copy but firſt proofs, reviſes, &c. clandeſtinely obtained from England.

In

In this very Letter it was, that Mr. Faulkner declared his intentions to endeavour to *prevail* upon the Corruptors of *thoſe nefarious villains*, as he juſtly calls them, to allow him a fourth or a fifth ſhare in their *ſnacks*. It is Machiavellian policy to love the treaſon and hate the traitor. The dead carcaſes of the corrupted Journeymen are to be kicked about the ſtreets, it ſeems; while the living Corruptors are to be ſupported, and united with, according to an *eſtabliſhed*, *invariable*, and *conſtant* cuſtom of the Bookſellers of Dublin.—Will Mr. Faulkner aſſert this?

We now come to the tranſaction which, we ſuppoſe, Mr. Faulkner had forgot, having never been reminded of it—The information of which was given to Mr. Richardſon, in a Letter written to him from Dublin, dated Nov. 12. 1741. by an Engliſh Printer of character and integrity, then there. "I was "yeſterday," ſays he, "in company with ſome Printers that "I knew in London: Among other things in converſation, "they familiarly commended Mr. Faulkner's *great diligence* in "London; and, after naming ſeveral pieces of which he had "procured early copies, I underſtood he had been furniſhed "with the Third and Fourth Volumes of *Pamela*, ſheet by "ſheet, as far as is done, from your Preſs; and is printing "them off here with all ſpeed—The truth of this information," adds he, "may be depended upon."

Mr. Faulkner actually printed theſe Two Volumes for his own entire benefit, the copy ſo ſurreptitiouſly obtained *(a)*; of which ſee more p. 431.—But we will further attend to his printed ſtate of the preſent caſe.

The Poſt following, Mr. Faulkner got eight ſheets more, and the Bookſellers ſhewed him two Volumes, and ſaid, they ex-

Mr. Faulkner ſtaid not for this Poſt, as is evident from the very Letter to Mr. R. in which he gives him the intelligence of

(*a*) In Mr. Richardſon's Caſe, he very tenderly mentioned this injury, not naming Mr. Faulkner. It may be wondered, that, after this flagrant inſtance of Mr. Faulkner's *diligence*, as his then Journeymen choſe to call it, Mr. R. had dealings with him for his CLARISSA.---A very valuable man in buſineſs, Mr. Woodward, who had a good opinion of Mr. Faulkner, prevailed upon him to prefer him to any other; and undertook for his integrity. Yet Mr. Richardſon was forced to appeal to this Mr. Woodward afterwards, for the recovering Thirty Guineas out of Seventy, the conſideration contracted for with Mr. Faulkner, on the preference given him in ſending to him the ſheets of CLARISSA, as they were printed; and upon whoſe judgment (but not without proofs given from his own Letters, which, he muſt have ſuppoſed, were not regularly kept by Mr. Richardſon) Mr. Faulkner paid the unjuſtly-detained ſum.

acted more; there being five Volumes of that Hiſtory already printed. Upon which Mr. Faulkner wrote to Mr. Richardſon not to ſend him any more of that Work, as it would be uſeleſs to him: But, that Mr. Richardſon ſhould be no ſufferer by any part that Faulkner ſhould have in this Work, as he would pay him for a fourth or fifth, or any ſhare he ſhould have in it;

of the injury done him. He tells Mr. Richardſon in it, that he received his firſt four ſheets on the 3d of Auguſt. On the 4th, the very next day (ſuch was his haſte to join with the Corruptors!) he forbid, as above-mentioned, Mr. Richardſon to ſend him any more ſheets; and ſignified his reſolution to endeavour to prevail on the Aſſociates to admit him into their partnerſhip for a fourth or fifth ſhare. But then, indeed, he was ſo gracious as to intimate, that he would pay Mr. Richardſon his proportion of the 70 guineas, according to the ſhare the Pirates would allow him to hold with them; which for a fifth would have been 14 guineas.

As to what he ſays of there being four or five Volumes printed before Mr. Richardſon ſent him any ſheets, that was not ſo. Not more than two were completed: Three Volumes more, indeed, were compoſing by different hands in his houſe; but they went on at convenience; Mr. Richardſon, as Mr. Faulkner knew, only intending to publiſh two at a time; though the Pirates afterwards obliged him to alter his meaſures.

and, in two or three Letters following (proceeds Mr. Faulkner), *he told Mr. Richardſon, that, notwithſtanding his neglect and delay, in not ſending him the ſheets directly from the Preſs, which he ought to have done, and not have ſtaid for the finiſhing five or ſix Volumes, it might have prevented what hath happened to all parties, and hindered the reprinting of any other Edition, but that deſigned by the Author for Mr. Faulkner;*

In two or three Letters following, ſays he? How ſlightly is this mentioned by Mr. Faulkner! He had been parading to Mr. Richardſon, from his Letter dated Aug. 4. to the 15th of September; ſometimes pretending to deteſt the part his new partners acted; ſometimes ſeeming to have it in view to procure Mr. Richardſon redreſs; at other times to intimidate him into their meaſures. All which made it neceſſary for Mr. R. either to ſubmit to the injury, or to endeavour to lighten the weight of it, by anticipating them. What

What he ſays of the delay in ſending the ſheets directly from the Preſs, as he pronounces Mr. Richardſon ought to have done, will be further taken notice of in another place. *See p.* 427.

yet Mr. Richardſon might draw upon him for any Sum not exceeding the contract, and he would pay it;

This offer was not made till in his Letter of Sept. 15. and at the perſuaſion of two of Mr. R's friends, for the ſake of his own character; and then it was thus ungracefully expreſſed in that Letter—"However, "notwithſtanding their (his partners) ill-treatment of you, *and* "*particularly of me* [*which he reſented by joining with them!*] "you may draw upon me, at diſcretion, for any ſum you "think proper UNDER the ſum ſtipulated between you and "me; AS I know you to be a man of probity, honour, and "conſcience."

He had told Mr. Richardſon in a former Letter, that he knew he would not ſuffer him to be *out* of pocket.

He adds, "I bluſh for my Brethren" [But why ſo, if they have done nothing but what he could conſcientiouſly have joined them in, according to the *eſtabliſhed, invariable, conſtant* cuſtom of the Bookſellers in Dublin?] "But let them," proceeds he, "anſwer for it at the *great day of account*. I "*know* that you have been *much*, and *moſt injuriouſly, villainouſly*, and *unprecedentedly*, treated by your more than helliſh, "wicked, and CORRUPTED ſervants." By whom corrupted? Let him anſwer. Might he not as well have named his new partners?

and further, that if Mr. Richardſon would acquit him of the contract,

Mr. Faulkner knows, that Mr. Richardſon never once hinted holding him to it. The ſum ſtipulated for, was to be paid for ſending him the ſheets before publication; and the contract was virtually at an end, when, after receiving the firſt parcel, he forbad Mr. Richardſon ſending any more to him. Nor could Mr. Faulkner think himſelf under any, when, in the ſame Letter in which he gave notice of the invaſion, he prohibited ſending him any more of the ſheets, and declared himſelf, with as much ſedateneſs, as if it were a thing of courſe, determined to attach himſelf to the Corruptors. His offer afterwards to pay a ſum under that ſtipulated for, was, that he and his new partners might go on unmoleſtedly in reaping the

fruits of their baſeneſs: Nor is it improbable, that their refuſal to conſent to pay their parts, was owing to their view of intimidating Mr. Richardſon, by means of their new partner, to give a ſanction to it, which Mr. R. had refuſed to do; in which caſe, Mr. Faulkner, who has ſo happy a talent of diſplaying his merits, would hardly have found himſelf a ſufferer, when he and his confederates had come to divide the ſpoil.

or deſire him to withdraw from his partnerſhip with the Bookſellers, he would do it:

Strange man! He never hinted to Mr. Richardſon, that *his* deſire of this would determine him. Indeed in his Letter of September 15. he ſays, by way of poſtſcript, "I would "be glad to exonerate myſelf from *this ſet of men*; and will "do it, if poſſible, at all events." But, for a conſiderable time after this, he continued their willing partner; and made a merit to his other partners in the piracy of refuſing to Mr. Richardſon the common civility of his News-paper, to do himſelf reaſonable juſtice. Well did he know Mr. Richardſon's mind as to his adhering to his engagement with his new partners; for thus Mr. Richardſon wrote to him in his Letter dated Aug. 24. "You, Sir, will beſt judge, whether your "own honour will not be ſullied by a concern with ſo vile a "confederacy. What can a fourth or fifth ſhare in a Work, "ſo treacherouſly obtained, do for any one? And if they "proceed, I ſhall be obliged to make uſe of the names of all "the Proprietors in the Dublin Edition, that I can come "at."

But, proceeds he, *Mr. Richardſon delayed anſwering theſe Letters for ſome time: However, Mr. Faulkner, before he got Mr. Richardſon's laſt Letter, declined all partnerſhip in that Work, and hath not, nor will have, any ſhare whatever in the reprinting of it; nor did he, nor doth he know in what manner that work is carrying on, having never ſeen a ſingle ſheet, or even a page, of the Iriſh Edition; the truth of all which Mr.*

Mr. Faulkner had in his hands at this time Mr. Richardſon's reaſons for this delay, not at all to his advantage.

It was, then, nothing to Mr. R. whether Mr. Faulkner held or quitted. He ſet his face, and indeed his whole ſtrength, againſt the genuine Edition; though he knew, that if he had given the aſſiſtance he ought to have given to one whom he repeatedly allowed to be an injured and innocent

Mr. Faulkner is ready to atteſt in the moſt ſolemn manner.

innocent man, *it had never been ſent over to Ireland.*

It is poor to ſay, " that he " knew not in what manner the Work was then carried on, " having never ſeen a ſingle ſheet, or even a page, of the Iriſh " Edition;" when he had told Mr. Richardſon, that it was printing page for page with the genuine one; and when he had partners, who wanted not his direction, nor any thing of him, but that he would countenance them, and, by ſeparating himſelf from the man with whom he had contracted, deprive him of the aſſiſtance he could have given him. Mr. Richardſon would perhaps think himſelf very cruel, where he to put the poor man upon the ſolemn atteſtation he offers to make. But why, it may be aſked, did he diveſt himſelf of a ſhare which he had ſo meanly crept to the Confederates to obtain, if he and they had agreed to join together, in purſuance of an *eſtabliſhed, invariable, conſtant cuſtom among the Bookſellers of Dublin?* And another queſtion we put to the Publiſhers of the Iriſh Edition, Why, if they have kept within this cuſtom, have they publiſhed it without affixing their names to it, or any names, but aſcribed to the Bookſellers of Dublin, in general, a publication of which they themſelves ſeem to be aſhamed?

So much for Mr. Faulkner's defence of his conduct, as printed in the Paper which bears his name.

As it has been ſaid, that the cauſe of Literature, and of Authors in general, is concerned in this tranſaction, we will further intrude, by way of narrative, on the Reader's patience.

Mr. Richardſon, in his Letter of Aug. 24. 1753. in which he declared, that he could not follow Mr. Faulkner's advice, to ſue to the Corruptors of his Workmens honeſty to obtain a poor conſideration for the injury done him, and in which he had cautioned him of the diſhonour that might accrue to him (Mr. Faulkner) by joining with them, thus writes: " I am " very earneſt, that you will yourſelf—let theſe men know my " reſentments, reſolutions, &c. If they have any regard to " juſtice; if they have any compaſſion for 30 or 40 men of " my houſe, who may be ſuſpected, and to one abſolutely diſ- " charged; I think I might rather expect ſatisfaction from " *them*, than *they* propoſals from *me*.—It is a very great griev- " ance for a man, who uſes all his Workmen well, to be " obliged to go on furniſhing work and money for boſom- " traitors; and not to know how to help himſelf." Mr.

Faulkner's anſwer is dated Dublin, Sept. 8. He will thank himſelf, if the tranſcribing it here gives him uneaſineſs.

" Dear Sir,

" I had not your favour, of the 24th paſt, from Bath, un-
" til Wedneſday laſt, when I immediately ſent to Meſſieurs
" Wilſon, Exſhaw, and Saunders, to give me a meeting;
" but could not ſee any of them that day but Wilſon; to
" whom I told the contents of your Letters, and the *religious*
" and *moral obligations* that *he* and the *others* lay under to do
" you juſtice, who had been ſo much injured in your property
" by the horrid roguery and villainy of your men, *through*
" THEIR *unwarrantable*, *ſcandalous*, and *illegal means*." [No cuſtom of trade pleaded here !] " But he waved giving me an
" anſwer at that time, although I preſſed him very much
" thereto; and then he ſaid he would think of it; and that
" I ſhould hear from him the day following; which I did not,
" nor from either of the others. Upon which I went to them
" all this day, and found them at home; but could get no
" poſitive anſwer from the firſt of them, who ſtill put me off
" to a meeting, which we are to have next Saturday; when
" I hope to be able to write a more ſatisfactory Letter to you
" than this. After the converſation I had with Wilſon, I
" went to Exſhaw and Saunders, and ſpoke to them both in
" the ſame manner: And their anſwer was, That whatever
" Wilſon would do, they would be ſatisfied to come into the
" ſame terms: But I am very much afraid, that you will be a
" greater ſufferer than what you or I could imagine, as it hath
" been hinted to me, that they are in treaty with ſome Scotch
" Bookſellers, to whom they are to ſend, or *have ſent*, the
" ſheets; as alſo to get Grandiſon tranſlated into French, or
" to ſend the ſheets to France, before publication; which will
" fruſtrate and injure you in both thoſe kingdoms; which I
" moſt ſincerely wiſh that Heaven may avert (*a*)! This
" wicked affair hath almoſt made me mad and blind with vex-
" ation and fretting, to think that ſo innocent and worthy a
" Gentleman as you are, ſhould be treated by the moſt helliſh
" ſervants, and *wicked men*, in the manner you have been.—
" I think I am bound in honour and affection to you, to
" give you all the intelligence in my power:" [Yet never named, nor hinted at his *fourth* Bookſeller, whom he muſt

(*a*) This moſt probably would have been carried into execution, had not Mr. Richardſon diſabled them from perfecting their copies, by putting a ſtop to printing what remained of it unprinted at the time he was informed of the baſeneſs.

know.]

know.] "And if I cannot prevail on THESE MEN, *who* "*have corrupted and bribed your Servants* to rob and betray "you, I ſhall endeavour to break off with them in their "*wicked attempts* upon your property, to convince you of my "character, and ſincere good wiſhes to you; and that I "am your moſt faithful, affectionate, and moſt humble "ſervant,

"*George Faulkner.*"

"They have now four Printing houſes on this Work; "and have printed above twenty ſheets page for page "with your Edition; but I have not ſeen one proof, "or ſingle ſheet, of THIS PIRACY."

Mr. Richardſon, thus threatned to be attacked in more countries than one, particularly in Scotland, thought it was time to draw up a State of his Caſe, and to lay it before the Public; abſolutely hopeleſs of any ſatisfactory reſult from the meeting of theſe worthy men, which was to be had ſeven days after the date of the above alarming Letter (*a*).

Mr. Faulkner's next Letter gives the reſult of the meeting of his Aſſociates and him; as follows:

"Dear Sir, Dublin, Sept. 15. 1753.

"In my laſt I acquainted you, that Meſſieurs Exſhaw, "Wilſon, and Saunders, and your humble Servant, were to "have a meeting this evening: Which accordingly we had; "when your two friends" [naming them] "were preſent, "who perhaps may acquaint you of what paſſed in company; "and therefore I ſhall not trouble you with a recital, which "cannot poſſibly be agreeable to you, when I tell you, that "Mr. Exſhaw ſaid, that he had all the ſheets he produced "(after I had paſted up my Title) *ſome weeks*, nay, even "*months*, before you ſent me any part of Grandiſon; and "that he hath *all the ſheets, printed in your houſe*, of the "*Third*, or *whatever more hath been done at your Preſs*; AND "THEREFORE, *with the other Two*, will not conſent to

(*a*) The Caſe may be had, gratis, of Mr. Main in Dublin, and at Mr. Richardſon's in London, by any Gentleman or Lady who hath curioſity to peruſe it; in which will be ſeen, that Mr. R. treated Mr. Faulkner with great tenderneſs. He continued to do ſo as long as charity to him, and juſtice to himſelf, could be reconciled together. This Caſe bears date Sept. 14. 1753. Mr. R. publiſhed it not till he had advice from a friend in Dublin, that no good was to be expected from the meeting of the 15th; and that the Aſſociates were hurrying the pirated Edition, to get it out by the meeting of the Iriſh Parliament; which was before Mr. R. could poſſibly complete his.

"give any copy-money (*a*). However"—And then he makes the ungraceful offer, mentioned p. 419. And then alſo he takes upon himſelf to bluſh for his Brethren; and refers them to anſwer for it at the great day of account. "I know," proceeds he, "that you have been much, and moſt injuri-"ouſly, villainouſly, and *unprecedentedly*, treated by your "more than helliſh, wicked, and corrupted ſervants—But "be aſſured, that you will meet with a man who would be "glad to imitate you in your generoſity, and virtues: And "that is your much-obliged, moſt affectionate, and ſincere "friend, as well as humble ſervant,

"*George Faulkner.*"

October 2. 1753. Mr. Faulkner writes to Mr. Richardſon, expreſſing his ſurprize that he had not an anſwer to his of the 15th paſt; wiſhes in it, that Mr. R. had taken more time to conſider his Caſe before he publiſhed it; and blames him for the delay in ſending him the ſheets, to which he aſcribes the cauſe of all that had happened from the Pirates. He refers himſelf to a Letter written to Mr. R. in his favour, by a worthy friend of Mr. R. who had been induced to think well of him from his offers of making an affidavit, to prove upon the Confederates their being in poſſeſſion of the ſtolen goods, and to remit to Mr. R. the whole ſum ſtipulated for between them at firſt.

The Gentleman *did* write a warm Letter in Mr. F's behalf. Mr. Richardſon laid before him, in anſwer, the ſtate of the Caſe, from the Letters that had paſſed between Mr. Faulkner and him. The Gentleman then put the ſincerity of Mr. F's offered ſervices to the teſt; and was ſoon convinced that Mr. R. had nothing to expect from him. Mr. Richardſon has not aſked the Gentleman's leave to give particulars. Mr. Faulkner, about the ſame time, appealed to ſeveral Gentlemen of character in London, as an innocent man; and even deſired them to ſhew what he had written to them to, Mr. Richardſon. Theſe ſeveral circumſtances en-

(*a*) Mr. Richardſon had not commiſſioned Mr. Faulkner to treat with theſe men for copy-money. If he could have puniſhed them as receivers of ſtolen goods, by the laws of their own country, that, as Mr. Faulkner knew, would have been his choice. But it is evident that Mr. F. *imagined* this would ſatisfy him; and *as* evident that theſe three men were determined to refuſe even the paltry ſatisfaction of 14 guineas a man, had ſuch terms been propoſed to them, for the property of Seven Volumes to be ſold in Ireland; and honeſt Mr. Exſhaw gave the reaſon, to which the other Two aſſented---Becauſe they were already poſſeſſed of the Work by the villainy of corrupted ſervants.

gaged

gaged the latter to write a long Letter to him, dated the 13th and 15th of October, recapitulating the above facts—Whence the following extracts (*a*).

" Sir,

" You expreſs yourſelf ſurpriſed that I anſwered not your " two laſt Letters. One of them kept me in ſome little ſuſ- " penſe about the reſult of the meeting you was to have with " the three men who have uſed me ſo cruelly. To the other, " what could I ſay? I had no heart to write to you. When " I conſidered the whole tenor of your conduct in the affair " before us—When I recollected the attempt you made to un- " derpay me 30 guineas out of 70, ſtipulated for in the affair " of *Clariſſa*—Your perſeverance in ſo wicked a partnerſhip, " which you was ſo little, as to creep to them for, on their own " infamous terms—Your magnificent pretenſions to honour " in every Letter—Does it become the character of a man " valuing himſelf for ſincerity and plain-dealing, thought I, " to let Mr. Faulkner imagine me ſuch a poor creature, either " in ſpirit or underſtanding, as to be blinded by his ſelf-de- " ception?—Was not my chief dependence on the conditions " I made with him, *That the ſale of the Dublin Edition ſhould* " *be confined to Ireland*; *and that that Edition ſhould not be* " *publiſhed till I gave leave*; *and by Two Volumes at a time?* " Have I either of theſe conditions ſecured to me? Did he " ſtipulate with them for me *one* favourable condition [on his " admiſſion among them]? Have they not refuſed terms " which he (though without my deſire) propoſed to them; " and ſet me at abſolute defiance? Did he not deliver them " up ſheets I had ſent him, to obtain an admiſſion with them " into ſo infamous a partnerſhip? Did I not caution him, " that his honour might ſuffer by this; and that I ſhould be " obliged to name to the Public every Partner in this baſe " proceeding? Yet, *did* he not, *does* he not to this hour, con- " tinue his partnerſhip with them, to the depriving me of all " manner of aſſiſtance that he might have afforded me; and " to the obliging me to throw myſelf into other hands, in " order to diſappoint the Confederates of the immoral gains " they propoſed to themſelves? And ſhall I forbear, for the " ſake of *the whole Republic of Letters*, affected by ſo baſe a " proceeding, endeavouring to make an example of theſe " men, inſtead of meanly compromiſing with them, and

(*a*) We wiſh Mr. Faulkner would publiſh the whole Letter, and every Letter at length, that hath paſſed between him and Mr. R. on this ſubject.

" giving

" giving a *ſanction* to ſo vile a corruption?—Theſe my re-
" flexions, what unwillingneſs muſt I have to anſwer your
" Letter? Your offer, though very ungraciouſly made me (of
" the whole ſum to one of my friends, of any thing UNDER
" the ſum to *me*) might appear to you a magnificent one:
" But, Sir, you know me not. Could you have told me that
" you had been a loſer by *Clariſſa*, I ſhould have contrived
" ſome way, in our future dealings, to reimburſe you. And
" to accept of the whole ſum from a fourth or fifth Sharer in
" profits that were to ariſe from an abuſe of me, or *any* ſum
" —I could not do it: Yet was it an ungrateful thing to me
" to be obliged to ſpeak out; but this for your ſake more
" than my own. This made me loth to ſit down to anſwer
" your Letter; yet, in mine to one of my worthy friends,
" I told him, that you were very ſafe in making that offer
" to me.

" *I have ſeen*, ſay you, *your Caſe*; *and what you have ſaid*
" *of me*. I deſigned you ſhould. And have I ſaid one word
" but what you have ſaid yourſelf, of the part you have
" acted by me? Dear Sir, what ſelf-partiality muſt you have
" to write to me as you have written of your own honour
" in every Letter; and ſo to ſet off the the part you have
" acted in this tranſaction, as could induce one of the worthieſt
" men in Ireland to write ſo warmly in your juſtification? I
" write rather with an expoſtulatory ſpirit than an angry one.
" Take advice of your own heart, and I ſhall have a teſt of
" the goodneſs of that heart, or otherwiſe, as it acquits or
" condemns you. Have you never been told, dear Sir, that
" you have too much parade?—Indeed you ſeem to be loſt in
" the duſt you raiſe about yourſelf by it.

" *Had I ſent you the ſheets from the Preſs as wrought*—So
" it is my own fault that I am thus baſely invaded! But it
" becomes my character to tell you frankly, that I balanced
" in my mind, whether I ſhould deal with you at all, tho' I
" offered not to engage with any other. The hint I have
" given of your treatment of me in *Clariſſa*, was the occa-
" ſion of my balancing. But, as you had ſeemed to approve
" what you had ſeen of the piece, when laſt in London, and
" had expectation of it, I was loth to diſappoint you—And
" as I was reſolved to publiſh but two Volumes at a time, as
" I told you, I pleaſed myſelf that you would have full time
" to print them, as I proceeded. Little did I think myſelf,
" with ſuch precautions as I had taken, unſafe; for I knew
" not that there were in Dublin ſuch men as thoſe to whom

" you

" you joined yourſelf. And is it not a grievous hardſhip upon " the London Printers to find that Mr. Faulkner ſeems to " think, that copies of their property are much more ſecure " in the hands of Dublin Bookſellers and Printers, than in " their own, before publication?"

" Indeed, Sir, you might have been of ſervice to me, of " ſervice to yourſelf, and done honour to your name, your " trade, your country, all affronted by this baſe proceeding. " The fair path was before you: Why would you, by join- " ing yourſelf with theſe men, in an action which you juſtly " call *ſcandalous*, *wicked*, *unprecedented*, give a ſanction to " the *nefarious* proceeding? Why perſevere in it; and, by " ſo doing, deprive of all aſſiſtance, all redreſs by your means, " the man of whoſe juſtice you had no doubt; who was in " treaty with you; who confided in you?—*You bluſh for your* " *Brethren*, you ſay in a former Letter—Ah! my dear Sir, " forgive me for ſaying, that often and often have I bluſhed " for you from the beginning of Auguſt laſt."

Mr. Richardſon then quotes to Mr. Faulkner paſſages from ſeveral Letters that paſſed between them, to demonſtrate, that his charge of delay had no foundation to ſupport it; and then ſubjoins as follows:

" You ſee, Sir, by the dates (for your notice of the theft " is dated Aug. 4.), that, from July 12. when your accept- " ance is dated, no time was loſt in ſending you the ſheets. " I have told you the reaſon, for which you may thank your- " ſelf, why I entered not into treaty with you before. I had " no doubt of the ſheets (ſuch injunctions given) being ſafe " in my own houſe. You could have no reaſon to expect " them from me *before* we entered into engagements; which, " as above, was not till in conſequence of your Letter of " July 12. which muſt be ſome days in coming to my hands. " Whence then the reaſon of your outcry for my delay of " ſending the ſheets? Whence your expectation that I would? " —O Mr. Faulkner, take care of truth in any thing you ſhall " publiſh or write, in an affair in which you have acted ſo " ſtrange a part! You are in the condition of a limed bird; " the more you ſtruggle, the more you will entangle yourſelf. " How have you ſlubbered over, to a worthy Gentleman in " London, the affair of your relinquiſhing me, of joining " with the men whoſe baſeneſs you ſo *juſtly decried!* and your " poor offer to me of 12, 14, or 15 pounds, or ſuch a ſum, " for giving a ſanction to the robbery of myſelf, and the cor-

" rupting

" rupting of my ſervants! For is not that the light in which " you ought to have looked upon your propoſal to me? And " in which your late, your *too late* offer was alſo to be taken: " An offer not made till in your Letter of the 15th of Sep- " tember, the worſe than piracy hurrying on at four Preſſes, " the conſequence of which was to ſkreen them, and to juſtify " your uſage of me?

" There are other miſrepreſentations in your Letter to the " Gentleman you wanted to prepoſſeſs in your favour—How " could you ſay, that he might depend upon what you write " to him as truth?—But, indeed, that is of a piece with " your aſſertion, that I, in my Caſe," [In which you was uſed with an undeſerved tenderneſs] " have not truly repre- " ſented your part in the tranſaction. I am amazed at you: " And yet my compaſſion for you is greater than my indig- " nation.

" This altercation is a painful taſk upon me: and more in " the part I am forced upon with you, than with the others. " Why, once more I aſk, would you join yourſelf with men " you call *wicked*, in an action you own to be *unprecedentedly* " *vile?*—Why, as I warned you, as I told you what ſteps " I would take, did you not, when you ſaw your error, waſh " your hands of them, and rather declare yourſelf miſtaken, " than ſeek to bribe me to give a ſanction to ſo vile a depre- " dation?—But I ſhall repeat what I have written before I " ſaw this Letter, this ſtrange, this inconſiſtent, this miſre- " preſenting Letter of yours to Mr. *******. I wiſh, if " you have a copy of it, you would reviſe it, and compare " it with what I have written from facts, warranted by your " own Letters and mine—Would to heaven, you had left me " room to clear up and juſtify your conduct in this tranſ- " action! But, after ſuch a Letter as this to Mr. *******, " what can I think *of*, what can I ſay *for*, Mr. Faulkner; " but this—That he has given a proof, that it muſt be an in- " genuous mind only, that, having made a falſe ſtep, will " chooſe to own the fault, as the beſt method of extricating " itſelf.

" The World, Sir, will not, in more favourable Caſes to " character than this, judge of us as we would have it. " Guard againſt ſelf-deluſion. You are more in danger from " it than any man I know, if I take my opinion of you from " what has paſſed between you and me, from our concerns " in *Clariſſa* to this moment, and all the time, from your " uncalled-for parade of honour in every Letter. Think

" me

" me (as you *will*, if you do me juſtice, and that from the " very freedom of my expoſtulation) your well-wiſher, and " humble ſervant,

" *London*, 16 *October* 1753. *S. Richardſon.*"

We take leave to obſerve, that Mr. Faulkner had in his hands the Letter from which the above extracts are made, when he printed, in his own paper, the paragraph which he deſigned to paſs for a juſtification of himſelf; the truth of every part of which he offers to atteſt in the moſt ſolemn manner.

But *poſſibly* Mr. Faulkner had not received that Letter, when he wrote the following.

" Dear Sir, *Dublin, Oct.* 20. 1753.

" Notwithſtanding you have not been pleaſed to anſwer any " of my three laſt Letters, yet I think proper to acquaint " you, that I have broke off all partnerſhip with the *three* " Bookſellers" [The *fourth* ſtill ſecreted] " who ſo *wickedly* " and *injuriouſly* treated you and *me* in the Hiſtory of Sir " Charles Grandiſon; and that I have not, nor ſhall have, " any part or ſhare whatever in the *pirated Edition*; the " copy of which was ſo BASELY and FRAUDULENTLY ob- " tained. This I was determined upon *from the beginning*; " and only *waited for your poſitive commands*" [What a man is this!] " to concur with me in theſe ſentiments. If you " print another caſe, or publiſh any advertiſement relative to " this affair, I make no doubt but you will do juſtice to the " much injured, altho' very much your moſt obedient and " moſt humble ſervant,

" *George Faulkner.*"

After this Letter, could it be credited, had it not been publiſhed by himſelf, that he was the Author of the paragraph of November 3. 1753. before animadverted upon; by which he would make the world believe, that, in joining with the Undertakers of this pirated Edition, he and they had done no more than was warranted by the *eſtabliſhed, invariable, conſtant* cuſtoms of the Dublin Bookſellers?

In a Letter written by one of Mr. Richardſon's friends, dated Dublin October 27. intimation was given him, that the Aſſociates propoſed to ſurrender up all they had printed, which they gave in as near Two Volumes only, at prime coſt, amounting to ſomewhat above 50 pounds. Mr. Richardſon wrote back his willingneſs to be the purchaſer; but ſome new chicane ſeemed to be deſigned by this overture; for, in a fortnight

fortnight or three weeks after, they were ready to puliſh Six Volumes.

They accordingly publiſhed them; but, as hath deen obſerved, without putting any Bookſellers names to the Titles; and tho' the genuine edition was put at the price ſuch books are generally ſold for in Ireland, they, as Mr. Faulkner had foretold, underſold the Edition of the lawful Proprietor.

Mr. Richardſon will not, were it true, report, that the ſaving of Two Shillings (in the purchaſe of *Six* Volumes, the price of which cannot be found fault with) will be a ſufficient reaſon with the Gentlemen and Ladies of Ireland, to prefer the "pirated Edition, the copy of which, to borrow Mr. Faulkner's words, in his Letter of Oct. 20. was "ſo *baſely* and *fraudulently* obtained." But he has been heard to take comfort in the following paſſage tranſcribed from the Letter of a friend to him: "What I fear, is, that the "high merit of the Work will procure the Pirates more "cuſtomers than I wiſh. But as it is inimitably well calculated "to do good, the injury done you, will certainly afford me "one ſatisfaction, and a great one; that the excellent Per-"formance will be more univerſally read, for the buſtle "that hath been made about it. Who knows, dear Sir, "but the glorious Sir CHARLES may teach ſome honeſty "and dignity of ſoul, even to him who buys it, as ſtolen "goods, a few ſhillings lower from the Pirates than he could "from you?"

The ſecreting the name of the Fourth Bookſeller has been often mentioned above. Mr. Richardſon wrote to one of his friends in Ireland his ſuſpicions as to the perſon, grounded on facts that had been communicated to him by another friend reſiding in Dublin. This produced the following paſſage in the anſwer of the Gentleman, dated October 22. 1753.

"From what you ſay of a *fourth* perſon, not named either "to you, or to your friends here, I gueſs it was that very "perſon who corrupted your ſervants, and furniſhed the three "Bookſellers named, with the ſheets. Theſe three name "themſelves in the Title-pages they at firſt poſted up, be-"cauſe, perhaps, no corruption can be *proved* on them; but "conceal the fourth Aſſociate, leſt he ſhould be proſecuted. "If this is the caſe, and nothing can be more probable (for "Wilſon hath, by affidavit before the Lord Mayor, purged "himſelf of the *corruption*, and Exſhaw and Saunders declare "they can do the ſame), then Mr. ******** is ſtill more "evidently the ſcandalous Aſſociate of the Corruptors, inaſ-

" much as he conceals the moſt criminal, and, in ſome mea-
" ſure, abets the reſt."

Be this as it may, theſe *three* men cannot clear themſelves of the piracy founded on that corruption, and of the parts they acted, and propoſed further to act, in extending the injury to France and Scotland, as charged in Mr. Faulkner's Letters of Sept. 8. and 15. before-cited.

The Pirates have endeavoured to make a National cauſe of the tranſaction. But is not the Nationality of theſe men a cover for the baſeſt Selfiſhneſs? Are Meſſieurs Exſhaw, Wilſon, Saunders, and the fourth concealed perſon, and Mr. Faulkner joined with them, the Iriſh nation?

Mr. Faulkner, in one of his Letters to Mr. Richardſon, ſuſpecting Mr. Main would be employed by him, though then Mr. R. had not mentioned him, nor even thought of him, ſtigmatizes him *as a Scotiſh agent*. But may we not aſk, What are theſe Bookſellers of Dublin, that they think themſelves intitled to prey upon the property of every other man in every nation round them; yet join to hunt down any other ſubject of the ſame Prince, if he attempt to get bread among, or near, them?

Mr. Richardſon has been accuſed in an Iriſh public Paper, of having formerly engaged with a Mr. Bacon, of Dublin, in a ſcheme which, the Author of that Paper ſays, was likely to be very detrimental to the Printers and Bookſellers of Dublin in general.

This was the fact: Mr. Bacon, an ingenious man, now in orders, an Iriſhman, or one who had always had his connexions with that kingdom, and profeſſed a love even to partiality for it, kept a coffeehouſe, of note and credit, in Dublin, at which were frequently held auctions for books, and merchandize. He had been concerned with the Preſs as a Corrector, and propoſed to ſet up a public Paper there, and to take up his freedom of the Company of Stationers in Dublin. He did both. The latter in the month of November, 1741. The Paper was called *The Gazette*. The Advertiſements of the Public Offices were printed in it. He ſet up entirely on the Iriſh footing, and purpoſed to employ Iriſh Printers, to buy his paper of Iriſh Stationers, and to avail himſelf, as other Iriſh Printers and Bookſellers made it their endeavour to do, of ſuch copies of books publiſhed in London as he could procure early, and *fairly, by conſent of the Proprietors*—

Crime

Crime enough in that, perhaps! for Mr. Faulkner, at contracting with Mr. Richardſon, was deſirous that his Dublin Brethren ſhould not know that he gave *any* conſideration for the liberty of reprinting *The Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon*. Mr. Bacon was an abſolute ſtranger to Mr. Richardſon, brought to him by Mr. Thomas Oſborne, of Gray's-inn; and Mr. Richardſon then knowing not any other Iriſh Bookſeller, or Printer, and being about to publiſh his Third and Fourth Volumes of *Pamela*, was induced to enter into agreement with him, and to furniſh him with the ſheets as they came from his Preſs, *in order to his reprinting them in Dublin*. The ſheets were accordingly ſent him over: But Mr. Faulkner, as is before-mentioned, p. 417. having, by his extraordinary *diligence*, clandeſtinely got at the ſheets as printed at Mr. Richardſon's, he (Mr. Bacon) was deprived of the intended benefit; and alſo foreſtalled in the ſale of the genuine Edition; 250 of which were ſent him, in reſentment of ſuch baſe treatment.

Tho' Mr. Bacon's proſpects were at that time very favourable; and tho' he wanted not any other ſort of *diligence*, but that for which ſome of his Brethren have made themſelves famous; yet Mr. Richardſon's concern with him, to Mr. Bacon's great regret, held but one year. And his furniſhing Mr. Bacon with the ſheets of *Pamela*, Vol. III. IV. *to be reprinted in Ireland*; his engagement, ſome years afterwards, to ſend over to Mr. Faulkner the ſheets of *Clariſſa for the ſame purpoſe*, notwithſtanding his treatment of him in *Pamela*; and thoſe of his *Grandiſon* now lately, notwithſtanding his treatment of him in *Clariſſa*; evidently demonſtrate that he had no intention to interfere with the Bookſellers and Printers of Dublin, by ſending over his books ready printed, till the atrocious injury he received, and the determined perſeverance of the Injurers, made him think it adviſeable to endeavour to anticipate Confederates, who had ſo vilely, by the corruption of his ſervants, as hath been often ſaid, obtained the power of hurting him in a property *ſo abſolutely his own*.

This further may be ſaid, That Mr. R. printed not a number, with a view of ſending any over to Ireland: But ſuch a one only as his friends thought rather ſhort of anſwering the Engliſh demand; and it has proved, that all he ſent over to Dublin would have been ſold in England at a *better* price, as Printing and Paper here are more coſtly than in Ireland; tho'

he

he had cauſed them to be ſold in Dublin at the Iriſh price, from the firſt.

Mr. R. has been put to great expence by theſe men, and to great trouble in the altercation with them. But he is bringing himſelf to look upon their unprovoked treatment of him, as a puniſhment for aſſuming the pen, at the expence of his health, and to the giving up of every rational amuſement, when he had a buſineſs upon his hands which was enough to employ his whole attention; and which, as his *principal* care, he never neglected.

It has been more than once ſaid, that this Cauſe is the Cauſe of Literature, in general; and it may be added, it is even *that* of the honeſt Bookſellers and Printers of both Nations: We therefore hope that our prolixity will be forgiven.

We will take upon us to add, that *every* man in Mr. R's ſtation has not the ſpirit, the will, the independence, to hang out lights to his Cotemporaries, to enable them to avoid Savages, who hold themſelves in readineſs to plunder a veſſel even before it becomes a wreck.

London, Feb. 1. 1754.

FINIS.